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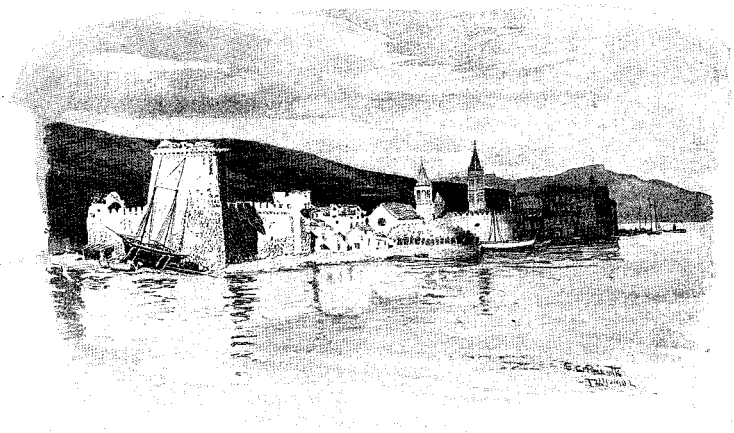

Trau.

IMPRESSIONS OF DALMATIA

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

ON a crisp evening early in October our two gondoliers rowed us out over the Giudecca Canal toward a steamer lying off the Dogana.

The sun was just setting in a bank of purple clouds. Long mares'-tails —signs of wind—streaked fiery and golden across patches of amber sky and mirrored their hot tints in the water. A stiff breeze whipped a froth from the choppy sea and the waves merrily lapped our gondola's prow as the men bent low on their oars against the incoming tide. A little knot of boats huddled about the steamer's side, occupants and gondoliers shouting themselves hoarse in their efforts to get aboard; an extra pull or two, a lunge of the long, black boat, and our *poppe* caught a rope and we scrambled up the ladder.

The craft on which we found ourselves lay white and graceful as a swan upon the water, her masts rakishly atilt, her promenade deck polished like an inlaid floor, her appointments so luxurious that, had it not been for the fellow-passengers about us—Austrians, for the most part—we might have fancied ourselves on a private yacht.

As we hung over the rail, the dying glow of the sunset made way for the twinkling stars. For the last time we listened to the singers in the *barca* below us wafting up the well-known strains of "La Bella Venezia" and "Ah, Maria, Marì." The Doge's palace gleamed like a pale opal, the foliated pinnacles of San Marco, canopied and peopled with saints, pierced the sapphire sky—the very stars were dimmed by the magic of that wondrous square. The strains of the Piazzetta band floated in agitated cadences across the water, where flickered tiny lights, like fire-flies—lanterns of uneasy gondolas.

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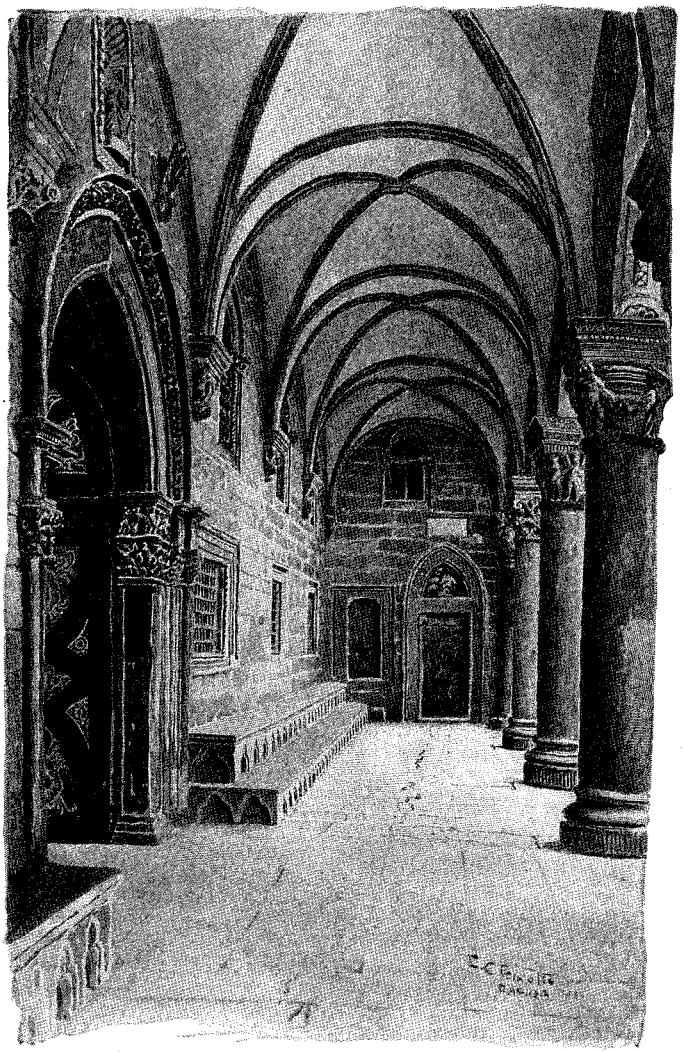

Vestibule of the Rector's Palace, Ragusa.

Three deep blasts of the whistle, a creaking of the anchor chains, and the regular thud of the propeller tells us we are off for Fiume.

The Salute's dome fades into the night, the bright lights of the Piazza burst into view, then veil themselves behind the ducal palace, the Riva Schiavoni unfolds its sparkling length, the arc-lights of the Lido double themselves in the lagoon—then darkness black and inky, broken only by an occasional lantern on the breakwater or a brilliant gleam from the search-light of the customs-boat following like a nautilus, first on one side of us, then on the other. The last light is passed and we plunge in the teeth of a strong head-wind into the open sea. . . .

The bright sails of a Chioggia fishing-boat flash by the port-hole; the dancing sea is strangely near. It is no dream. Outside day is just whitening in the east and the purple Istrian mountains glide by grotesquely distorted by water-drops on the convex glass. As I go on deck Fiume looms into sight, gray and misty in the morning light, its blue smoke settling on the house-tops.

We spend an hour or two wandering about the bright new Austrian streets, and in the by-ways of old Fiume, and among the fishing-craft clustered under shady sycamores along the quay; then board another steamer and this time are fairly off for Dalmatia.

Dalmatia is a country so easy of access, yet so little travelled—reached in a day from Venice, or Trieste, yet a new, fresh field for the tourist, untouched by the onward march of the past hundred years. It is a country of transition. In it the Occident touches the Orient and almost mingles. Its coast, inclining toward Italy, has imbibed Latin influence, but once over the mountain wall the Orient begins—Turkey, with all its ignorance and superstition. In its marts Italians of the coast—the "Bodoli"—meet Slavs, and Turks, and Servians in turbaned fez and flowing trousers.

Dalmatia is a long, thin strip of territory, bordering the east coast of the Adriatic—its northern extremity on a parallel with Genoa, its southernmost point opposite Rome. Like all countries bathed by the

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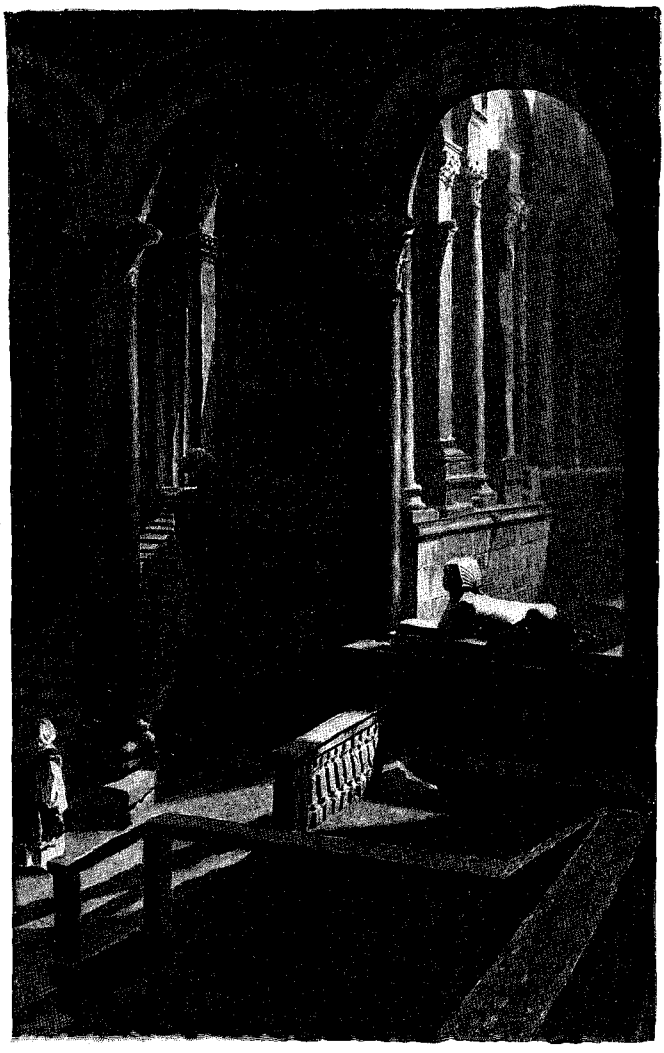
Mediterranean, it presents an arid front to the sea.

Bald mountains lift their heads from the water's edge; bleak islands break the horizon with clear-cut silhouettes — with an almost utter lack of verdure, save on the gentler slopes and in the rocky hollows, where pale olives and almond-trees shelter their frail branches. Local color is lacking. It is a simple drawing, delicately pencilled as a Da Vinci background. But on this simple drawing Nature plays her choicest color-scales. The whitish mountains and pale rock surfaces catch every variation of the atmosphere — every gradation of sun and shadow, of morning and evening, and sensitively pale into silvery opals, then flush with crimson and gold or threateningly lower under heavy thunder-clouds.

Only occasionally man's presence is felt in a bit of ruined castle topping an island, or a chapel perched upon a ledge above the sea, and once in a while only, as a surprise, a town sheltered snug in the recess of a tiny harbor comes to greet the traveller.



Entrance to the Mausoleum, Spalato.

A quiet day lolling in steamer-chairs with the propeller's thud beneath us. The breath of the *bora* bears us along, the crested whitecaps chase us. To the east, the Vélébit wraps its ashen summits in foggy sheets; low-lying islands girt with shimmering sands float on an amethyst sea. The dreamy noonday hours wear on. And now up over the bow, rising out of the glittering sea, poising her square-cut mass between the mainland and Ugljan, rises Zara, the capital and first port of Dalmatia.

Dalmatia of to-day comprises the greater part of the ancient province of Illyria. Among its archipelagoes, Greeks, Phœnicians, and Syracusans founded numerous colonies. It became a Roman province in the second century before Christ, but remained refractory until the time of Augustus. On the fall of Rome it fell a prey to barbarians, and was never free from war until the thirteenth century.

Then Venice was beginning her glorious career, and her warlike doge, Enrico Dandolo, destroying Zara, took possession of the coast. For almost three centuries Dalmatia

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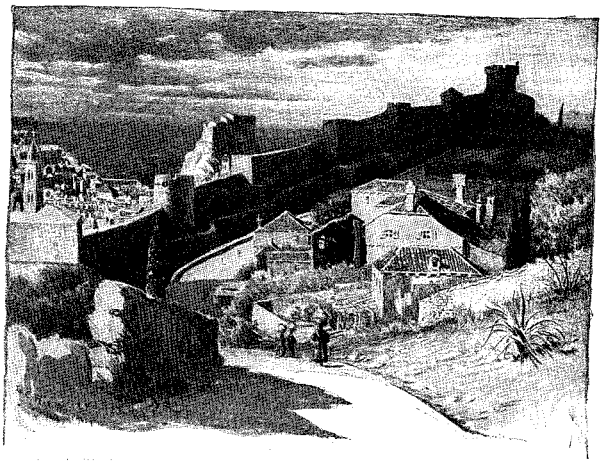


The north walls of Ragusa.

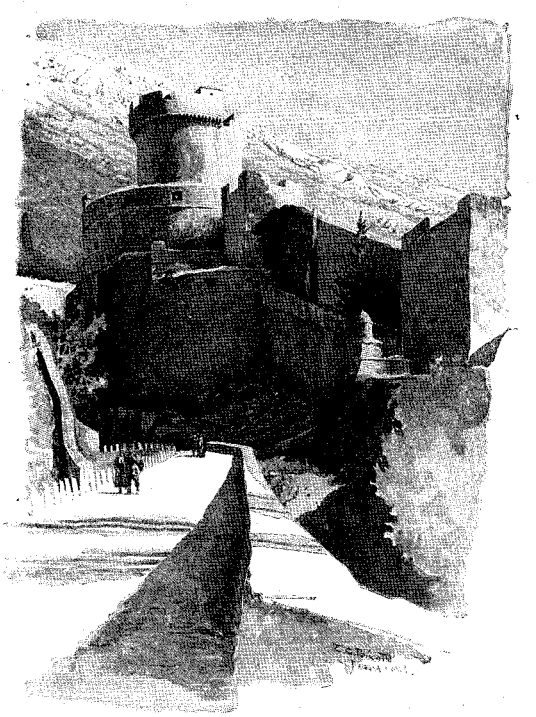
remained under Venetian domination and the great republic has left her impress everywhere upon the land—not only in numerous effigies of her winged lion upon the walls and over the city gates, but in the characteristic architecture of palaces and *campanili*, in the laws that govern the people, in their language, their arts and letters.

In the sixteenth century the Sultan, profiting by the weakness of Venice's old age, pounced down upon this neighboring province and took it. Mosques were erected and a Turkish pasha was installed in the castle of Clissa. But a hundred years later, Venice and the Austrian emperor combined, broke the power of Islam, and Istria and Dalmatia were allotted to Austria and have remained under her dominion ever since, save for a few years of French occupation under Napoleon.

We are not novices in travelling, but never shall we forget the strange delight of the first few hours in Zara. Not that the city itself is so interesting, for, though it contains some noteworthy monuments, the general character is that of most Italian towns: narrow streets, tall, straight houses, churches more or less Lombard in character, pointed doorways surmounted by crests as in Venice, courts with old walls shaded by a vine-pergola. But it is the *life* of the town that is so extraordinary, the wonderful wealth of costume and the variety of types to be seen in its winding streets—costumes the like of whose barbaric splendor is not found elsewhere in Europe to-day.

Take your place in the Via Tribunale in the morning hours when the peasants push their way to and from the market-place.

Here two women from Benkovac stop and, looking into each other's eyes, carefully deposit their bundles on the ground, then kiss each other with resounding smacks upon each cheek. Their hair is plaited with red and green ribbon; their caps, red as tomatoes and embroidered in silk, are half hidden under large kerchiefs. Over coarse linen shirts they wear dark-blue coats, long and shapeless and richly trimmed with beads and braid; their woollen aprons and dangling fringes are of Oriental design like Kiskillam rugs; their short skirts show heavy leggings woven like the aprons and feet encased in moccasins. About their



Mincetta tower, Ragusa.

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necks hang numerous jewels and chains of roughly beaten metal, set with bits of colored glass, with carnelians and turquoises. On their fingers gleam cumbrous rings, and their waists are girdled with several lengths of leather strap studded with metal nails, whence hang long, open-bladed knives. The whole costume, rude and barbaric in the extreme, still has had lavished upon it all the art of which the race is capable.

Beside them three women entirely clothed in black, with sad, colorless faces such as Cottet paints, make a melancholy contrast to all their savage finery.

Over there a group of five athletic men from Knin are discussing their affairs, and a brave bit of color they make. Their wide-sleeved shirts, fringed with tassels, gleam white under two double-breasted vests, one striped, the other richly wrought in silk and golden braid; thick scarfs bind in their waists and on some are replaced by huge leathern girdles from whose pockets peep knives, long pipes, combs, and towels. Their trousers wide at the hips, taper in close at the ankles, where they meet the *opance*, a kind of slipper made of woven leather thongs. Each district varies the design of its costume, each individual varies its details to suit his taste; every color is employed, by preference brilliant red.

The road by the Porta Terra Firma is a busy scene: women from Obrovac spin from distaffs as they vend dry boughs in the wood-market; others trudge toward distant mountain homes, staggering under piles of goatskins or baskets of provisions sufficient for the week to come; fishermen from Arbe and Pasman make ready their gayly painted boats for the homeward cruise; Slavs from Zemonico, robust Bosnians from Bihac, Servians from Kistanje, herd their flocks of turkeys, their goats and sheep and cattle; teamsters from Sinj urge along tough mountain ponies, hitched three abreast to rude wagons piled with sacks of grain—a strange cosmopolitan whirl—half Occident, half Orient, where the blood of many races mingles!

A street of stairs, Ragusa.

No suspicion of a town has yet been revealed to the eye when the grim walls and ugly throats of the guns of Fort San Niccolo threaten to dispute the rocky defile into which our steamer enters—a passage so narrow that one can throw a stone across. When the big ship has carefully wriggled through, a broad harbor opens out with Sebenico piling in an amphitheatre at its far extremity. All the landscape is desolate—devoid of verdure—rocky, sun-baked, scourged by the fierce north wind, the *bora*, and the houses of the city and the great walls of the Spanish castles and the hill-sides and the stony valleys all are tinged with the same ashen hue.

The city, rising from the water's edge like Genoa, piles house on house high up the hill, punctuated here and there by a spire or a dome.

But it proved more promising at a distance than on more intimate acquaintance. To be sure, the cathedral, with its fine north door, well repays a visit, and so, too, does the cemetery, commanding a noble survey seaward over the bay and the neighboring islands. The winding

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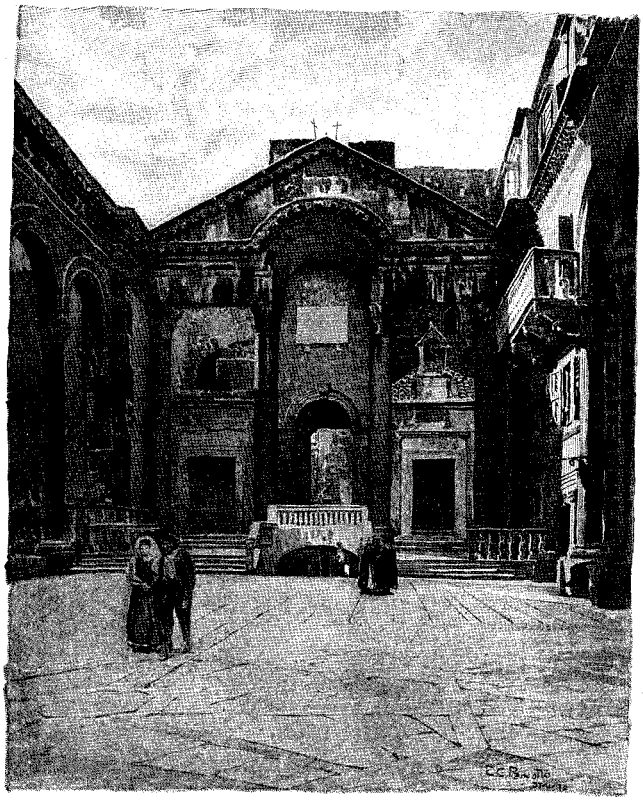
streets and high-staired alleys afford many a picturesque vista, but the town lacks distinctive features, and the hotel is far from good, as we can testify from painful experience.

From Sebenico a little railroad, recently constructed, takes one on to Spalato. The distance is about forty miles, to which one gives five hours in the train! The track first winds through small inland valleys planted with vines, whose autumn russets contrast with the dull green of olives.



Portico of Diocletian's palace, Spalato.

Soon we mount into more arid regions. All is sad and bleak and barren—not a tree, not a shrub. Dry river-courses run down the gorges—raging torrents they are at times, after heavy rains. Now and then loose stones piled up frame a sheepfold or form low walls to hedge in patches of earth.

Higher and higher we climb, the tiny engine puffing itself hoarse on the steep grade. The horizon grows wider and wider. Great fleecy clouds, like gulls, float across the azure sky, and over the sun-scorched hills sweep cool, purplish shadows, drifting in wandering undulations up and down the slopes. A few weak vineyards, built at the cost of how much toil, descend into the depths of marshy valleys—lakes in winter, stone dry in summer. Not a house in sight; no sign of life but a shepherd wrapped in his mantle, still as bronze, and farther on a goose-girl down in a shaded hollow. Ever higher we go and higher, till suddenly the top of the pass is reached and a new world opens to our eager eyes.

We are on the crest of the Mosor. From its dizzy height the eye drops unhindered down to where fold on fold of mountain sweeps to lower levels, luxuriant with vines and olives—the land of promise after the wilderness. Headlands like dark tongues shoot out to lick the shimmering sea, radiant in the silver light of noonday. Man has taken possession of this land of milk and honey, for down along the water's edge villages are seen and castles; houses dot the hill-slopes, and high upon a commanding peak a pilgrim church gives thanks unto the heavens.

This is the Riviera of the Seven Castles, and at its far end lies Spalato.

Almost half of Spalato's twenty thousand souls live within the walls of Diocletian's palace. The latter is a rectangle, built upon the plan of the fortified Roman camp, enclosing within its cyclopean walls, eighty feet in height, an entire quarter of the modern city. At each angle of the walls stands a massive tower. In the centre of each façade a gate opens, except in that turned toward the sea, where a narrow postern admitted the royal barge. One cross-street

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divides the enclosure into a northern and southern half, connecting the Silver Gate with the Iron Gate; another leads from the northern or Golden Gate to the entrance of the imperial apartments.

It was through the Golden Gate—the Porta Aurea, still in excellent preservation — that Diocletian entered his palace when coming from Salone.

Under its soaring arches the cruel emperor, once a simple soldier of the legion, now covered with the royal purple—a man of the people now appropriating to himself the name of Jovius, the equal of God—rumbled in his gilded chariot and thundered down the passageway between his slaves' quarters and those of his aged mother, until, racked with disease, a victim of all the luxury of later Roman times, he painfully alighted before the noble portico, the entrance to his private apartments, where later he was to end his sufferings by his own hand.

Cattaro.

Montenegrin *Pazar*, Cattaro.

This portico is left to us to-day—a court a hundred feet long and forty wide, enclosed on three sides by magnificent colonnades. A stately façade occupies the south end and gives access to a circular structure whose lower travertine walls alone remain. The spaces between the western colonnade have been filled in with mediæval houses, but on the east side the columns stand free.

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Ragusa from the suburb of Ploce.

Two Sphinxes, mute and inscrutable, look down on the steps ascending to the so-called Mausoleum, a building vying in interest with the Pantheon of Rome. In form an octagon, it is surrounded by an ambulatory whose stone roof is held aloft by twenty-four Corinthian columns. Its interior is circular, but broken by eight niches—four square, four round. Eight huge monolithic pillars of Egyptian granite support a florid Corinthian cornice upon which rests a range of smaller columns of black porphyry, supporting the dome. This latter is built of tiles of a fan-shaped construction found in no other existing Roman building. In fact, this dome and that of the Pantheon are the only two left to us from ancient times. In the Mausoleum, as in the other buildings of the group, a very hard stone, quarried near by at Trau, has been employed, and the veins of the acanthus leaves and the details of the cornices remain sharp as steel prints even after eighteen centuries of exposure and neglect.

The Mausoleum, converted into a Christian church in the fourteenth century, is now the Cathedral of Spalato, and in a neighboring street another Roman temple is used as the baptistery. It is remarkable for its superb cassetted ceiling, in perfect preserva-

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tion, and for its font in the unwonted form of a Greek cross carved with most interesting Byzantine ornament.

When the neighboring Roman city of Salone was finally destroyed by the barbarians, its inhabitants took refuge behind the mighty walls of Diocletian's palace, where, before the end of the seventh century a considerable city had sprung up, and in it John of Ravenna established himself as bishop. The old part of the city within the walls is now most densely packed. The few streets are dark and but five or six feet wide, the houses squeezed together and pushed up six or seven stories high. Yet here and there a fine old palace is encountered, rich with armored bearings and carved doorways and traceried windows.

The south wall of the palace, with a warm, sunny outlook over the sea, is now honeycombed with modern apartments, whose brightly colored window-shutters contrast vividly with the classic half-columns surrounding them. On the parapet three-story dwellings are perched, and along the quay that skirts the base, tobacconists and drinking-houses and little ship-chandlers' shops are barnacled to the huge Roman stones. Near the Porta Ferrea a church has been built high on top of the pagan walls, and its cracked bells peal for matins from a *zvonik* or bell-tower astride the gate itself.

The east wall looks down upon the *Pazar* —a great open-air market—which on Monday gathers in a horde of peasants.

The restless sea of humanity, the conglomeration of color, is fascinating but bewildering in the extreme. Soon the eye learns to distinguish groups and individuals —here the venders of game and wild fowl, there the sellers of turkeys and chickens, miserable-looking fowl lying with feet tied together and a disconsolate droop in the eye; along the road, pretty girls in red caps (the distinctive badge of unmarried women) stand among mountains of corn-husks, selling them at a florin a load, said load to be delivered on their own fair shoulders. A mender of saddles plies a brisk trade, for pack-mules and ponies are legion; and so, too, does a fruit-peddler, selling decayed pears to the Turks; and beyond are the red turbans of the Bosnians clustered over piles of meal-sacks, weighing out large wooden measures, the contents of which are verified by men appointed for that purpose, whose business it is to pass a stick over the top of the measure, filling up any chink and scooping off any surplus.

In Spalato we have two favorite walks.

One out to the Campo Santo on a rocky ledge high over the sea—a cemetery peacefully quiet, whose white tombs gleam among tall cypresses. By the blue locust shadows that play upon its wall we like to sit and watch the golden sun dip his face behind the distant sea.

The other stroll leads up the Monte Marjan, a rocky hillside rich with southern growth. The city and its ample bay lie at our feet; behind it green rolling hillsides, and beyond Clissa's fortress guards against the Turk, between the Golo and the Mosor, than whose sterile flanks the purple flush of orchids or the shadings of a sea-shell are not more tender or more splendid.

Our light open carriage drawn by two fast horses skims over a broad white road. The driver, a Dalmatian of the coast, speaks good Italian and cocks his red cap saucily, like Tommy Atkins, over his left ear. Peasants, bound for far-off fields, touch their hats as we pass and call out "*Dobar dan!*" It is my birthday and we are out for a holiday!

To the left, mirrored in still waters, sleeps "la Piccola Venezia," on an island just large enough to hold her. Her flat stone roofs, painted dazzling white, belie the genial warmth of the autumn sun and would make us believe that new snow had fallen.

We bowl merrily along, till we come to a cross-roads and notice a group of wrestlers life-size—a bas-relief set in the wall of a peasant's house. And now every wayside cottage displays some antique stone built into its simple front—one a bit of moulding, another a granite shaft, and another a little Venus crowded among rough stones. Stone tables rest on classic pillars and inverted Roman capitals take the place of benches. So we know that we are approaching ancient Salone—Rome's proudest city in Illyria.

Soon antique walls appear and the horses pull heavily over loose stones. A fragrant avenue of rosemary and now fantastic olive-trees, hung with small black fruit and festooned with vines and creepers, frame in a landscape of surpassing loveliness; gently undulating slopes dropping to the peaceful sea on the one hand, climbing to majestic

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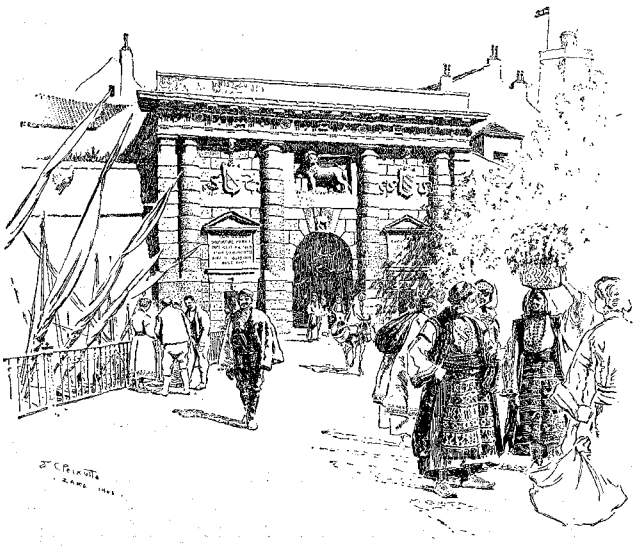


The Porta Terra Firma, Zara.

mountains on the other; purple ranges cutting their pure profiles against blue ranges, outlined against yet fainter forms and dying at last into the opalescence of the distant sky.

At our feet the dead fragments of the Roman city—few they are, but how they speak! The early Christian cemetery with its hundred and sixty sarcophagi, desecrated, lying in confusion, each broken open by a rude barbarian hand. One little tomb alone escaped the greed of the Hun, that of a girl of three, and in it have been found, together with her tiny bones, her baby jewels and rattle. Some of the stones are quite plain, others carved with "Pax" and with acanthus leaves, while on others, more pretentious, are figured scenes from mythology: the works of Hercules, Hippolytus and Phædra, Meleager killing the Calydonian boar.

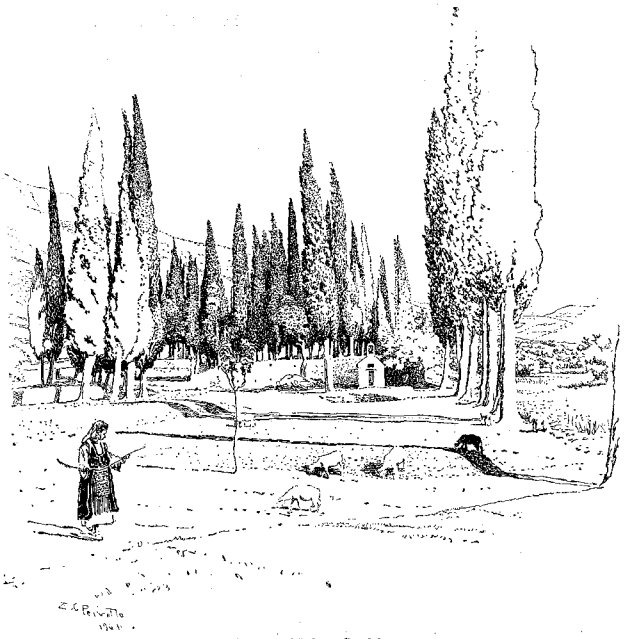
Among the tombs lie ruins of the Great Basilica—a fifth-century cathedral, many of whose shafts are still standing. As we approach the remains of the baptistery near by, a group of ragged urchins, running ahead, throw themselves upon the ground and with grimy hands brush up the earth to show the squares and circles of a fine mosaic pavement. After seeing the extensive ruins of the city walls and gates, of the arena and theatre, we are off again along the coast.

Soon Sučurac comes into sight—the first of the seven castles linked hand in hand along the sea, each sheltering its vassal town, first from the barbarian, later from the rapacious Turk.

Our road, bordered by luxuriant foliage, now rises and falls on the slopes of hills. Wild rose-bushes and mulberries, hedges of myrtle and pomegranate laden with vermilion fruits, oleanders and clumps of dark cypresses, fields of feathery flax and smilax, of gorgeous tomatoes and autumnal peas, stretch out on either hand, and everywhere the vines catch with their slender tendrils the drooping olive branches, marrying tree to tree.

It is the time of the vintage.

In every vineyard mountains of luscious



In the Val d'Ombla.

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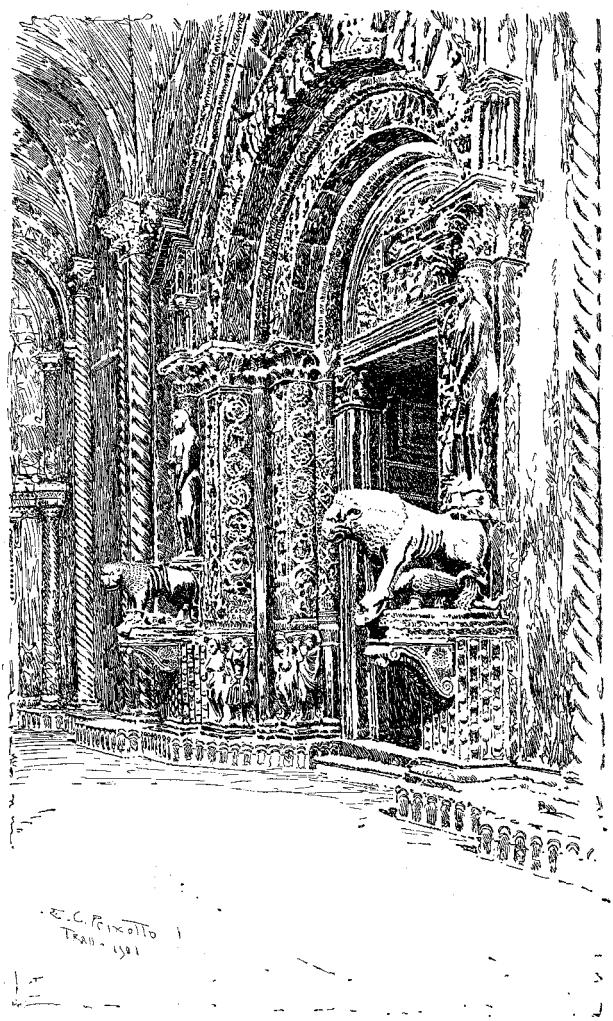
grapes, purple as an emperor's coat, are piled around wine-presses, where men bare-legged in the vats squeeze out rich juices. Groups of donkeys and long-haired ponies patiently await their loads of goatskins, filled to bursting with new-made wine. On the roads carts stand waiting, each with its huge cask gaping to be filled. In them the skins are emptied, spilling their contents in breathy gasps, dying in spasms, till thrown to earth collapsed and dead. Under the hedge-rows peasants sleep, their heads pillowed on wine-filled skins, their hands and bare feet puffed and crimson—a veritable orgy, a bacchanalian rout, recalling the pagans and the Silenus of Pompeii.

But here among tall shafts of aloes the spires and towers of Trau appear, and we leave our carriage at its gate. Trau is not clean; in fact, it is the only dirty town we found in Dalmatia. The streets are dark and dismal and a ray of sunlight scarce ever touches their grimy pavement. One hesitates to enter the dingy lanes, where slatternly women perform their toilet by the open door or wash their dirty linen in vats of suds; where coopers thump resounding barrels and donkeys bear their evil-smelling loads. Bacchus has been here, too. The purplish pavements reek with drippings—from every house exhales the odor of fermenting wine.

But the Piazza is well kept, and on the west front of the cathedral we are repaid by seeing the finest portal in Dalmatia—and fine enough it is for any place. To the right of the door a primitive Adam, to the left an equally primitive Eve, stand upon snarling lions, crushing evil monsters. Myriad figures people the arches, and on the friezes and pilasters peacocks strut and strange beasts disport themselves and children play with birds of paradise.

As we journey homeward in the twilight hours the morning's panorama rolls back again, but softened and chastened by the evening light.



The west portal of the Cathedral of Trau.

Asses almost hidden under loads of grass, tired children sleeping in the plodding carts; misty tree-forms, cavalcades of Slavs, huge men with turbaned heads astride of fleet-footed ponies, file in procession across the sapphire sky—a strange kaleidoscope of misty forms, half real, like phantoms not living yet not dead. A break in the gathering clouds and a last pink ray of daylight flushes with coral the towering mountain-tops—then darkness and the twinkling stars.

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On leaving Spalato in the morning hours we watch the hills glide by. We wonder at the captain's skill as he lands our steamer in limited wind-swept coves where the jagged teeth of rocky ledges lurk ready to rend the bottom. There is barely room for the ship to turn even with the aid of cable and windlass, for her bow is but four feet off the rocks when her propeller stirs up mud astern.

These cliffs of Biokovo were long dreaded by honest mariners, for all through the Middle Ages they were a favorite haunt of pirates. But what a superb front they turn to the sea! Ashen mountains tower to the very heavens. On their summits, as on Jove's brow, thunder-clouds threaten and fleck the cliffs with mottled shadows. Half-way up the stern flanks olive-trees cling; little villages with whitewashed roofs sleep in the midst of rusty vineyards. Bright green files of poplars and groups of young pines shine fresh among their grayer neighbors. We can trace a road no wider than a pinscratch climbing in sharp zigzags up and up the jagged mountain-side, up to its very summit, and can see the peasants toiling high among goat-pastures. In the calm quiet of noonday the bark of a dog comes clear across the water.

As I lean over the rail, the blue, transparent sea suddenly turns yellowish and turbid. Looking up, I see that we have changed our course and are heading landwards, and in a moment we enter the mouth of a river, the Narenta.

Its murky waters are confined by dikes, above which, as in the Low Countries, marshy fields appear, with here and there a pool reflecting, mirror-like, the trees and mountains. Miserable huts like those of Indians, built of cane, hug the dike-sides as though a bit of solid earth were needful to keep them from floating away. Dingy wilted hay-stacks surround them, and one wonders where the harvest was grown. Yet these fields, now partly inundated, yield fine crops in the summer. Vines flourish, even with their gnarled roots in the water, and fig and peach and cherry-tree spread their branches among clumps of bamboo.

The Ulica Zvonika, Spalato.

Cattle graze on the grassy embankments, and a shepherdess, twisting flax from her distaff, drones a minor melody.

Close by the river-bank natives paddle along in *zoppoli*—fragile boats made of very thin planks, placed at a wide angle, like the leaves of a half-open book; others skim by in *trupini*—skiffs so light that they can be carried on the shoulders from place to place, yet are able to hold heavy loads of hay, grain, and reeds.

The river swarms with salmon-trout, and in the neighboring lakes famed eels and shrimp abound. Ducks and snipe breed in plenty, and the captain tells us that pelicans, herons, wild swans, and even vultures and eagles are still to be found.

Farther on, the course of the Narenta follows the base of steep mountains fringed by whole villages of cane huts clinging among the rocks. Cattle are imprisoned in stone enclosures, half cave, half barn-yard, and miser-

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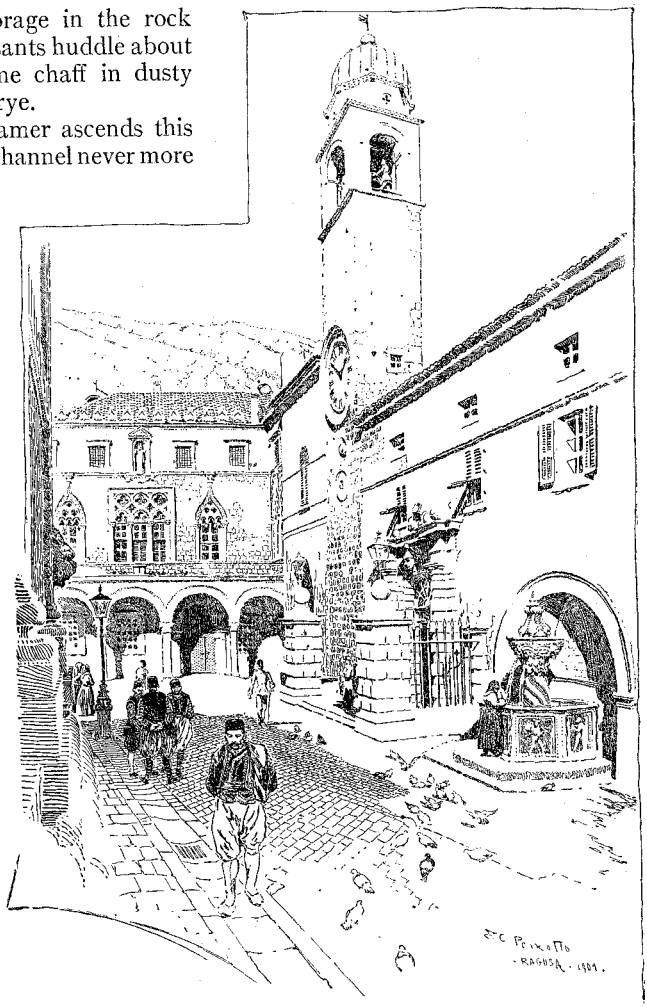
able tailless chickens forage in the rock crevices. Groups of peasants huddle about the hut doors or toss the chaff in dusty clouds from wheat and rye.

For two hours the steamer ascends this narrow water-way—the channel never more than a ship's length wide and just deep enough to clear the keel. The deck is like a moving platform high above the fields where half-submerged grape-vines still struggle to keep their rotting branches above the water.

After we pass Fort Opus the country becomes more commonplace, and at sundown we reach Metkovič.

After leaving the Trebisnjica with the moon shining on its waters or hiding behind the racing clouds, our train crossed the mountains, then corkscrewed in wide loops down the peaks. Far below in fathomless hollows lay villages, slumbering on hilltops, with here and there a light gleaming from a tardy window. Villas along the Ombla filed by in ghostly procession and we stopped at Gravosa.



The Stradone and guard-house, Ragusa.

It is almost midnight. It has rained, but the night-air is soft and fresh. Other carriages starting with ours run a mad race along the road. The horses, their heads toward home, take the hills at a trot and descend at a gallop. Vague forms, half seen in the misty moonlight, speed by; pointed cypress tops and many-fingered pines; the tall shafts of aloes; overhanging fig boughs; a belfry framing in a big, black bell, narrow stairs climbing into the night; on the one hand conscious of the mountains, on the other of precipices and the sea, the sound of whose tossing surf comes faintly to our ears. Suddenly, a dark passage under overarching boughs and the horses' hoofs strike hollow on a bridge. Above us a mitred saint, white and ghost-like, nods from a niche on mighty city walls. A black-mouthed outer gate gulps us in and we descend a steep incline, turn a sharp angle and descend again; another angle and another gate, again through frowning walls, and we have passed the impregnable defences of Ragusa and rattle over her paving-stones.

The moonlight floods the long Stradone, flanked by rows of palaces, shutters drawn, asleep; no living being stirs in all the silent street.

Even the morning sunlight does not dispel the strange impression of our midnight arrival, for the morrow reveals Ragusa of

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to-day, still a perfect vision of the Middle Ages. Its stone-paved streets, narrow as hallways, squeeze between high houses with heavily grated windows. Not a stone has budged in centuries—nothing new has been erected and nowhere is a sign of decay. Its walls and towers girdle it intact. It is the only city that I know where soldier-life still peoples the mediæval walls; where sentries pace the crenellated towers and sentinels stand guard at every gate. Its massive bastions house whole regiments; its moat, converted to a military road, resounds with the tramp of marching feet, and the drum's beat and bugle's call echo back and forth between reverberating walls.

But Ragusa has always been a peace-loving town.

Her citizens were a wily race and built her giant walls and towers not so much from warlike motives as to protect their purses. When Venice was strong they courted her favor; when the Sultan waxed powerful and knocked at her gates, her envoys knew how to curry his favor by paying heavy tributes. In peace her commerce flourished and her people became rich and powerful, so that, despite the deviation of maritime trade from the Adriatic to other channels, she outlived her more powerful sister republics of Genoa and Venice. She borrowed her arts, her institutions, and her government from the latter city. Her "rector" corresponded to the doge, her Small Council duplicated the Council of Ten, the architecture of her palaces is Venetian Gothic, Titian's Madonnas decorate her churches, bronze giants strike the hours in the Campanile, and even flocks of fat pigeons, as in San Marco, feed by public charity in the Piazza. The worst blow to her independence was not struck by the hand of man. In 1667 a terrific earthquake destroyed half her houses and killed four thousand of her people, and soon after another calamity overtook her, the burning of the church of her patron saint, St. Biagio, whose silver statue was spared, as by a miracle, by the flames.

In Ragusa, we always felt we were assisting at a play.

In the Piazza there was the scene by the fountain, bright with masks and dolphins, with cupids and jets of sparkling water, where the pigeons love to bathe. There the girls come trooping in their ribboned shoes and snowy stockings and, as they laughingly gossip and draw their pails of water, a little knot of soldiers at the guard-house near by sum up their charms and pick the prettiest.

There was the scene at dusk, among the defences of the Porta Ploce, whose giant walls and battlemented towers frown down on moated gates and barbicans, where villainous Turks skulk in shadows, driving shaggy cattle and flocks of clucking turkeys.

And on the Stradone, Ragusa's principal street, there was the scene in Michele Kiri's shop, a cave-like place, whose *ogive* door does triple duty—entrance, window, and show-case. As we poke our heads into its dark recess our eyes grow wide with wonder like Aladdin's as he rubbed his lamp. A group of Albanians sit cross-legged on low benches stitching gold and silver braids on cloths of green and blue. Around the walls hang rows and rows of caps and coats and vests thick with silk embroideries; surtouts of scarlet, stiff with golden arabesques and cordings; the fleecy marriage robes of Montenegrins of softest camel's-hair, set with gems; long wadded crimson gowns such as mountain princes wear on state occasions. In cases jewelled flint-lock pistols gleam and swords and daggers with Toledo blades and hilts of beaten silver. Long-barrelled guns inlaid with mother-of-pearl lie by great leathern belts, studded with carnelians encircled by filigree, the wealth of a mountain borderland, where on *fête* days each man wears his fortune on his back; riches upon riches like a dream of the Arabian Nights, till one thinks to wake and find it vanished.

And at night there were the scenes of humbler life in dingy wine-shops, where smoky oil-lamps cast uncertain lights among the purple wine-kegs and lit up rows and rows of odd-shaped bottles. Amid the flickering shadows, a group of *contadini* gather around a comrade and his *gusla*—a primitive guitar—and, grinning, listen as he chants the wondrous deeds of Marko Kraljevič, varying the warlike tale with many a joke and note of merriment.

But, best of all, there was a quiet afternoon spent in an old Franciscan convent, when the superior, a charming man of middle age, took me through corridor and cell; through the library, stocked with rare manuscripts and parchments; through the brothers' court, shaded by palms, vine-grown and redolent of orange-blossoms; and to the refectory, where with his own hand he brewed

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The market-place, Ragusa.

me a cup of Turkish coffee—"as a souvenir," he said. And he showed me with pride, in the old church, an organ, on which he played most beautifully, and he told me that the instrument—pipes and stops, key-board and bellows—had just been made in his own convent by one of the cunning brothers!

What charming days we spent in quiet old Ragusa, in the genial warmth of her southern sun shining hot on the amethyst sea! What joy to sit upon our porch and over the pine-tops see the grim walls frowning and the great mass of San Lorenzo, pigeons wheeling round its casemates, brood over the open

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sea, stretching blue and tender away and away to where it marries the sky!

A narrow passage between two formidable forts and the heavy waters of the open sea, dashing in foam on rocky crags, are stilled as if by magic, and we glide into a landlocked bay. Ahead of us mountains tower. A wondrous pearly light flitting through overhanging clouds faintly tinges their highest crags with silver. Down by the water, Castelnuovo's pink roofs nestle snug among fields and orchards, and above, forests of oak and pine darken the slopes. To the right a narrow strait leads to a second bay. But just at the entrance our steamer stops, and a flat barge swings alongside to take off an officer and his horse. As we wait, twilight quickly creeps upon us, and in a few moments the mountains are but huge silhouettes dimly outlined against the darkening sky. I know of nothing more provoking than to pass at night a place that one desires to see!

The sound of music suddenly surprises us, and, on turning a bend, we see a blaze of myriad lights—an Austrian squadron anchored in Teodo Bay, the band playing for dinner on the flag-ship.

And now all is dark again—the mountains so close about us that stars only twinkle straight above our heads. At ten o'clock the engines stop, and the rattle of chains and windlasses tells us we are docking for the night.

Next morning, as we go on the deck, we are lying at Cattaro. On every hand great mountains, bare and precipitous, hedge us in. Were it not for the thousand-ton steamer on which we stand, we would fancy ourselves in a mountain lake—a lake as grand as Como, yet sterner, more like Lugano, perhaps, and quite as majestic as a Norwegian fiord. The butting cliffs of the Pestingrad rise four thousand feet above our heads. On one of its great buttresses, scarred by walls and bastions, perches a mediæval fortress, an impregnable castle protecting the little town nestling closely under it.

Cattaro, intrenched behind grim walls, hums with early morning life, and the markets and bazaars swarm with Montenegrins and Albanians driving bargains with Herzegovinians and swarthy Turks, for Cattaro is a focal point in West Balkan life.

On a moody afternoon—sunshine alternating with deep shadows and flecks of rain—we drove up the Cettinje road. Until this century the only road connecting the Montenegrin capital with the coast wound in sharp zigzags down the flanks of the Pestingrad and ended in the ravine behind the castle of Cattaro. Sixteen years ago the Austrian Government, recognizing the impracticability of this old road, constructed a new one, a triumph of road-building, so wonderfully engineered that, though it mounts to an altitude of four thousand feet in a distance of twenty miles, horses can trot up nearly all its grade, and Cettinje, thirty miles away, can be reached in five or six hours.

We first ascend between the walls of vineyards, but soon gain more open vistas. Oaks and dark-green laurels and feathery olive-trees grow among the granite rocks. Pomegranates on golden trees burst their thick peels and spill their crimson fruit, spoiling to be plucked. But soon the trees are left behind and only dry moss clings to the bare cliffs. The diligence from Budua comes rumbling down the road drawn by well-groomed horses, a trim vehicle in a fresh coat of yellow paint, with a smart coachman on the box. Girls pass by astride of little mountain ponies; women troop townward, bearing great bundles of fagots on their heads; and now another caravan comes into view, this time the Montenegrin coach from Cettinje, a dingy, rattle-trap affair full of people and followed by a mail-wagon and an extra horse, a deplorable contrast to the bright Austrian stage we had just passed. A court personage in an antiquated landau follows close behind.

Up, up we climb, always over the same smooth, broad road, doubling in zigzags back and forth up the mountain's flanks. At each turn the Bay of Cattaro drops deeper and deeper into the hollow, the town becoming a mere plain spread out beneath us. A longer stretch of straight road and we reach a frontier fortress. Here five roads divide, but still we take the upper one. Presently from the top of a rise we see over the Vrmac and a glorious panorama unfolds itself. Far below the marshy grain-fields of the Zupa shelve to the glimmering waters of Teodo Bay, where floats the Austrian squadron, a battle-ship, three cruisers, and an ugly fleet of torpedo-boats. Around us, on commanding bluffs, earthworks and masked batteries tell us we are on the Austrian frontier. And now another

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turn and another view, this time toward Budua and the sea, whose calm horizon shows level above jagged hill-tops.

Always the same up-grade, always the same zigzags cut in the mountain's flanks, always the same broad road, and now everything drops below the eye—the great sweeping clouds are free above our heads, the mountain-tops on a level with the horizon, the valleys lay like topographical charts beneath our feet, and the three great bays of the Bocche, calm and glittering, sleep peaceful in the mountain hollows. Evening mists thicken far below, long shadows creep up the mountain-sides, the clouds gather close about our heads, and suddenly a burst of glory—a ray of the dying day—flashes through a cloud rent, flushing the glaring flanks of the Pestingrad deeper and deeper, till they glow like burnished copper against an inky cloud—a fitting finale to this incomparable drive.

THE PERFECT TRIBUTE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

ON the morning of November 18, 1863, a special train drew out from Washington, carrying a distinguished company. The presence with them of the Marine Band from the Navy Yard spoke a public occasion to come, and among the travellers there were those who might be gathered only for an occasion of importance. There were judges of the Supreme Court of the United States; there were heads of departments; the general-in-chief of the army and his staff; members of the cabinet. In their midst, as they stood about the car before settling for the journey, towered a man sad, preoccupied, unassuming; a man awkward and ill-dressed; a man, as he leaned slouchingly against the wall, of no grace of look or manner, in whose haggard face seemed to be the suffering of the sins of the world. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, journeyed with his party to assist at the consecration, the next day, of the national cemetery at Gettysburg. The quiet November landscape slipped past the rattling train, and the President's deep-set eyes stared out at it gravely, a bit listlessly. From time to time he talked with those who were about him; from time to time there were flashes of that quaint wit which is linked, as his greatness, with his name, but his mind was to-day dispirited, unhopeful. The weight on his shoulders seemed pressing more heavily than he had courage to press back against it, the responsibility of one almost a dictator in a wide, war-torn country came near to crushing, at times, the mere human soul and body. There was, moreover, a speech to be made to-morrow to thousands who would expect their President to say something to them worth the listening of a people who were making history; something brilliant, eloquent, strong. The melancholy gaze glittered with a grim smile. He—Abraham Lincoln—the lad bred in a cabin, tutored in rough schools here and there, fighting for, snatching at crumbs of learning that fell from rich tables, struggling to a hard knowledge which well knew its own limitations—it was he of whom this was expected. He glanced across the car. Edward Everett sat there, the orator of the following day, the finished gentleman, the careful student, the heir of traditions of learning and breeding, of scholarly instincts and resources. The self-made President gazed at him wistfully. From him the people might expect and would get a balanced and polished oration. For that end he had been born, and inheritance and opportunity and inclination had worked together for that end's perfection. While Lincoln had wrested from a scanty schooling a command of English clear and forcible always, but, he feared, rough-hewn; lacking, he feared, in finish and in breadth. Of what use was it for such an one to try to fashion a speech fit to take a place by the

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side of Everett's silver sentences? He sighed. Yet the people had a right to the best he could give, and he would give them his best; at least he could see to it that the words were real and were short; at least he would not, so, exhaust their patience. And the work might as well be done now in the leisure of the journey. He put a hand, big, powerful, labor-knotted, into first one sagging pocket and then another, in search of a pencil, and drew out one broken across the end. He glanced about inquiringly—there was nothing to write upon. Across the car the Secretary of State had just opened a package of books and their wrapping of brown paper lay on the floor, torn carelessly in a zigzag. The President stretched a long arm.

"Mr. Seward, may I have this to do a little writing?" he asked, and the Secretary protested, insisting on finding better material.

But Lincoln, with few words, had his way, and soon the untidy stump of a pencil was at work and the great head, the deep-lined face, bent over Seward's bit of brown paper, the whole man absorbed in his task.

Earnestly, with that "capacity for taking infinite pains" which has been defined as genius, he labored as the hours flew, building together close-fitted word on word, sentence on sentence. As the sculptor must dream the statue prisoned in the marble, as the artist must dream the picture to come from the brilliant unmeaning of his palette, as the musician dreams a song, so he who writes must have a vision of his finished work before he touches, to begin it, a medium more elastic, more vivid, more powerful than any other—words—prismatic bits of humanity, old as the Pharaohs, new as the Arabs of the street, broken, sparkling, alive, from the age-long life of the race. Abraham Lincoln, with the clear thought in his mind of what he would say, found the sentences that came to him colorless, wooden. A wonder flashed over him once or twice of Everett's skill with these symbols which, it seemed to him, were to the Bostonian a key-board facile to make music, to Lincoln tools to do his labor. He put the idea aside, for it hindered him. As he found the sword fitted to his hand he must fight with it; it might be that he, as well as Everett, could say that which should go straight from him to his people, to the nation who struggled at his back towards a goal. At least each syllable he said should be chiselled from the rock of his sincerity. So he cut here and there an adjective, here and there a phrase, baring the heart of his thought, leaving no ribbon or flower of rhetoric to flutter in the eyes of those with whom he would be utterly honest. And when he had done he read the speech and dropped it from his hand to the floor and stared again from the window. It was the best he could do, and it was a failure. So, with the pang of the workman who believes his work done wrong, he lifted and folded the torn bit of paper and put it in his pocket, and put aside the thought of it, as of a bad thing which he might not better, and turned and talked cheerfully with his friends.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the day following, on November 19, 1863, a vast, silent multitude billowed, like waves of the sea, over what had been not long before the battle-field of Gettysburg. There were wounded soldiers there who had beaten their way four months ago through a singing fire across these quiet fields, who had seen the men die who were buried here; there were troops grave and responsible, who must soon go again into battle; there were the rank and file of an every-day American gathering in surging thousands; and above them all, on the open-air platform, there were the leaders of the land, the pilots who to-day lifted a hand from the wheel of the ship of state to salute the memory of those gone down in the storm. Most of the men in that group of honor are now passed over to the majority, but their names are not dead in American history—great ghosts who walk still in the annals of their country, their flesh-and-blood faces were turned attentively that bright, still November afternoon toward the orator of the day, whose voice held the audience.

For two hours Everett spoke and the throng listened untired, fascinated by the dignity of his high-bred look and manner almost as much, perhaps, as by the speech which has taken a place in literature. As he had been expected to speak he spoke, of the great battle, of the causes of the war, of the results to come after. It was an oration which missed no shade of expression, no reach of grasp. Yet there were those in the multitude, sympathetic to a unit as it

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was with the Northern cause, who grew restless when this man who had been crowned with so thick a laurel wreath by Americans spoke of Americans as rebels, of a cause for which honest Americans were giving their lives as a crime. The days were war days, and men's passions were inflamed, yet there were men who listened to Edward Everett who believed that his great speech would have been greater unenforced with bitterness.

As the clear, cultivated voice fell into silence, the mass of people burst into a long storm of applause, for they knew that they had heard an oration which was an event. They clapped and cheered him again and again and again, as good citizens acclaim a man worthy of honor whom they have delighted to honor. At last, as the ex-Governor of Massachusetts, the ex-ambassador to England, the ex-Secretary of State, the ex-Senator of the United States—handsome, distinguished, graceful, sure of voice and of movement—took his seat, a tall, gaunt figure detached itself from the group on the platform and slouched slowly across the open space and stood facing the audience. A stir and a whisper brushed over the field of humanity, as if a breeze had rippled a monstrous bed of poppies. This was the President. A quivering silence settled down and every eye was wide to watch this strange, disappointing appearance, every ear alert to catch the first sound of his voice. Suddenly the voice came, in a queer, squeaking falsetto. The effect on the audience was irrepressible, ghastly. After Everett's deep tones, after the strain of expectancy, this extraordinary, gaunt apparition, this high, thin sound from the huge body, were too much for the American crowd's sense of humor, always stronger than its sense of reverence. A suppressed yet unmistakable titter caught the throng, ran through it, and was gone. Yet no one who knew the President's face could doubt that he had heard it and had understood. Calmly enough, after a pause almost too slight to be recognized, he went on, and in a dozen words his tones had gathered volume, he had come to his power and dignity. There was no smile now on any face of those who listened. People stopped breathing rather, as if they feared to miss an inflection. A loose-hung figure, six feet four inches high, he towered above them, conscious of and quietly ignoring the bad first impression, unconscious of a charm of personality which reversed that impression within a sentence. That these were his people was his only thought. He had something to say to them; what did it matter about him or his voice?

"Fourscore and seven years ago," spoke the President, "our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

There was no sound from the silent, vast assembly. The President's large figure stood before them, at first inspired, glorified with the thrill and swing of his words, lapsing slowly in the stillness into lax, ungraceful lines. He stared at them a moment with sad eyes full of gentleness, of resignation, and in the deep quiet they stared at him. Not a hand was lifted in applause. Slowly the big, awkward man slouched back across the platform and sank into his seat, and yet there was no sound of approval, of recognition from the audience; only a long sigh ran like a ripple on an ocean through rank

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after rank. In Lincoln's heart a throb of pain answered it. His speech had been, as he feared it would be, a failure. As he gazed steadily at these his countrymen who would not give him even a little perfunctory applause for his best effort, he knew that the disappointment of it cut into his soul. And then he was aware that there was music, the choir was singing a dirge; his part was done, and his part had failed.

When the ceremonies were over Everett at once found the President. "Mr. President," he began, "your speech——" but Lincoln had interrupted, flashing a kindly smile down at him, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"We'll manage not to talk about my speech, Mr. Everett," he said. "This isn't the first time I've felt that my dignity ought not to permit me to be a public speaker."

He went on in a few cordial sentences to pay tribute to the orator of the occasion. Everett listened thoughtfully and when the chief had done, "Mr. President," he said simply, "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

But Lincoln shook his head and laughed and turned to speak to a newcomer with no change of opinion—he was apt to trust his own judgments.

The special train which left Gettysburg immediately after the solemnities on the battle-field cemetery brought the President's party into Washington during the night. There was no rest for the man at the wheel of the nation next day, but rather added work until, at about four in the afternoon, he felt sorely the need of air and went out from the White House alone, for a walk. His mind still ran on the events of the day before—the impressive, quiet multitude, the serene sky of November arched, in the hushed interregnum of the year, between the joy of summer and the war of winter, over those who had gone from earthly war to heavenly joy. The picture was deeply engraved in his memory; it haunted him. And with it came a soreness, a discomfort of mind which had haunted him as well in the hours between,—the chagrin of the failure of his speech. During the day he had gently but decisively put aside all reference to it from those about him; he had glanced at the head-lines in the newspapers with a sarcastic smile; the Chief Executive must be flattered, of course; newspaper notices meant nothing. He knew well that he had made many successful speeches; no man of his shrewdness could be ignorant that again and again he had carried an audience by storm; yet he had no high idea of his own speech-making, and yesterday's affair had shaken his confidence more. He remembered sadly that, even for the President, no hand, no voice had been lifted in applause.

"It must have been pretty poor stuff," he said half aloud; "yet I thought it was a fair little composition. I meant to do well by them."

His long strides had carried him into the outskirts of the city, and suddenly, at a corner, from behind a hedge, a young boy of fifteen years or so came rushing toward him and tripped and stumbled against him, and Lincoln kept him from falling with a quick, vigorous arm. The lad righted himself and tossed back his thick, light hair and stared haughtily, and the President, regarding him, saw that his blue eyes were blind with tears.

"Do you want all of the public highway? Can't a gentleman from the South even walk in the streets without—without——" and the broken sentence ended in a sob.

The anger and the insolence of the lad were nothing to the man who towered above him—to that broad mind this was but a child in trouble. "My boy, the fellow that's interfering with your walking is down inside of you," he said gently, and with that the astonished youngster opened his wet eyes wide and laughed—a choking, childish laugh that pulled at the older man's heart-strings. "That's better, sonny," he said, and patted the slim shoulder. "Now tell me what's wrong with the world. Maybe I might help straighten it."

"Wrong, wrong!" the child raved; "everything's wrong," and launched into a mad tirade against the government from the President down.

Lincoln listened patiently, and when the lad paused for breath, "Go ahead," he said good-naturedly. "Every little helps."

With that the youngster was silent and drew himself up with stiff dignity, offended yet fascinated; unable to tear himself away from this strange giant who was so insultingly kind under his abuse, who yet inspired him with such a sense of trust and of hope.

"I want a lawyer," he said impulsively,

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looking up anxiously into the deep-lined face inches above him. "I don't know where to find a lawyer in this horrible city, and I must have one—I can't wait—it may be too late—I want a lawyer *now*," and once more he was in a fever of excitement.

"What do you want with a lawyer?" Again the calm, friendly tone quieted him.

"I want him to draw a will. My brother is——" he caught his breath with a gasp in a desperate effort for self-control. "They say he's—dying." He finished the sentence with a quiver in his voice, and the brave front and the trembling, childish tone went to the man's heart. "I don't believe it—he can't be dying," the boy talked on, gathering courage. "But anyway, he wants to make a will, and—and I reckon—it may be that he—he must."

"I see," the other answered gravely, and the young, torn soul felt an unreasoning confidence that he had found a friend. "Where is your brother?"

"He's in the prison hospital there—in that big building," he pointed down the street. "He's captain in our army—in the Confederate army. He was wounded at Gettysburg."

"Oh!" The deep-set eyes gazed down at the fresh face, its muscles straining under grief and responsibility, with the gentlest, most fatherly pity. "I think I can manage your job, my boy," he said. "I used to practise law in a small way myself, and I'll be glad to draw the will for you."

The young fellow had whirled him around before he had finished the sentence. "Come," he said. "Don't waste time talking—why didn't you tell me before?" and then he glanced up. He saw the ill-fitting clothes, the crag-like, rough-modelled head, the awkward carriage of the man; he was too young to know that what he felt beyond these was greatness. There was a tone of patronage in his voice and in the cock of his aristocratic young head as he spoke. "We can pay you, you know—we're not paupers." He fixed his eyes on Lincoln's face to watch the impression as he added, "My brother is Carter Hampton Blair, of Georgia. I'm Warrington Blair. The Hampton Court Blairs, you know."

"Oh!" said the President. The lad went on.

"It would have been all right if Nellie hadn't left Washington to-day—my sister, Miss Eleanor Hampton Blair. Carter was better this morning, and so she went with the Senator. She's secretary to Senator Warrington, you know. He's on the Yankee side"—the tone was full of contempt—"but yet he's our cousin, and when he offered Nellie the position she would take it in spite of Carter and me. We were so poor"—the lad's pride was off its guard for the moment, melted in the soothing trust with which this stranger thrilled his soul. It was a relief to him to talk, and the large hand which rested on his shoulder as they walked seemed an assurance that his words were accorded respect and understanding. "Of course, if Nellie had been here she would have known how to get a lawyer, but Carter had a bad turn half an hour ago, and the doctor said he might get better or he might die any minute, and Carter remembered about the money, and got so excited that they said it was hurting him, so I said I'd get a lawyer, and I rushed out, and the first thing I ran against you. I'm afraid I wasn't very polite." The smile on the gaunt face above him was all the answer he needed. "I'm sorry. I apologize. It certainly was good of you to come right back with me." The child's manner was full of the assured graciousness of a high-born gentleman; there was a lovable quality in his very patronage, and the suffering and the sweetness and the pride combined held Lincoln by his sense of humor as well as by his soft heart. "You sha'n't lose anything by it," the youngster went on. "We may be poor, but we have more than plenty to pay you, I'm sure. Nellie has some jewels, you see—oh, I think several things yet. Is it very expensive to draw a will?" he asked wistfully.

"No, sonny; it's one of the cheapest things a man can do," was the hurried answer, and the child's tone showed a lighter heart.

"I'm glad of that, for, of course, Carter wants to leave—to leave as much as he can. You see, that's what the will is about—Carter is engaged to marry Miss Sally Maxfield, and they would have been married now if he hadn't been wounded and taken prisoner. So, of course, like any gentleman that's engaged, he wants to give her everything that he has. Hampton Court has to come to me after Carter, but there's

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some money—quite a lot—only we can't get it now. And that ought to go to Carter's wife, which is what she is—just about—and if he doesn't make a will it won't. It will come to Nellie and me if—if anything should happen to Carter."

"So you're worrying for fear you'll inherit some money?" Lincoln asked meditatively.

"Of course," the boy threw back impatiently. "Of course, it would be a shame if it came to Nellie and me, for we couldn't ever make her take it. We don't need it—I can look after Nellie and myself," he said proudly, with a quick, tossing motion of his fair head that was like the motion of a spirited, thoroughbred horse. They had arrived at the prison. "I can get you through all right. They all know me here," he spoke over his shoulder reassuringly to the President with a friendly glance. Dashing down the corridors in front, he did not see the guards salute the tall figure which followed him; too preoccupied to wonder at the ease of their entrance, he flew along through the big building, and behind him in large strides came his friend.

A young man—almost a boy, too—of twenty-three or twenty-four, his handsome face a white shadow, lay propped against the pillows, watching the door eagerly as they entered.

"Good boy, Warry," he greeted the little fellow; "you've got me a lawyer," and the pale features lighted with a smile of such radiance as seemed incongruous in this gruesome place. He held out his hand to the man who swung toward him, looming mountainous behind his brother's slight figure. "Thank you for coming," he said cordially, and in his tone was the same air of a *grand seigneur* as in the lad's. Suddenly a spasm of pain caught him, his head fell into the pillows, his muscles twisted, his arm about the neck of the kneeling boy tightened convulsively. Yet while the agony still held him he was smiling again with gay courage. "It nearly blew me away," he whispered, his voice shaking, but his eyes bright with amusement. "We'd better get to work before one of those little breezes carries me too far. There's pen and ink on the table, Mr.—my brother did not tell me your name."

"Your brother and I met informally," the other answered, setting the materials in order for writing. "He charged into me like a young steer," and the boy, out of his deep trouble, laughed delightedly. "My name is Lincoln."

The young officer regarded him. "That's a good name from your standpoint—you are, I take it, a Northerner?"

The deep eyes smiled whimsically. "I'm on that side of the fence. You may call me a Yankee if you'd like."

"There's something about you, Mr. Lincoln," the young Georgian answered gravely, with a kindly and unconscious condescension, "which makes me wish to call you, if I may, a friend."

He had that happy instinct which shapes a sentence to fall on its smoothest surface, and the President, in whom the same instinct was strong, felt a quick comradeship with this enemy who, about to die, saluted him. He put out his great fist swiftly.

"Shake hands," he said. "Friends it is."

"'Till death us do part,'" said the officer slowly, and smiled, and then threw back his head with a gesture like the boy's. "We must do the will," he said peremptorily.

"Yes, now we'll fix this will business, Captain Blair," the big man answered cheerfully. "When your mind's relieved about your plunder you can rest easier and get well faster."

The sweet, brilliant smile of the Southerner shone out, his arm drew the boy's shoulder closer, and the President, with a pang, knew that his friend knew that he must die.

With direct, condensed question and clear answer the simple will was shortly drawn and the impromptu lawyer rose to take his leave. But the wounded man put out his hand.

"Don't go yet," he pleaded, with the imperious, winning accent which was characteristic of both brothers. The sudden, radiant smile broke again over the face, young, drawn with suffering, prophetic of close death. "I like you," he brought out frankly. "I've never liked a stranger as much in such short order before."

His head, fair as the boy's, lay back on the pillows, locks of hair damp against the whiteness, the blue eyes shone like jewels from the colorless face, a weak arm stretched protectingly about the young brother who pressed against him. There was so much courage, so much helplessness,

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so much pathos in the picture that the President's great heart throbbed with a desire to comfort them.

"I want to talk to you about that man, Lincoln, your namesake," the prisoner's deep, uncertain voice went on, trying pathetically to make conversation which might interest, might hold his guest. The man who stood hesitating controlled a startled movement. "I'm Southern to the core of me, and I believe with my soul in the cause I've fought for, the cause I'm——" he stopped, and his hand caressed the boy's shoulder. "But that President of yours is a remarkable man. He's regarded as a red devil by most of us down home, you know," and he laughed, "but I've admired him all along. He's inspired by principle, not by animosity, in this fight; he's real and he's powerful and"—he lifted his head impetuously and his eyes flashed—"and, by Jove, have you read his speech of yesterday in the papers?"

Lincoln gave him an odd look. "No," he said, "I haven't."

"Sit down," Blair commanded. "Don't grudge a few minutes to a man in hard luck. I want to tell you about that speech. You're not so busy but that you ought to know."

"Well, yes," said Lincoln, "perhaps I ought." He took out his watch and made a quick mental calculation. "It's only a question of going without my dinner, and the boy is dying," he thought. "If I can give him a little pleasure the dinner is a small matter." He spoke again. "It's the soldiers who are the busy men, not the lawyers, nowadays," he said. "I'll be delighted to spend a half hour with you, Captain Blair, if I won't tire you."

"That's good of you," the young officer said, and a king on his throne could not have been gracious in a more lordly yet unconscious way. "By the way, this great man isn't any relation of yours, is he, Mr. Lincoln?"

"He's a kind of connection—through my grandfather," Lincoln acknowledged. "But I know just the sort of fellow he is—you can say what you want."

"What I want to say first is this: that he yesterday made one of the great speeches of history."

"What?" demanded Lincoln, staring.

"I know what I'm talking about." The young fellow brought his thin fist down on the bedclothes. "My father was a speaker—all my uncles and my grandfather were speakers. I've been brought up on oratory. I've studied and read the best models since I was a lad in knee-breeches. And I know a great speech when I see it. And when Nellie—my sister—brought in the paper this morning and read that to me I told her at once that not six times since history began has a speech been made which was its equal. That was before she told me what the Senator said."

"What did the Senator say?" asked the quiet man who listened.

"It was Senator Warrington, to whom my sister is—is acting as secretary." The explanation was distasteful, but he went on, carried past the jog by the interest of his story. "He was at Gettysburg yesterday, with the President's party. He told my sister that the speech so went home to the hearts of all those thousands of people that when it was ended it was as if the whole audience held its breath—there was not a hand lifted to applaud. One might as well applaud the Lord's Prayer—it would have been sacrilege. And they all felt it—down to the lowest. There was a long minute of reverent silence, no sound from all that great throng—it seems to me, an enemy, that it was the most perfect tribute that has ever been paid by any people to any orator."

The boy, lifting his hand from his brother's shoulder to mark the effect of his brother's words, saw with surprise that in the strange lawyer's eyes were tears. But the wounded man did not notice.

"It will live, that speech. Fifty years from now American school-boys will be learning it as part of their education. It is not merely my opinion," he went on. "Warrington says the whole country is ringing with it. And you haven't read it? And your name's Lincoln? Warry, boy, where's the paper Nellie left? I'll read the speech to Mr. Lincoln myself."

The boy had sprung to his feet and across the room, and had lifted a folded newspaper from the table. "Let me read it, Carter—it might tire you."

The giant figure which had crouched, elbows on knees, in the shadows by the narrow hospital cot, heaved itself slowly upward till it loomed at its full height in air. Lincoln turned his face toward the boy standing under the flickering gas-jet and

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reading with soft, sliding inflections, the words which had for twenty-four hours been gall and wormwood to his memory. And as the sentences slipped from the lad's mouth, behold, a miracle happened, for the man who had written them knew that they were great. He knew then, as many a lesser one has known, that out of a little loving-kindness had come great joy; that he had wrested with gentleness a blessing from his enemy.

"'Fourscore and seven years ago,'" the fresh voice began, and the face of the dying man stood out white in the white pillows, sharp with eagerness, and the face of the President shone as he listened as if to new words. The field of yesterday, the speech, the deep silence which followed it, all were illuminated, as his mind went back, with new meaning. With the realization that the stillness had meant, not indifference, but perhaps, as this generous enemy had said, "The most perfect tribute ever paid by any people to any orator," there came to him a rush of glad strength to bear the burdens of the nation. The boy's tones ended clearly, deliberately.

"'We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.'"

There was deep stillness in the hospital ward as there had been stillness on the field of Gettysburg. The soldier's voice broke it. "It's a wonderful speech," he said. "There's nothing finer. Other men have spoken stirring words, for the North and for the South, but never before, I think, with the love of both breathing through them. It is only the greatest who can be a partisan without bitterness, and only such, to-day may call himself not Northern or Southern, but American. To feel that your enemy can fight you to death without malice, with charity—it lifts country, it lifts humanity to something worth dying for. They are beautiful, broad words and the sting of war would be drawn if the soul of Lincoln could be breathed into the armies. Do you agree with me?" he demanded abruptly, and Lincoln answered slowly, from a happy heart.

"I believe it is a good speech," he said.

The impetuous Southerner went on: "Of course, it's all wrong from my point of view," and the gentleness of his look made the words charming. "The thought which underlies it is warped, inverted, as I look at it, yet that doesn't alter my admiration of the man and of his words. I'd like to put my hand in his before I die," he said, and the sudden, brilliant, sweet smile lit the transparency of his face like a lamp; "and I'd like to tell him that I know that what we're all fighting for, the best of us, is the right of our country as it is given us to see it." He was laboring a bit with the words now as if he were tired, but he hushed the boy imperiously. "When a man gets so close to death's door that he feels the wind through it from a larger atmosphere, then the small things are blown away. The bitterness of the fight has faded for me. I only feel the love of country, the satisfaction of giving my life for it. The speech—that speech—has made it look higher and simpler—your side as well as ours. I would like to put my hand in Abraham Lincoln's——"

The clear, deep voice, with its hesitations, its catch of weakness, stopped short. Convulsively the hand shot out and caught at the great fingers that hung near him, pulling the President, with the strength of agony, to his knees by the cot. The prisoner was writhing in an attack of mortal pain, while he held, unknowing that he held it, the hand of his new friend in a torturing grip. The door of death had opened wide and a stormy wind was carrying the bright, conquered spirit into that larger atmosphere of which he had spoken. Suddenly the struggle ceased, the unconscious head rested in the boy's arms, and the hand of the Southern soldier lay quiet, where he had wished to place it, in the hand of Abraham Lincoln.

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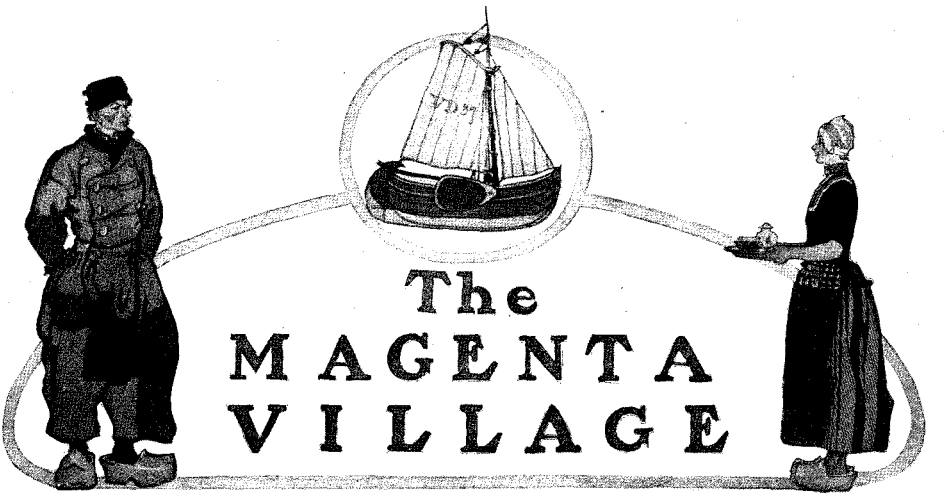
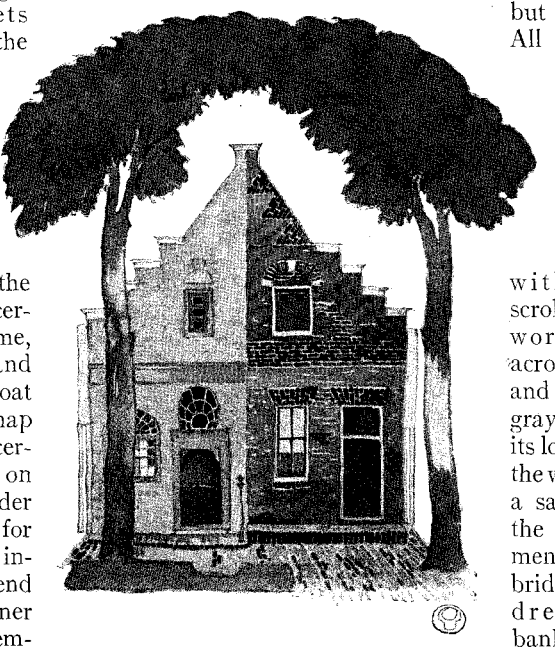


The MAGENTA VILLAGE

By Edward Penfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

A HALTING jolt, then a rattle, and the steam tram came to the end of its journey. The engineer swung from his engine and looked it over, as a man full of distrust. The passengers gathered up their belongings and filed out on the station platform, and I stood and watched them disappear through the various streets and byways of the town until the last one was out of sight. What a fine thing it is to know just where one is going! Such a sense of security—with none of the hesitation and uncertainty that seized me, as I stood there and from my inside coat pocket drew a map that described a certain fishing village on the rim of the Zuyder Zee. It was made for me with all good intentions by a friend one night at dinner when I first contemplated Holland, but it seemed now so hopelessly inadequate. There was the railroad over which we had just travelled plainly marked with step-ladder ties, leading to the town where I now stood, but how to find the path beside which stood the amiable cow was not plain. I looked about for the patient animal to guide me in my perplexity, but there was none. All I could see was small, neatly kept houses, fantastically built of brick and tile. A little wooden bridge painted copper green, with an occasional scroll about its upper works, stretched across a quiet canal, and farther on a great gray windmill swung its long arms about to the wheezing music of a sawmill. I forgot the map for a moment and crossed the bridge and was soon dreaming on the banks of the canal. The houses grew



The divided house.

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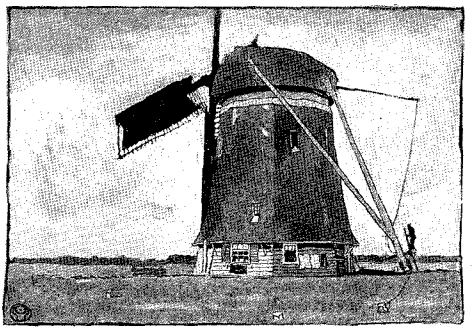
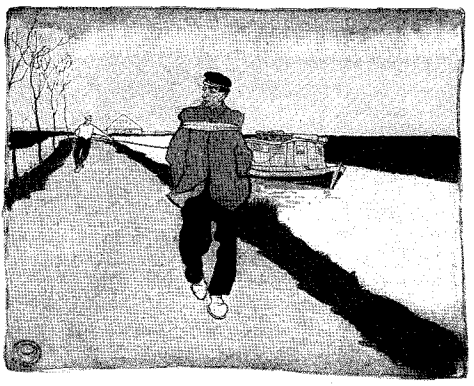
more home-like and smaller, and I spread out my heavy coat, sat down on the grassy banks, and was soon lost in a drawing of the opposite shore.

The little houses were of various kinds, some store-houses for cheese and others the homes of the people, but all of them very old, having settled here and there slightly, enough to give a wavering line of beauty to all.



Swinging its heavy lazy wings.

One was unusually amusing, and so strongly reflected the characteristics of its occupants. It was a wide house (for Holland) and had been divided down the centre.



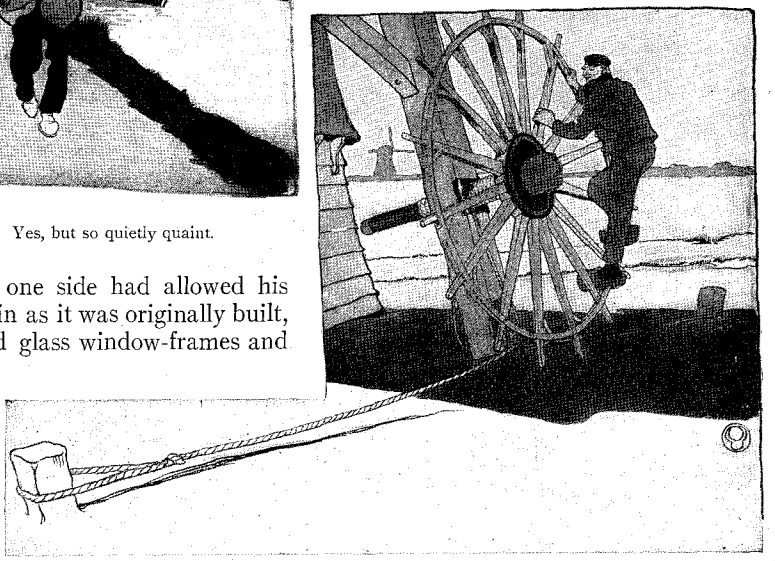
Primitive? Yes, but so quietly quaint.

The owner on one side had allowed his portion to remain as it was originally built, with the leaded glass window-frames and heavy hewn timbers about the Dutch door, while his neighbor, a more precise man, had shown his lack of poetry by modern doors and windows, fitted to the old-time walls; and with all respect to his over-zealous nature, I much preferred the old side. What history and lineage the little square leaded panes brought to one and how I would have loved to rummage through the garret!

The beating of a gong echoing through the quiet street brought me from my reveries, and I looked up to see a decorous old fellow standing out in the middle of the copper-green bridge. As the last sounds died away and he was confident of the attention of everyone, he announced in a sing-song way the news of the day—the town-crier. The day was advancing surely.

I reluctantly picked up my belongings and looked again for the path of the placid cow, and it was noon before I found anyone who could direct me.

As I was to follow a narrow canal several miles through the open country before I reached my destination, I dropped into a coffee-house to prepare myself. The stupid woman there gave me no end of trouble, for she could not understand the few Dutch



Here was a chance to see how a windmill is worked.

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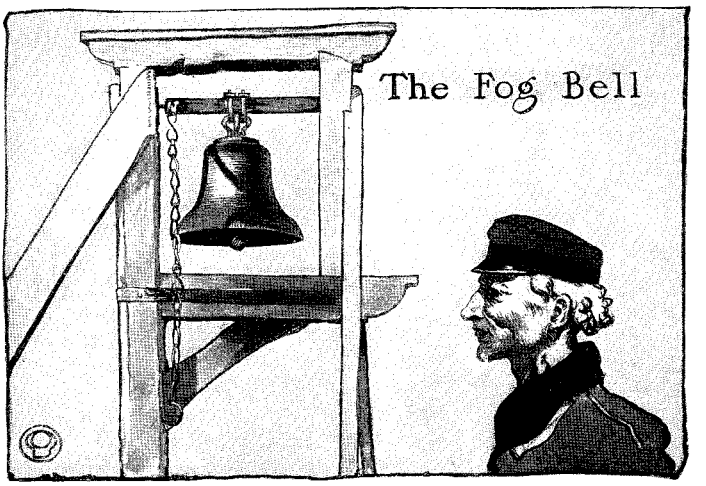
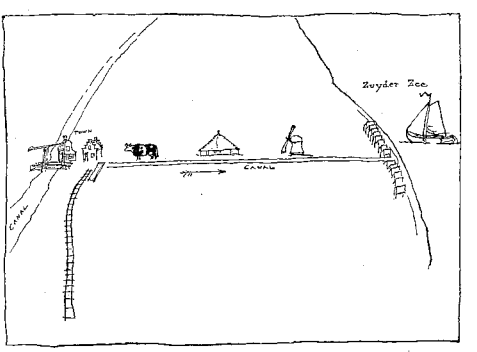


The old green-streaked brass bell.

words that I depended most upon and hid herself behind a counter in the farther end of the room. I must have said something outrageous, but in all innocence. Finally, I drew a picture of a sandwich and colored the slice of cheese (which I made thick) between the bread most realistically and walked back to the lady. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "brood en kaas," and brought me what I have always innocently called a sandwich. The cup of chocolate was easily ordered, and with this simple and light repast, I was soon out in the sunshine, striding over the little brick pavement winding along the canal, in long sweeps through flat country, with here and there rows of small trees. How fine it was to be out in the soft wind, sweetened by the bruised herbage of the fields. It was early afternoon; the new green of spring lingered on the long-bladed grass, and the wind, blowing over the low stretches of flat land, bent the long points down, pricking circlets in the rippling water.



The map.

Black spotted cattle—solid good-natured beasts—turned their heads, and the grass seemed all the more green in contrast with their markings. Ahead, a farmhouse raised its long sloping roof of tiles, patched here and there with thatch and ornamented by a decorated device of two swans. The doors and window-blinds were fantastically painted and the little square window-panes shone in white sashes that seemed to have been painted only yesterday. Trees stood about the house like guards, forming a screen for the ever-blowing wind.

The path kept on, over little bridges and past a gray old windmill with a hand-hewn framework of heavy timbers, that swung its heavy lazy wings with soft creakings, a veritable challenge to any Don Quixote who might chance that way.

Here was an opportunity to see how a windmill was sailed, for the old keeper, dressed in snuff brown, short coat, and Dutch cap, was perched upon a large wheel at the back of the mill—like the tiller of a ship—turning it by his own weight, until by the pull of the ropes he was able to swing the huge wings around where the wind "took hold." What an amphibious country, with windmills sailed like boats! And when one thinks of the Dutch

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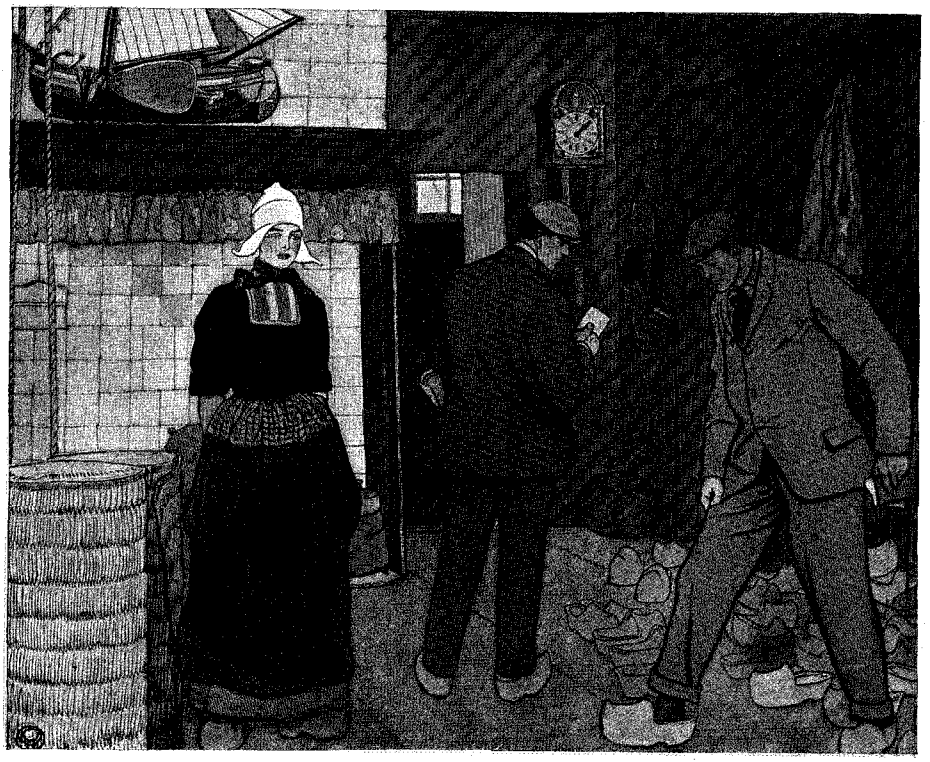

The shoe shop.

bed in the wall, so resembling the "bunks" in a ship's cabin, one would almost think that the early builders of Holland came there on sailing craft and built their dikes around them.

Past the windmill came a boat pulled by one man, leaning heavily against a harness-like arrangement at the end of a long hawser (I suspected he must have been the captain) while his mate ran behind pushing and steering the little cabin craft with a long pole. Primitive? Yes, but so quietly quaint, as the crew with long, measured strides passed, with their load of lace-capped women and sober men, on their journeyings. I used this boat many times afterward, when I was able to master its time-table, and I shuddered lest some cold, calculating corporation should come and count the passengers and erect a rattling, banging trolley over all this quiet loveliness.

The village at last showed itself in a soft haze—a line of pointed roofs lining themselves up behind the dike that holds the great splashing sea out of the lowlands. They reflected their red roofs in the gently swirling current, and an array of wash fluttering like banners overhead made one feel like a victorious warrior entering his native town, as the wooden steps were mounted that led to the top of the dike. One look at the endless sea, then a turn down the dike. This formed the main street of the village—on one side the small houses of the fishermen peeped over at the Zuyder Zee, while on the other fisher-boats rocked at their moorings. Fisher-boys were furling sails, straightening out ropes, and filling water-casks, while others sat on spars and posts along the water's edge, in their blue patched coats, waiting for wind and tide. Lace-capped maidens with rosy cheeks and firm strong necks clattered their wooden *schoenen* up and down the brick pavement, while their mothers, more sedate, were the pictures of simple home content. The men wore wide breeches and big black fur hats, almost like drum-majors, and magenta-colored shirts.

The clouds were coming together, and an

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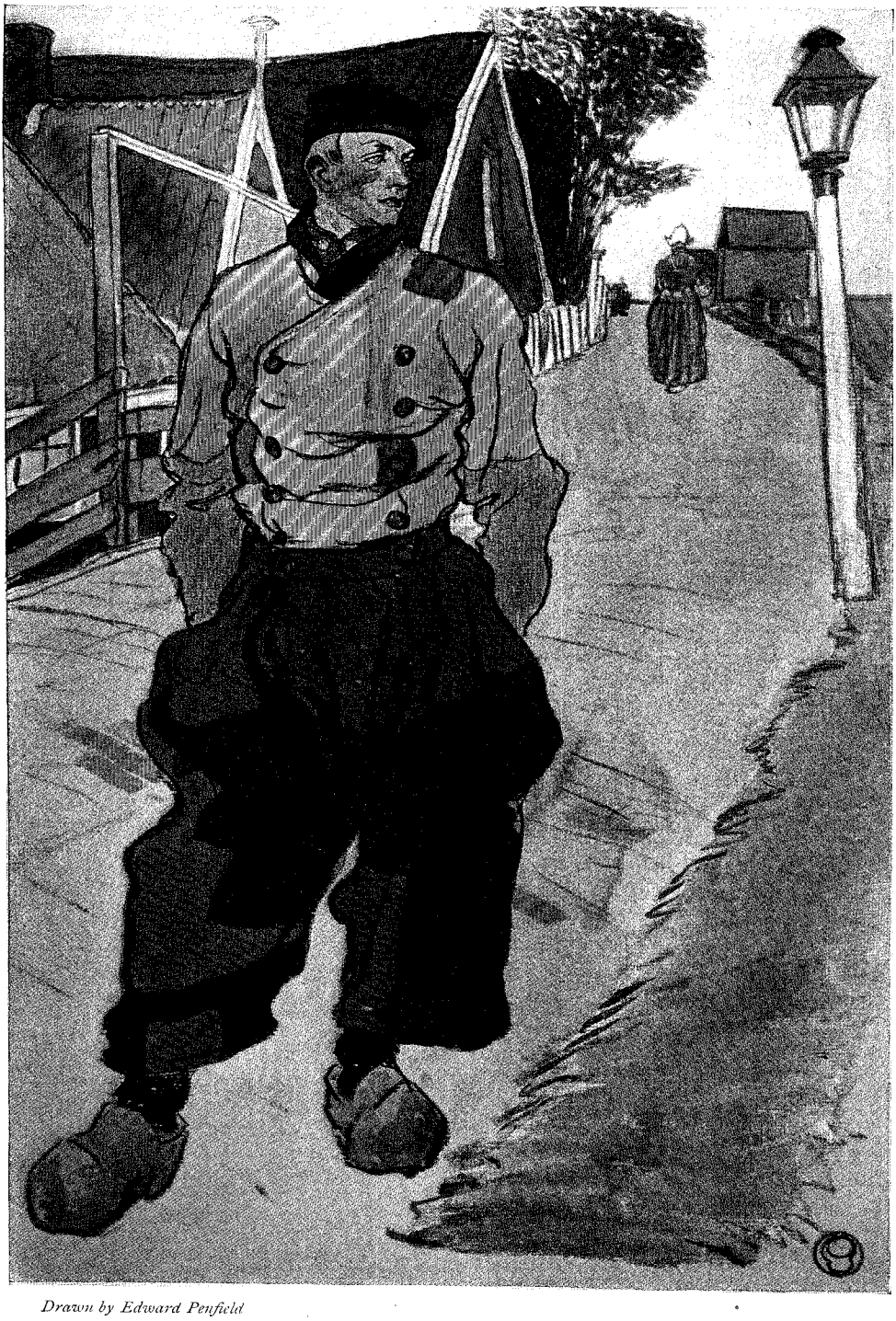

Drawn by Edward Penfield

Magenta was overwhelming.

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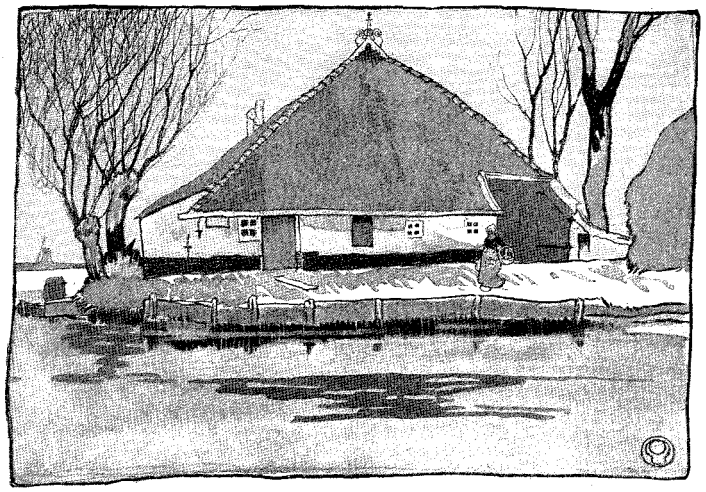
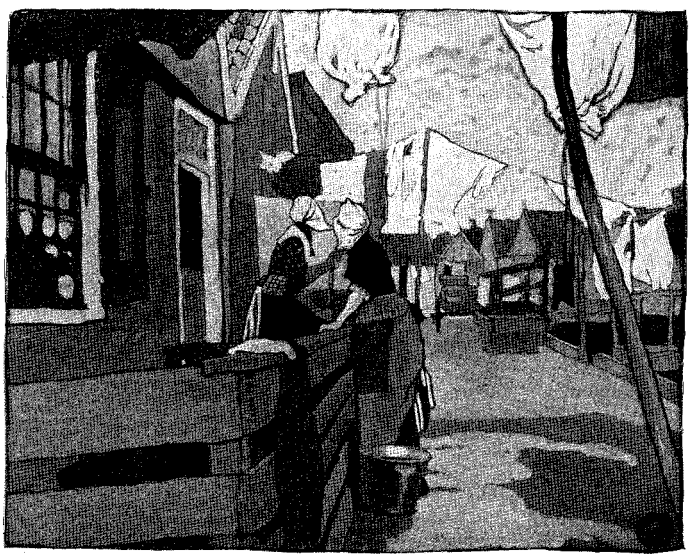


A farmhouse raised its long sloping roof.

increasing wind caused angry little waves to toss and spatter against the dike. A few big drops of rain hurried me past the old green-streaked brass bell, useful in fog and storm to mark the harbor, and beyond to the café of fame, which really was the end of my journeyings; for here one could live and paint during the remainder of the summer holiday. A sign in the doorway bore the inscription, "Binnen Peintre," which must have been done by a Frenchman, and inside I saw a long, low room. Small tables were ranged down one side, and on the other was a "bar"—not the kind usually faced, but containing, besides the usual villainous bottles and glasses an assortment of hospitable brass chocolate-urns, sweet cakes, and a mild-mannered girl, with hair to her shoulders and red—very red—cheeks, to serve them. On the sanded floor stood a girl. Her large dark, deep-set eyes under straight heavy brows looked out from a face well browned by a May sun. She wore a sun-bonnet, which harmonized with her simple dress—there was no mistaking her, for in her hand she carried a partly finished canvas and a wooden paint-box. Back farther in the room were two men at one of the little tables, talking over their glasses: such a charming adjustment of the rough and the gentle here, nothing of the barroom, but a place equally enjoyable to men and women.



Like banners overhead.

The panelled wall was covered with paintings of noted visitors to this picturesque fishing village, and one saw here oftentimes the artist's happiest moods, for they were all done in appreciation of the cordial treatment extended by the host and his charming daughters.

In this long, low room many happy and restful hours were spent by men and women from all parts, bound together by one great spirit, the love of the beautiful.

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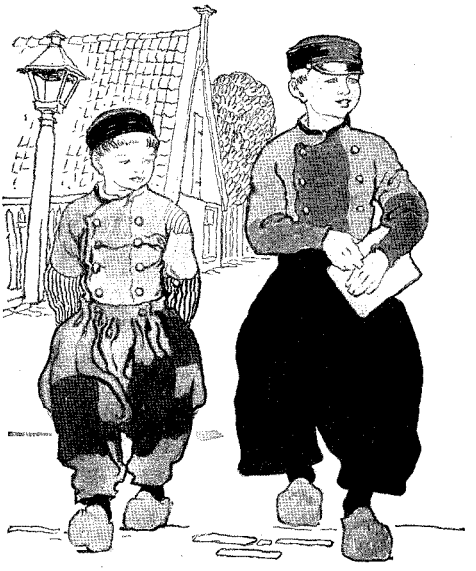
The landlord provided me with a large airy room, but I was rather disappointed when he proudly waved his hand to a four-poster, immaculately draped in white muslin, that he did not give me a bed in the wall, as I supposed all Dutch beds to be. But what it lacked in romance it made up for in comfort. Dinner that night was served in a glass enclosure overlooking the Zuyder Zee. Artists came in, singly and in groups, and found their seats beside me. The wind outside beat great drops of rain against the many window-panes, and an extra vigorous gust swept over the roof very menacingly now and then. The meal began with a stiffened feeling of strangeness on all sides, which slowly wore off by coffee and liqueur time. We smoked long Dutch cigars and strolled into the café and watched the big fine fellows, with their fur caps and loose breeches, play pool over a table with a green baize cover.



Little fisherfolk.

A bright sun and a fresh breeze made the dike a pleasant meeting-place for some of us the following morning, as we stood in a small group watching the fisherfolk in their long loose patched clothes. Children gathered about us, saying "Teeken-en," which translated meant that they would like to pose for us. Our clothes were fully as puzzling to them as theirs were to us, and a boy approached one of us, whose clothes perhaps did fit rather snug, and said very seriously, "How do you get into them?"

Big black fur hats, almost like drum-majors.

Everyone seemed to be a symphony as we stood there. When the men removed their big blue patched coats they exposed magenta-colored shirts—some new, others faded to soft purples and grays, with new patches of bright magenta and other patches of the same color in different weather-worn degrees. With partly closed eyes, looking down the broad pathway, magenta was overwhelming. It showed on the red tiles of the tiny houses, on the shirts of the men, it peeped up from the brick pavement, and a soft haze near the horizon scintillated its colors. The blue and black in the girls' costumes and the greenish-blue gables served only to accentuate the color and made it more pleasing. "Let us call it the 'Magenta Village,'" said the girl in the sun-bonnet. An English painter and his wife echoed her sentiment, and we straightway proceeded to the café to christen our new-found haven.

A picture wherever one looked made this a delightful old village, and between work many a little excursion was made in byways and alleyways. We peered into the neat and well-kept houses and looked longingly at the clothes-lines with their burden of faded color-softened costumes—and many a fine

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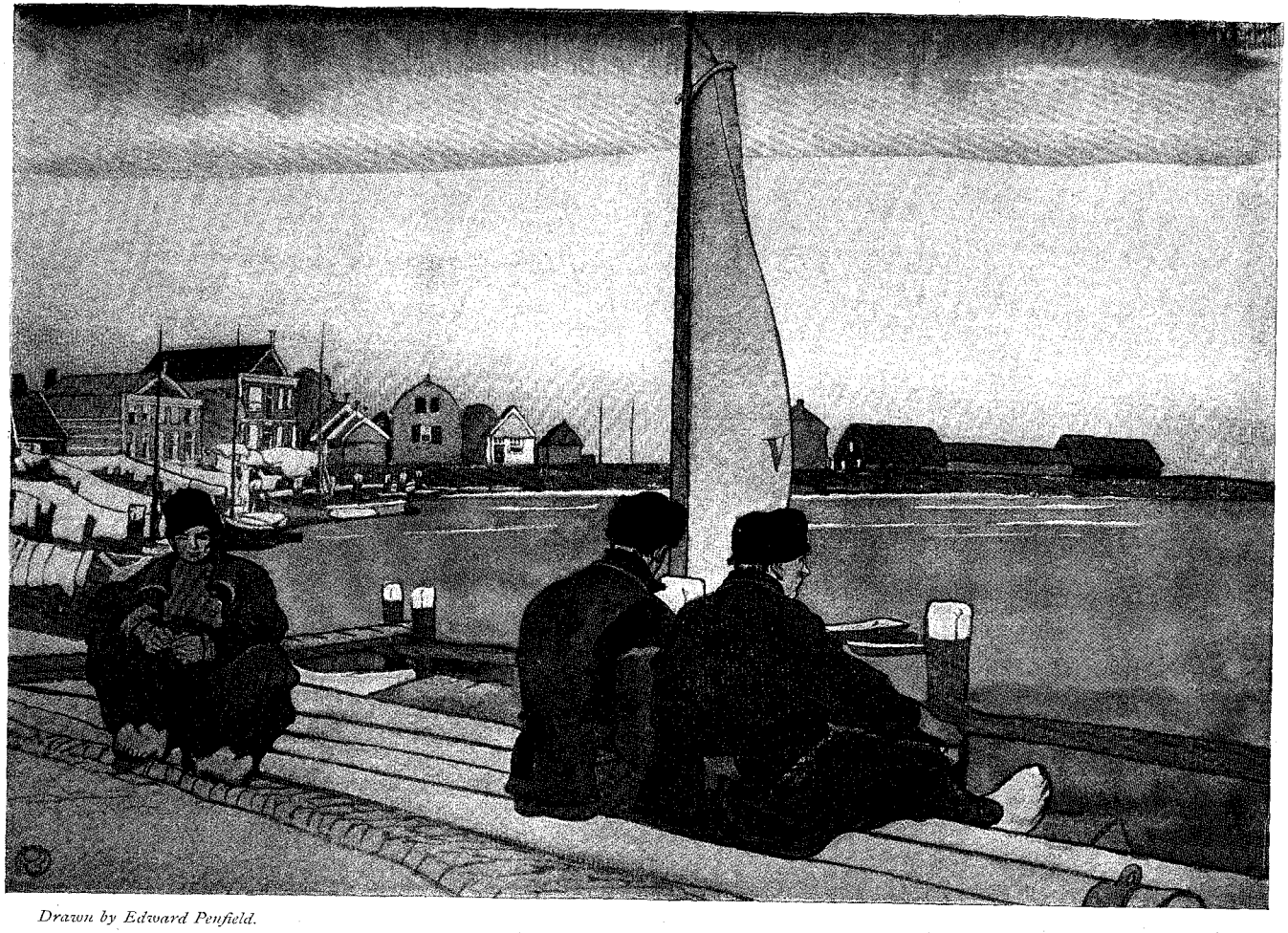

Drawn by Edward Penfield.

Waiting for wind and tide.

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bargain both for housewife and ourselves was made.

The shoe shop did not display a large gold sign or show any indication outside of its nature, but those of us who wished a pair of wooden *klompen*, and visited the shop for that purpose, soon found that shoes were a minor consideration, and fell to sketching the interior, continuing our purchasing only as an excuse for our staying. The walls were of wood, painted Indian red. Things partly used and partly saved were strewn here and there. Yellow tarpaulins and blue fishing coats hung from the rafters, and a Delft tiled fireplace with old copper and brass belongings shone in its dark casement. Before this were piled the shoes —all sizes jumbled together, and before I had a pair that "mated" I discovered that it was the customer's pleasure and not the storekeeper's to transact whatever business was done.

Days of work under the tiled and moss-grown roof of the attic studio, lined with old patched sails, bleached and rotted by sun and water, but breathing stories of the sea; Lypje, with cheeks and neck like rose-leaves on ivory, tall, hoydenish, but good-natured, and her old uncle, whose days for the trawling net and line were over; children, round-eyed and wondering, but mischievous in the end; and newly found friends who always knew of old friends—these made the days short and the mind contented.

One evening, when the wind blew cool and the deep blue of night darkened the heavens, the proprietor's daughters, of which he had three, walked with me to the little cabin boat I had seen during my first day on the canal. My pack, which was considerably added to by costumes and sketches, was placed upon the roof; and, as the captain tugged at the hawser and the mate pushed with his pole, I made my adieus and silently, by the light of a solitary lamp, found my way to a seat in the low-roofed cabin among a group of the villagers. The bumping of the boat signalled her destination in the town, where the waiting train hustled me once more into the ceaseless din and nerve-racking elements of a big city.

THE PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE

THE PRONG BUCK OF AMERICA *(ANTILOCAPRA AMERICANA, ORD. 1818)*

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN that eventful *annus domini* 1535, when Jacques Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence to be the white discoverer of Hochelaga, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado also landed in Mexico and became a pioneer and an empire builder of world-wide fame. Five years later he set forth on his memorable march northward as far, we now believe, as Kansas, discovering and possessing in the name of the Cross and the King.

Without doubt he was the first white man to see the Antelope herds. Mr. Charles F. Lummis writes me that:

"Coronado's Expedition unquestionably saw Antelope; but there is no name and no definite description of them in his record. The nearest he comes to it is on the Buffalo plains, where Castañeda speaks of 'siervos, remendados de blanco' (the stags patched with white).

"Herrera mentions them under their proper name of *berrendos* (Decade II, p. 288, 1601). I do not recall any mention of them in Gomara."

In 1651 Hernandez described this animal. He calls it Teuthlalmaçame or Temamaçame; evidently these were the native Aztec names, and in the same paragraph he uses the name "Berendos," by which it is yet known in Mexico. But it did not receive

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its scientific name until 1815, when in Guthrie's Geography Ord described it as *Antelope Americanus*, and still later in the *Journal de Physique*, 1818, when he made for it the genus *Antilocapra*.

The word Cabrit or Cabrie, used by the half-breeds of the North-west, is doubtless, as Richardson suggests, a Basque corruption of the Spanish *cabra*, a goat. The names *Le Squenoton* and *Squinaton*, recorded by Dobbs and his anonymous predecessor, probably do not belong to this species.

Merriam has recently (1901) described the Mexican Antelope as a new sub-species, *mexicana*, but this name is possibly antedated by Hamilton Smith's *palmata* (1827). I have not attempted to demark the areas of the races.

The map shows a surprisingly slight shrinkage in the ranges of the species; a shrinkage which, unfortunately, does not correspond with the actual reduction of its numbers. The ancient territory of the Pronghorns was about 2,000,000 square miles; and a safe estimate, founded on the reports of travellers, would be five Antelope to every square mile of that.

Major J. B. Pond wrote me as follows: "In the winter of 1868-69, I travelled on the new railroad for the first time from Denver to Cheyenne. The Antelope had all left the open plains, and were now sheltering among the foot-hills. For ten or twelve miles in Cache le Poudre Valley and all the way west of the train, about three-quarters to one-half a mile away, was one long band of Antelope, twenty to forty rods wide, practically continuous and huddled together for warmth. Their numbers changed the color of the country. That winter many wagon-loads were brought to Denver and sold, three or four carcasses for two bits (25c.) that being the smallest coin in use."

If there is no error in these figures it meant 2,000,000 Antelope. Probably these came from within a radius of 200 miles, and certainly this was but a small proportion of the entire Antelope population of America.

From these various facts it will be seen that in many regions the species probably exceeded ten to the square mile, and though there were vast areas which fell far below this, they were offset by the congestion elsewhere; therefore, in estimating their pristine population at five to a square mile, I have been reasonably conservative.

The present range covers about 1,000,000 square miles. But who will say that there are 5,000,000 Antelope left? If there are 100,000 wild Antelope to-day I am agreeably surprised. At least half of them must be in Mexico.

In some regions, I am told, there is a slight increase, but in others a sad diminution in the last five years. Mr. A. A. Anderson estimates that in 1905 there were not more than a quarter of the Antelope in Wyoming that there were in 1900. Nevertheless, the nation has wakened up to the fact that the Antelope is worth preserving and that a national effort is needed to do it.

All the States now have game laws for the protection of Antelope; some of them have declared a close season for a term of years, and it is possible that we may yet keep the Pronghorn from going the way of the Wild Pigeon and the Buffalo.

The largest buck Antelope in the Zoölogical Park, is, according to Mr. Hornaday, "37½ inches at the shoulder." A fair-sized buck stands 36 inches at the shoulder—the top of the head rising a foot higher—and he weighs about 100 pounds. A four-month's old buck which I weighed in Jackson's Hole, October, 1898, went 60 pounds, and stood 28 inches at the shoulder. A large one killed by Mr. E. S. Dodge, of Oracle, Arizona, weighed 125 pounds. The females are smaller and lighter.

The colors of the adult male Antelope are rich tan, which, under the brilliant skies of the Plains, looks purplish, varied with pure white patches, as shown on page 41. The upper part of the muzzle, the patch under each ear, eyes, horns, hoofs, and sometimes the mane, are black. The female is similar in color, but with the black areas less, and often without that under the ears. Mr. W. T. Hornaday has a large male head also without the black side-patches.

On the photograph by Mr. Wallihan [page 45] the second figure from the right shows a curious color variation, the principal one known. The usual pattern on the throat is there, but distorted throughout as though the stencil had been jarred when the work was half done.

The young are at first grayish brown, darkening on the face, paling on the rump, and with faint suggestions of the adult colors, but never spotted, as in the Deer family.

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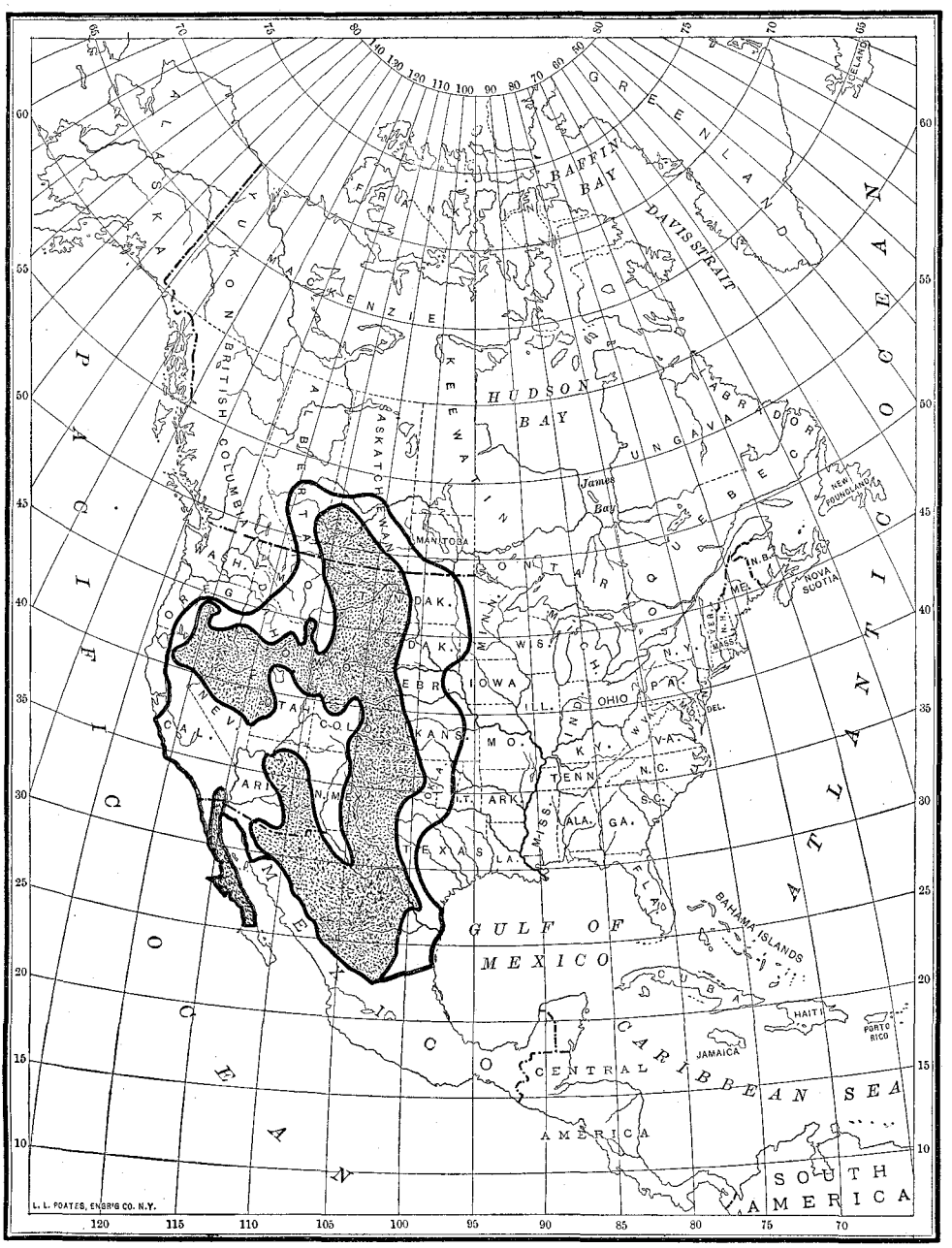

Range of Prong-horned Antelope.

Compiled by Ernest Thompson Seton from the records of many travellers and from those of the Biological Survey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, also in part from Mr. W. T. Hornaday's map.
The outer line is the primitive range. The tint shows the range in 1900.

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In anatomy this animal stands alone in the world; so much so that a separate family has been founded for it among the Ruminants. It is the sole member and constituent species of the family of Antilocapridæ.

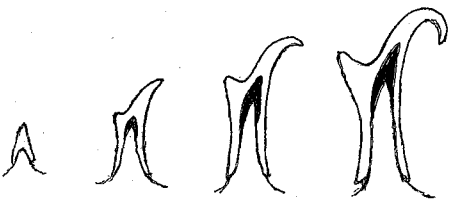

Diagram of buck Antelope's horns in his four successive Autumns.

The black part is the new horn coming inside.

It has the size, shape, and mammæ of a Deer;

The glands of a Goat;

The feet of a Giraffe;

The horns and gall-bladder of an Antelope.

It differs, however, from all of them in this: Its horns, though true horns like those of a Cow or Goat, are yet branched in shape and shed each year like the antlers of a Deer.

This last fact was first established by Dr. C. A. Canfield, of Monterey, Cal., in 1858.

Judge Caton investigated the growth of the horns in detail. His observations show that the male Antelope has at birth a little bump over each eye. At four months old—that is, the end of September—this breaks through the skin as a small and somewhat movable horn. In January usually, or when about an inch long, it is dropped or pushed off by the new horn growing below it, on the top of the bony core, which also grows rapidly, so that in a couple of months the whole horn is about three inches high. The next year the shedding takes place earlier, but the bony core, now much bigger, of course, remains. The prong is developed above the bony core. Old bucks shed in October—that is, immediately after the rut. They have the advantage over the Deer tribe in one particular—the Deer are hornless for some time after shedding the antler, but the Antelope's new horn is already well sprouted before the old one is shed. The accompanying outlines [page 36] may be considered as diagrammatic expression of the horn development. Actual material like that shown for the Wapiti is not at hand.

It seems that the larger and lustier the individual the sooner his weapons are shed. Mr. W. R. McFadden, of Denver, relates as follows:

"Early in the fall of 1894, while shooting on the Elkhead River of Colorado, I fired at a buck Antelope, that had unusually large, fine horns. He ran some twenty yards and fell dead. On coming up I was disappointed to find his horns were a pair of miserable little spikes. But the change was explained when I found both of his other horns, a large pair, lying on the ground where he fell; evidently he was at the point of shedding."

The female yearling shows little points of horn, and they never exceed two or three inches in length.

The normal type of horns is seen in the first figure in the illustration [page 41] and the number of variations from this is very small. The largest pair that I can find on record is in the possession of Mr. E. S. Dodge, who shot them October 22, 1897. These are given in *Recreation* for October, 1898. (Not seen by me.)

	Inches.
Length of left horn around curve	17¼
Length of right horn around curve	17⅜
Spread of horns at tip	6½
Spread at widest part	15
Girth of left horn at base	6½
Girth of right horn at base	6¼
Girth of horn at largest place	10½

E. S. Dodge, Arcadia Ranch, Oracle, Arizona.

These are of exceptional size, and as Mr. Hornaday remarks, "any measuring 12 inches may fairly be considered large."*

The only freak type that is often seen is the "droopers," as shown in the cut on page 37. These disfigurements are probably the result of accident in early life. But obviously the buck with droopers once, will always have them, as it is the fundamentals, the horn cores, that have departed from the true lines of their kind.

Near the centre of the group in Mr. Wallihan's photograph [page 45] is seen a wild buck with drooping horns.

A singular specimen in the collection of Mr. Louis M. Thompson, of Red Bank, N. J., has but one horn, the only unicorn buck that I know of.

Long ago Darwin confessed himself puzzled by the form of the Antelope's horn, the incurve of the points apparently rendering

* "Am. Nat. Hist.," p. 117.

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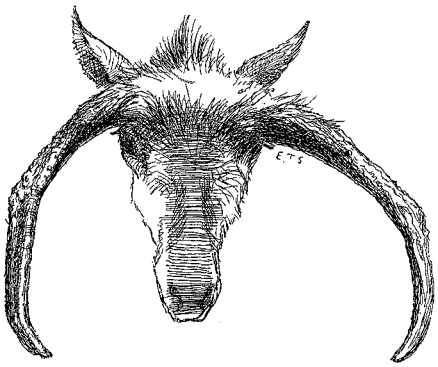
them useless for attack. It seemed as though a simple, straight spike would be so much more effective. The incurved point and its half-way snag seemed like buttons on the rapier, like efforts to disarm the well-armed knight while leaving him in possession of his weapons. But many observations made on the Antelope in the Washington Zoo Park, while I was painting their portraits, showed me how true it is that not the smallest detail in nature is without a distinct purpose for which it has been carefully adapted through ages of experiment. From these I learned that the prong, so far from being the button on the rapier, is a hilt that protects the bare flesh farther up, as described later in the paragraph on the duel; and the recurved point enables the buck to strike his adversary in the throat where the skin is thinnest.



Antelope with drooping horns.

From photograph in *Recreation*, June, 1897, by W. H. R., who got them at Laramie, Wyoming, in 1893.

Another remarkable detail of the Antelope's anatomy is the white area on each buttock. Although it seems at first like the rest of his spots, a mere patch of white coat, it is found to be specialized for an important service. It is composed of hair graded from short in the centre to long at the front edges. Under the skin of the part is a circular muscle by means of which the hair can, in a moment, be raised and spread radially into two great blooming twin chrysanthemums, more or less flattened at the centre. When this is done in bright sunlight, they shine like tin pans, giving flashes of light that can be seen farther than the animal itself, affording a conspicuous identification mark that must be of great service to the species. [Page 38.]

As soon, therefore, as an Antelope sees some strange or thrilling object, this muscle acts, and the rump patch is instantly changed into a great double disc of white that shines afar like a patch of snow; and by its flashing spreads the alarm. This, it will be seen, is simply a heliograph. Man flatters himself that he was the inventor of flash communication; but he is wrong; the Antelope had it first. They used it thousands of generations before man ever dreamed of it.

The bristling mane of the species is erected under excitement at the same time with the discs.

Many animals are furnished with glands that produce a strong-smelling stuff that in some cases serves as a defence, but mostly as a method of intercommunication. A Peccary has a scent gland on his back, a Deer has one on each foot and on the hock, a Goat has them about the head. The Antelope has every one of these kinds of smellers, each tainting the adjoining air in a way of its own, and doubtless for a purpose that none other could answer. Judge Caton thinks that these many pungent odors help to protect the Antelope from flies and mosquitoes; but it seems likely that their chief service is for intercommunication.

Those on the jaw seem related to the sexual system, as they are largest in the buck and most active in rutting time; those on the rump, have a place in their heliographic code; and the purpose of the others though not yet understood, is almost certainly to serve in conveying news.

The uniform of the species is itself an important means of intercommunication. Its conspicuous coloring labels the creature afar that this is surely an Antelope, for information of a friend or foe. Thus one realizes that it is useless to follow, and the other that it is needless to flee.

It is interesting to note that the Antelope's tail does not count in its code of expression, although in the Whitetailed Deer—which is not furnished with the disco-graph—the tail is greatly developed and specialized as a means of communication. Parallel cases are the Wapiti, whose tail is inert, but whose crupper-patch is very active, and the Moose, whose tail is a dummy, or sleeping member of the firm, but whose hip on each side is furnished with an erectile patch that seems to serve the purpose of expression.

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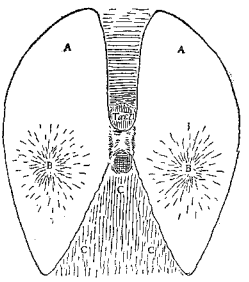
The voice of the Antelope is a querulous, grunting bleat, uttered by the mother when she is calling to the kid. At other times I have not heard it. But a sort of shrill whistle or snort is used as an alarm, and they have also a short bark of curiosity. The kid utters a little bleat or squeak, but the rest of the signalling is done by appeals to the eye and nose.

The eye of the Antelope is of marvellous beauty and magnitude, "larger than that of any other quadruped of its size" (Caton), and there is every evidence that it is as keen as it is beautiful. This is readily understood in relation to the fact that it is a creature of the open; its eyes are more often serviceable to it than its ears, or even its nose, and the majority of its signals, unlike those of woodland animals, are dependent upon vision for their success.

An Antelope pose.

The Prongbuck is the only horned ruminant in North America that has but two hoofs on each foot. Nature's economic plan has been to remove all parts that cease to be of use, and so save the expense of growing and maintaining them. Thus man is losing his back or wisdom teeth since civilized diet is rendering them superfluous. The ancestor of the Antelope had four hoofs to the foot, like the Deer or Pig, but the back pair on each has been dropped. At an earlier step the common ancestor of the Antelope and Deer had five well-developed toes on each extremity, but it seems that while this makes an admirable foot for wading in treacherous swamps, it is, for mechanical reasons, *a slow foot;* the fewer the toes the greater the speed. The Deer, still living in swamps, could not afford to dispense entirely with the useful little hind or mud-hoofs. There they are still, for bog use, though much modified from the original equal-toed type, more nearly shown in the Pig. But the Antelope living in the hard, dry uplands had no use for bog-trotters, and exchanged them for a higher rate of speed, so that it now has only two toes on each foot.



Skin of crupper-discs.

At AA the hair was about four inches long; at and below BB less than two inches; at CCC, between the two patches, it was one-quarter inch long.

The Horse family went yet further. They shunned the very neighborhood of swamps; all their life was spent on the firm, dry level country; speed and sound feet were their holds on existence, and these they maintained at their greatest pitch by adopting a foot with a single hoof-clad toe.

Coronado and his contemporaries discovered the Antelope, but they were too busy adding to the spiritual Kingdom of their Masters, in consideration of the material plunder thereof, to give a second thought to this wonderful wild thing. It remained for the immortal Lewis and Clarke, 250 years later, to tell the world about the Prong-horn of the Plains.

They comment with wonder on its great strength and its great weakness—that is, its speed and its curiosity, that has so often rendered its speed of no avail. By common consent the Antelope is given first place for swiftness among the four-foots of America.

"Their walk is a slow and somewhat pompous gait, their trot elegant and graceful, and their gallop or 'run' light and inconceivably swift. They pass along, up or down hills, or along the level plain with the same apparent ease, while so rapidly do their legs perform their graceful movements in propelling their bodies over the ground, that like the spokes of a fast-turning wheel, we can hardly see them, but instead, observe a gauzy or film-like appearance where they should be visible." (Aud. & Bach. "Quads. of N. A.," vol. II, p. 198.)

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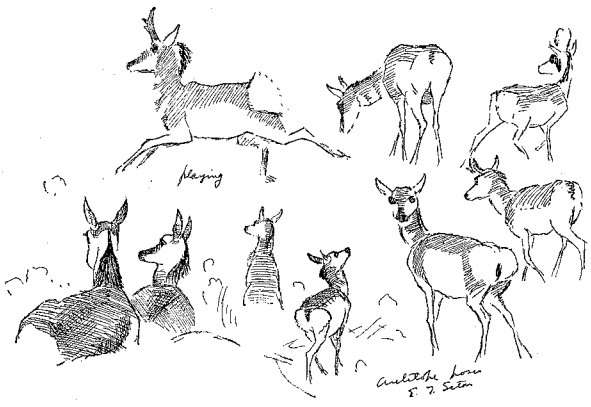


Antelope poses.

On the uplands of Mexico in 1892 and 1893, I several times saw my hunting comrade, William Allen, ride on his favorite "Spider" right into a bunch of Antelope going their best and with everything in their favor. Spider was locally known as a racer, although only a quarter-blood.

On the Little Missouri I saw some first-class greyhounds overtake a Mule Deer on the level, but fail utterly when it came to a buck Antelope. These same Dogs could catch a Coyote in a very short race.

Mr. W. T. Hornaday says: "In running it has three very distinct gaits. When fleeing from danger it carries its head low like a running sheep, and gallops by long leaps; when showing off it holds its head as high as possible and trots. . . . Occasionally it gallops with high head by stiff-legged leaps like the Mule Deer." ("Amer. Nat. Hist.," 1904, p. 117.)

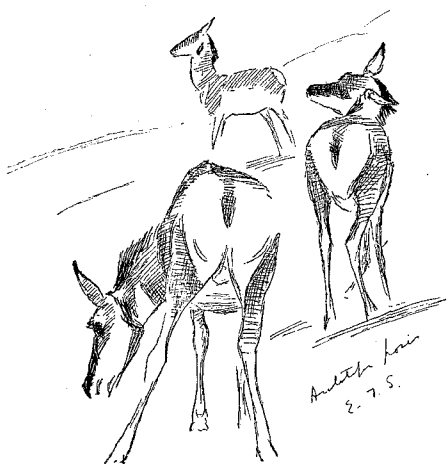
Why does the Antelope occasionally make these high, and but slightly progressive bounds? Undoubtedly for the same reason as the Jack Rabbit makes a "spy hop." They are to give it a momentary high outlook whence it can scan the surroundings and take in the situation.

I have gathered many observations to get an idea of the actual speed of certain quadrupeds and have arrived at a scale, which, however, I submit with much hesitation. Of course we have no actual gauge on the speed of the wild species; it must be arrived at by various devices and comparisons, eliminating all guesses. The estimates of hunters, etc., are always too high; besides it is a misleading fact that of two animals going at the same rate, the smaller always *appears* to be going faster.

I think it is safe to say that the Horse, the ancient standard of speed, still holds his own. There seems no good reason for supposing that any creature on legs, two, three, or four, ever went for any distance so fast as a blooded race-horse; and Caiman's mile in 1 minute 38⅘ seconds, cited by Arbitrator in *The London Field* for December 31, 1904, is probably the fastest pace reliably recorded for anything afoot.

I have computed the speed of many other animals by counting their bounds to the minute and then afterward measuring their bounds in the snow, and I have made a number of comparative observations from railway trains and motor cars going at a known speed; and above all, I have always kept in mind the fact, when on record, that such can catch so-and-so in a fair race. The mineralogists make a scale of hardness, on units, each of which can scratch the one below it, and be scratched by the one above. I have acted on this plan in making my scale of swiftness, only for "scratch" I read "catch."

Capt. R. B. Marcy says: "We have had several good opportunities since we have been upon the plains of witnessing the relative speed of the different animals found



Antelope poses.

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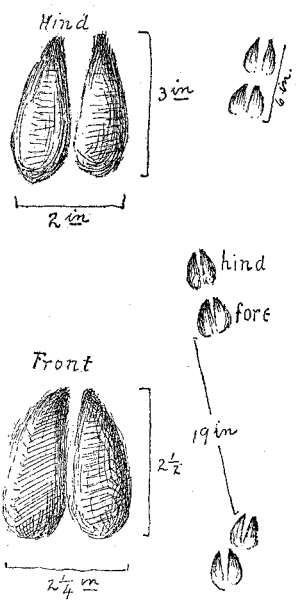
here, and our observations have confirmed the opinion I have before advanced. For example, the Greyhounds have, upon several different occasions, run down and captured the Deer and the Prairie-rabbits, which are also considered very fleet; but although they have had very many races with the Antelope under favorable circumstances, yet they have never, in one instance, been able to overtake them; on the contrary, the longer the chase continued, the greater has been the distance between them. The *Cervus Virginianus* (our Red-deer) has generally been considered the fleetest animal upon the continent after the Horse, but the *Antilocapra Americana*, or Prong-horned Antelope of the plains, is very much swifter." ("Exp. Red River," 1854, p. 62.)

Greyhounds have doubtless caught many Antelopes in open chase, but I never yet heard of one Greyhound catching a full-grown, unwounded buck Antelope by fair running.



Tracks of large Antelope.

I have often heard railroaders tell of races between trains and Antelope. When running at the ordinary rate of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, the engine could not pass these fleet coursers, but when the engineers turned on all speed so as to run at a thirty-five-mile rate, the train forged ahead, and in a mile or so the Antelope turned aside and gave it up, disgusted to find that at last there was something on the plains that could outrun them.

In general I have found that the wild animals are less swift than is commonly supposed; their strong point is the quickness with which they can get up full speed. Their "muzzle" velocity is indeed a matter of life and death, for most predaceous creatures, especially the Cats, give up the chase at once if they fail on the first dash. Furthermore, I have been continually impressed by the smallness of difference in speed. The few seconds that one animal saves in making its mile is evidently of vital importance. The scale I have attempted, is founded on the animal's best rate for a mile. A rate that is representative has been chosen, rather than the phenomenal, or the record of each species.

Thus the best Horse record for a mile is at the rate of over thirty-six miles an hour. I prefer, however, to set the Horse at thirty-four miles an hour, as many Horses attain this rate.

	Best speed for a mile is at the rate of
Racehorse	34 miles per hour.
Prong-horned Antelope	32 " " "
Greyhound	30 " " "
Texan Jack Rabbit	28 " " "
Common Fox	26 " " "
Northern Coyote	24 " " "
Foxhound	22 " " "
American Grey Wolf	20 " " "

In this connection it is interesting to note that the best speed of a man for 100 yards is $9\frac{2}{5}$ seconds; this is at the rate of $21\frac{1}{3}$ miles an hour. A man's best speed for a mile is 4 minutes $12\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, or at the rate of 14 miles an hour. An ordinary runner makes a mile in five minutes, *i. e.*, at the rate of 12 miles an hour, so that what actually counts in the race is, as usual, the *trifle more speed* that each animal can command.

All travellers and hunters agree that the Antelope can cover an astounding distance in a single leap, but none of them tell us what they mean by "astounding"; whether fifteen feet or fifty, remains to be ascertained. Judge Caton, however, points out that their leaping power is almost confined to the horizontal. They are so essentially creatures of the open plains and so unaccustomed to high jumping that a four-foot fence was enough to confine them.

This animal is credited with uncontrollable curiosity. In the old days of Lewis and Clarke the recognized method of tolling Antelope within shot was to wave a handkerchief on a stick in their plain view, the gunner himself remaining concealed, and usually, after much doubt and many circlings, the herd ventured within range. At one time, we are told by travellers, any unusual object was enough to attract the Antelope.

But they learned wisdom in later years.

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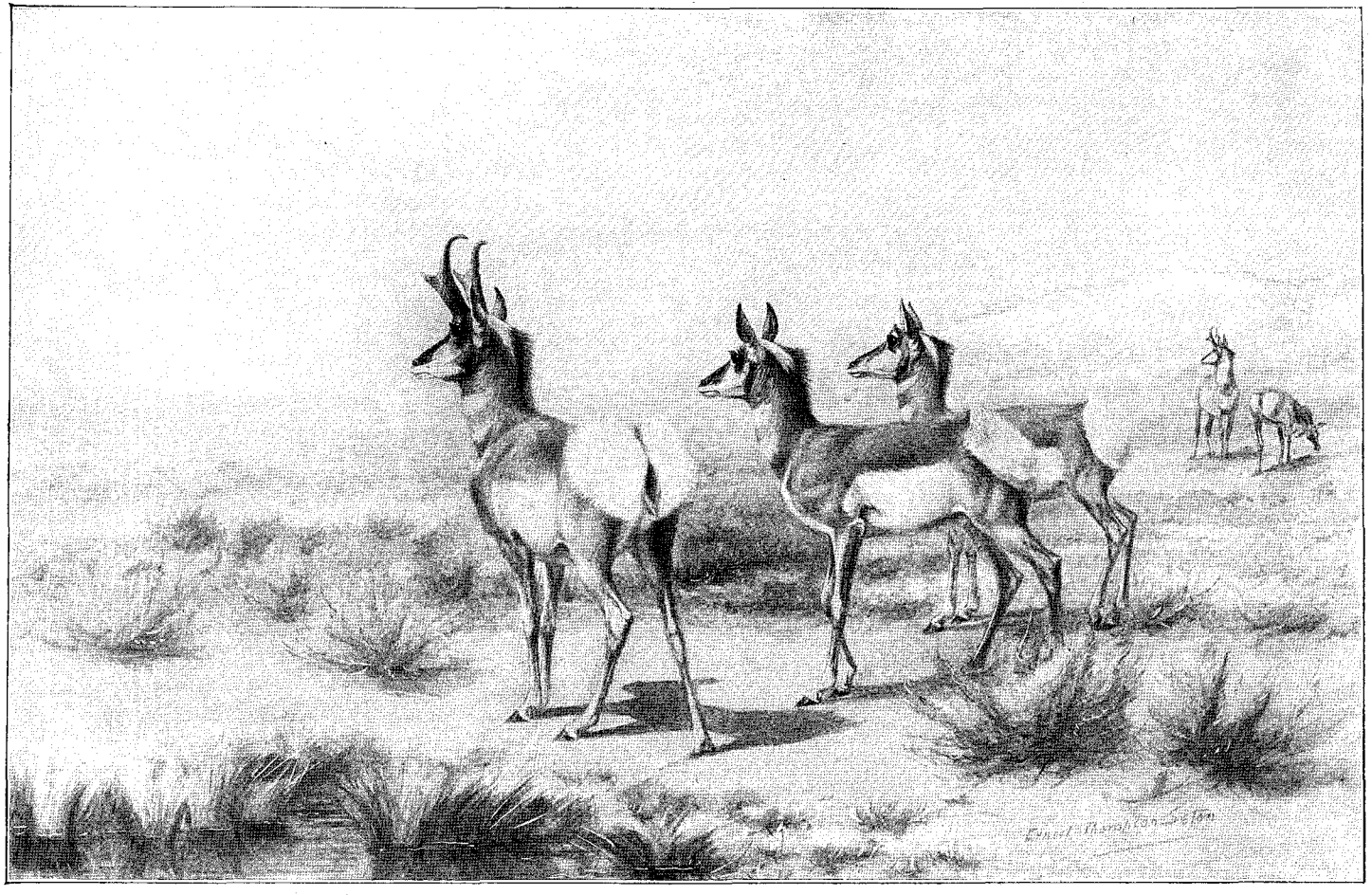

Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Antelope sighting danger.

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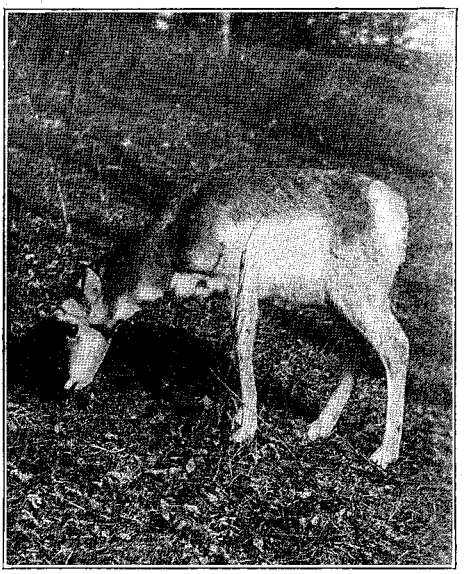
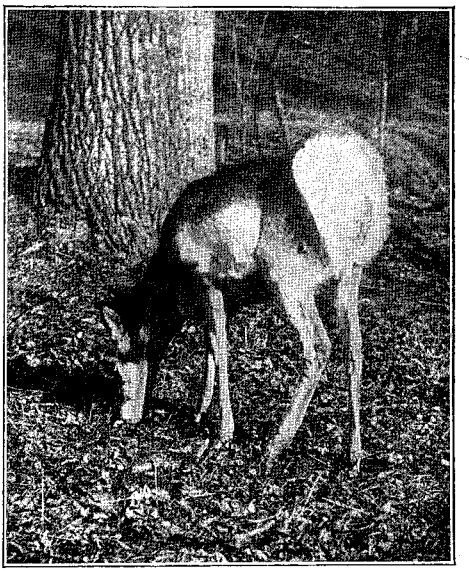


Antelope in National Zoological Park.
Discs closed.



The same Antelope with discs half spread.

On the Plains of New Mexico I never could toll Antelope, nor did I hear of anyone succeeding in that country. In fact, the local hunters maintained that it was "played out"—the Antelope were too wary now to be taken in.

My own experience with Antelope was chiefly on the Plains of the Canadian River and in western Wyoming, and I was there much struck by the smallness of the home locality that seemed to satisfy each band.

A level stretch of open prairie two miles across was ample range for a herd of twenty the whole season. If there was water on it they seemed satisfied to stay indefinitely.

Dr. Edward L. Munson, U. S. A., says: "For some weeks a band of several hundred were in a large pasture four miles square, several miles from Havre." (*Forest & Stream*, January, 1897.)

Mr. W. N. Byers, of Denver, Col., tells me that for several years in Middle Park he used to see one particular large buck Antelope near the road within a mile of the same place. He supposed it was there on account of a salt lick near.

Dr. Canfield (of California) says: "Any particular band of Antelope does not leave the locality where they grow up, and never range more than a few miles in different directions." (Caton, "Ant. Deer Am.," p. 43.)

It is a common remark that when hunted the Antelope runs in a circle. A little reflection will show that this is true of all animals, and that this circle is always around the region that the creature knows, namely, its own home locality.

During the summer the bands are scattered, but the individual range is even smaller. I have seen an old Antelope that made her summer home on the flat top of a butte that was less than 200 acres in extent. The males seem to be less local at this time than the females, and commonly wander in twos.

But all this permanent residence of one spot seems to have been in regions where the winter was mild and the snow light. In the northern part of the range a different habit prevailed. At the first heavy snow the Antelope of the Upper Jackson's Hole moved 150 miles southward to the Red Desert. Those on the prairies of the Saskatchewan moved into the *coulées* and brakes 100 miles southward and westward. Those of the Plains went toward the foot-hills, and those on the open country about the Black Hills flocked thither from all points of the compass.

Prof. Edward Carter tells me that they used to winter in vast numbers about Colorado Springs, and were common in the surrounding country all the rest of the year.

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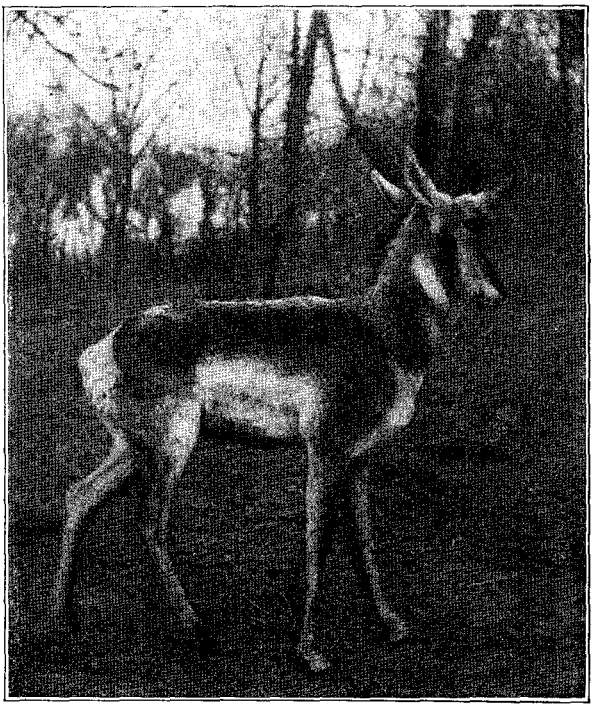
As already noted, Major Pond told me of the first year when the railroad from Cheyenne to Denver was open, and he then saw the Antelope crowded in every sheltered valley along that line during a severe storm that drove them off the Plains. At Medicine Hat, Alberta, I was informed that a snowstorm in winter would concentrate the Antelope in *coulées* and places of shelter. But these are temporary congregations, and according to Dr. E. L. Munson, a few days of fine weather would cause them to scatter again. He also remarks that "he found Antelope rare during the summer along the Sun River and the Teton, but reasonably plenty in winter."

Richardson says: "Some of them remain the whole year on the South Branch of that river [Saskatchewan], but they are merely summer visitors to the North Branch [about 200 miles away]. They come every year to the neighborhood of Carlton-house, when the snow has mostly gone . . . and they retire to the southwards again in the autumn as soon as the snow begins to fall." Then he adds an item which affords interesting light on the relentless process of developing a migratory instinct. "Almost every year," he says, "a small herd linger on a piece of rising ground not far from Carlton-house, until the snow has become too deep on the plains to permit them to travel over them. Few, or none of that herd, however, survive until the spring, as they are persecuted by the Wolves during the whole winter." (F. B. A., vol. i, p. 263.)

From this we may conclude that the Antelope is a creature of small home locality, but a permanent resident there when climate and food supply permit, as they do in the southern part of its range. But in the colder, snowier regions it is driven to journey in search of better conditions, and though these movements are as often northward as southward, they are seasonal and somewhat regular, so that they are truly migrations.

The Antelope is a creature of the dry, open plains, the land of grass, cactus, and sage, and its food is, by long habit, confined to them. Judge Caton could not induce his captive specimens to touch twigs, browse, or leaves. They would eat grain and fresh bread, but rejected fruit and acorns. "They are fond of common salt," he says, "and should have it always by them when in parks, and if soda be mixed with it no doubt it would be better for them, for their native plains generally abound with crude or sulphate of sodium, and long use may make this better for them than in the form of the chloride; at least it is worth the trial by those who have pet Antelopes." [Page 42.]

Once every day during the hours of sunheat the Antelope cautiously wend their way to the familiar pond or spring or stream. There they drink copiously, for they seem to need much water. Nevertheless, those who are familiar with the arid region of the continent will see at a glance that the map includes as Antelope range vast areas that are without water during the greater part of the year. What do the Antelope do there?



Antelope approaching to attack.
From a photograph by Mrs. E. T. Seton.

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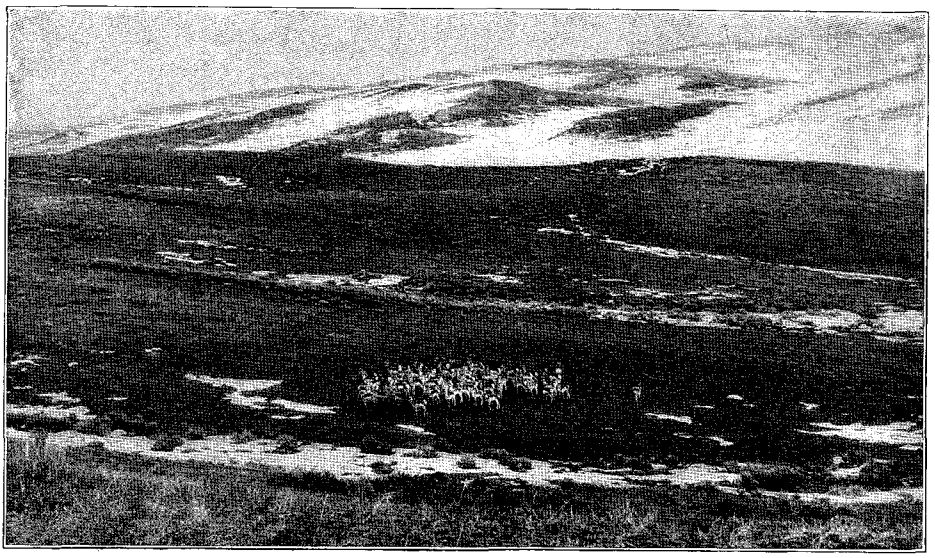

From a photograph by A. G. Wallihan.

Antelope on their winter range.

The answer is simple; these regions are provided with vegetation that has the power of storing up water for its own use—that can, during the few showers of winter, lay up enough moisture to carry it over the whole year; and chief among these provident plants are the great bulging cactuses. Each is a living tank charged with fluid so precious that it must, perforce, wear a body-guard of poisonous bayonets to keep back the horde of wayfarers so ready to slake their thirst at the cactus's expense. In these the Antelope finds its desert springs. Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, who first called my attention to the fact, says:

"On the arid Plains of Lerdo, in Mexico, where I hunted in 1884, the Deer and Antelope do not drink. The proof is conclusive to my mind. I know that the only water for forty miles was the little pool less than 200 feet across, that was only a quarter of a mile from my camp. Whitetail, Mule Deer and Antelope abounded in all that region, and yet the mud on the banks never showed a sign of one coming there to drink. It seems that the fleshy leaves of the abundant cactus supply them both with food and drink."

Mr. Edward H. Wuerpel, the well-known artist of St. Louis, writes me similarly (March 30, 1901):

"When I lived in Mexico six years ago Antelope were still abundant on the upland plains as far south as Coahuila. There is no water in the region they inhabit, but they find the cactus leaves supply enough moisture."

But what about the spines that are supposed to be the sufficient defence of these living tanks? Mr. Wuerpel writes further: "While crossing the region with oxen, we used to burn the spines off the cactus and feed it to the cattle, and they suffered no inconvenience for lack of water, although without it for perhaps two days."

But who burns off the spikes for the Antelope? This is a point on which I can shed no light, but it is a well-known fact that the oxen and wild cattle of Mexico are utterly repelled by the cactus spines, which the Antelope and the Deer have learned in some way to overcome. What that way is, we have yet to learn.

If captured when fully adult, Antelope are usually considered irreclaimable. But taken when a few days old, they are the most tamable of our horned creatures, and indeed almost too ready to follow anyone who finds them and stays long enough to establish a slight bond of acquaintance."

They are very delicate at this age, and difficult to bring up. Mr. J. H. G. Bray, of Medicine Hat, tells me, however, that he has reared many Antelope kids by feeding them on cow's milk one-third water and a

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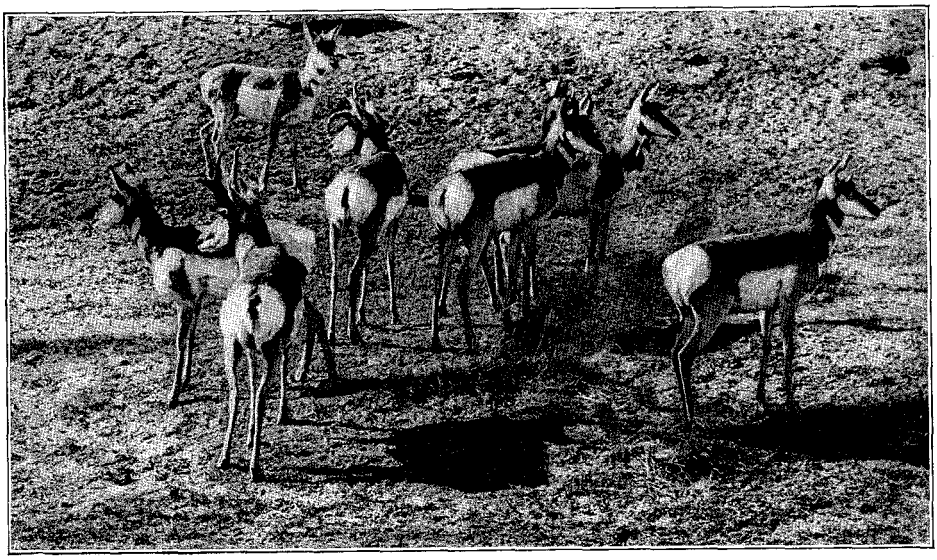

From a photograph, copyright, 1894, by A. G. Wallihan.

Group of wild Antelope.

little sugar, giving them many feedings a day. Even when fully grown they are not hardy and rarely live long in confinement. Fatal enteritis seems to be the principal trouble.

The worst enemies of the Wild Antelope are first, repeating rifles; and next, Sheep, which destroy their winter range. But Coyotes, Wolves, and Eagles kill many of them, especially when young.

The adult Antelope is rarely attacked by Eagles. The only case I ever heard of first-hand was related to Mr. Harry J. Wells, of Clayton, New Mexico. Coyotes are to be feared chiefly when the latter are so hard pressed that they organize a hunt with a system of relays, and thus run down the quarry that is so much swifter than themselves. But they kill numbers of the little ones before they are able to follow the old one.

On their extreme northern range they have another dread enemy whose occasional ravages are thus commented on by Dr. E. L. Munson. "Mr. Parotti has been in this country as hunter and guide for nearly twenty years. He tells me that the fearful winter of 1893, when the thermometer registered 61 degrees below in this post [Fort Assiniboine, Mont.], killed off four-fifths of the Antelope—that they starved to death by thousands on account of the deep snow. He found after that winter, what he estimated were 900 carcasses where the Antelope had drifted into a deep ravine and evidently had no strength to get out. Before that time Antelope were plenty through here, but that winter killed nearly all off. While they were shot by thousands, the number so destroyed was only an insignificant fraction of the total." (*F. & S.*, March 27, 1897.)

During the winter they are in mixed bands of all ages and sizes. In my time these bands were commonly ten to fifty in number, but in earlier days, I am told, several hundred, even thousands, would run together.

Early in spring the usual inevitable disposition to scatter manifests itself. The separation of the sexes seems to be due to an instinctive dislike of each other as the time approaches for the young to be born. It becomes yet stronger as the hour draws near. At that time each female strives to be utterly alone. She avoids even the few remaining companions of her own sex and retires to some secluded spot.

The event takes place in late May or early June on the Yellowstone, and the fawns or kids are commonly two in number.

Their mother hides them close together for several days, visiting them at frequent intervals, ceaselessly scanning air and plain

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for signs of danger, and never going far away, excepting, perhaps, when forced to seek water; a necessary absence which she cuts as short as she possibly can, and anything like the squeak of a kid will bring her back at restless speed with blazing eye and bristling hair ready to fight to the death an ordinary foe, or if it be one too strong, to intercept and mislead him by every device the mother wit can bring to bear. There are not many creatures native to the plains that she will not face in such a case.

Heads of young bucks.

It seems likely that few Antelope kids are killed by their natural enemies, except such as are surprised during the brief absences of the devoted mother.

This is a danger inseparable from polygamy. If the Antelope had developed monogamy the young would have two adults to protect them; at least one would likely be near at all times, and the superior prowess of the buck might even eliminate the chief danger of their young lives.

Though strong enough to follow the mother, they are yet ready at her signal to hide when danger threatens, and the marvellous way in which they "play dead" is most inspiring.

June 13, 1897, I rode to the top of Junction Butte, in Yellowstone Park. As my head rose above the level I caught sight of an Antelope walking along, and followed by a smaller animal that turned out to be the kid. Very soon the mother saw me and communicated her alarm to the young one, which dropped at once to the ground. The mother ran off to one side uttering the loud grunting bleat of the species. Evidently she was trying to decoy me away, but I rode straight to where the young one dropped, and found him crouching flat on the bare ground, and yet so well concealed by his protective color and his stillness that I never should have found him had I not marked him down. I rode around him and spent some twenty minutes making the sketch which, finished afterward, appears on page 47. During this time he gave no sign of life, even a fly crawling over his eye and nose did not make him forget that his duty was to "lay low" at whatever cost.

Just how his mother ordered him to hide I cannot tell. I am satisfied that he did not see the danger. She may have grunted, but I am inclined to think that the danger signal was a flash of her crupper-discs.

This young one I take to have been two weeks old. His colors were quite unlike those of the old one, being soft, unspotted shades of gray and brown that matched him with the ground, helping him to hide, constituting a *protective* coloration, in contrast to the *directive* livery of the old one; a livery which he does not assume until he is able to save himself by running.

On June 12, 1897, we rode down the Yellowstone in the Park with Mr. E. Hofer. Three Antelope were in sight. By imitating the squeak of a young one, Hofer brought the old one up close, and shortly afterward we found two of the young close together, but they were well grown, much larger than the one of the 13th, and yet crouching in the sage while the mother circled 200 yards away uttering her alarm bleat. When we

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Sketch of a young Antelope "laying low."

got within a few feet of them they jumped up and ran away swiftly, but crouched again when out of sight over the next ridge. I took them to be about three weeks old. In this case the mother's alarm cry may have been the sufficient order to hide.

As soon as the young can follow there is a disposition on the part of the mothers to form little bands. In early July two or three of the old ones with their kids may then be seen together. They unite for the sake of company and mutual protection, so that this is truly a social gathering.

By the end of July the kids on the Yellowstone are about half grown and have now assumed the livery of the old ones. Early in August the young bucks begin to join the bands of their mothers and little brothers. By September older bucks drift in, and the Antelope band shows all ages, sizes, and sexes mingled together in a huge happy family. As this is too soon for the sexual passions to play their firebrand part, we have in this ideal month of September an ideal scene that is probably unique among our Horned Ruminants. Many old hunters have described it to me. The following from Mr. W. R. McFadden, of Denver, gives a glimpse of one of their games.

"In the head of Middle Park, Col., about the 12th or 15th of September, 1882, I crawled out after a band of Antelope on the plain. There was a fine big buck and only one. I got out to a buffalo wallow, and raising up to shoot I saw the buck playing a game with about eight kids. They were careering about; he was leading. They would chase him and caper and prance around him. After about half an hour the little ones got tired and quit. But the buck was still fresh, and he set out, apparently, to run himself down. Rushing at full gallop round and round the bushes, here and there, anywhere to keep going, and yet close to the crowd. He must have run ten minutes all alone at full speed while I watched, and still seemed fresh as ever. On another occasion I have seen a dozen kids and two or three big bucks at play in the same way."

The band increases as September passes, the merry games relax not, and the good fellowship existing is exemplified when Fox or

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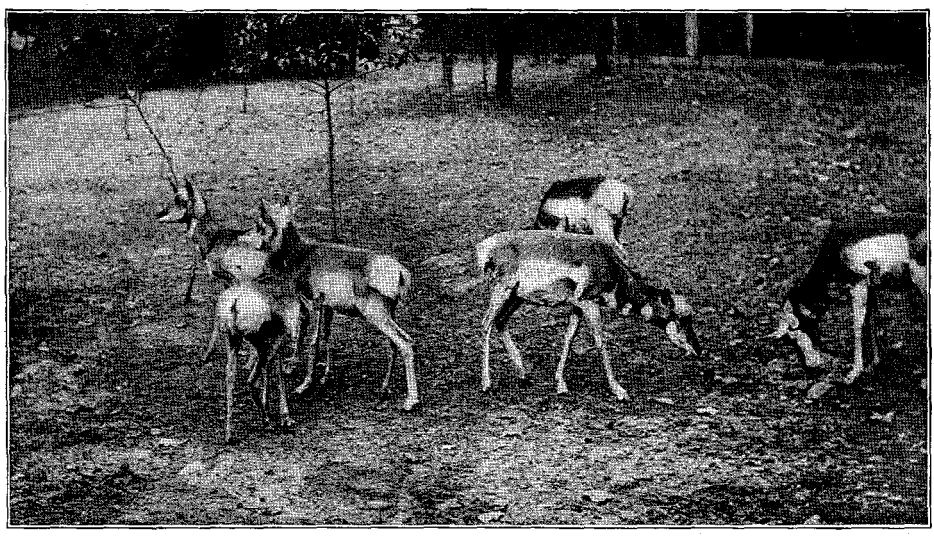

From a photograph, supplied by the Superintendent.

Young Antelope in National Zoological Park.

Coyote menace any of the young. Each one seems now to act for the good of the entire herd. A mid-September incident of Antelope hunting in Jackson's Hole recurs to me. I had crawled through brush and sage for half a mile after a mixed band of forty. I was within 300 yards and, in cover of a certain clump of sage, expected to get within 100 yards before selecting my specimen, when a loud "kau," afar to my right called my attention to the fact that I was in plain view of a young sentinel buck whose head showed above the sage 200 yards to my left. In an instant every crupper-disc was flashing; the band lined up. The next moment I knew they would be going. I turned my sights on the nearest; it was the sentinel, and now he is among the specimens on view at the National Museum.

This ideal family gathering is broken up at length, not by any outside enemy, but by the annual mating—I cannot call it pairing—season. Toward the end of September the kids of the year are weaned, and about the same time the procreative instinct is aroused in the bucks. At first the feeling is one merely of feverish unrest without definite purpose; sudden impulses drive them to expend their energies in aimless exercise.

Later the females manifest signs of response, and the battles that ensue show all the savagery and greed that is characteristic of the extremely polygamous creature that the Antelope is. Canfield says of his domesticated Antelope, "He was the most salacious animal I have ever seen." (Caton, p. 45.)

In the Washington Zoo I repeatedly saw their manner of fighting, and was made to realize how exactly each detail of the apparently harmless horn had a purpose, offensive or defensive, for which it was highly specialized.

Two bucks were having one of their periodical struggles for the mastery. They approached with noses to the ground, and after fencing for an opening, closed with a clash. As they thrust and parried, the purpose of the prong was clear. It served the Antelope exactly as does the guard on the bowie-knife or a sword, for countless thrusts that would have slipped up the horn and reached the head were caught with admirable adroitness in this fork.

And the inturned harmless looking points! I had to watch long before I saw how dangerous they might be when the right moment arrived. After several minutes of fencing one of the bucks got under his rival's guard, and making a sudden lunge, which the other failed to catch in the fork, he brought his inturned left point to bear on the unprotected throat of his opponent, who saved himself from injury by rearing quickly and throwing himself backward, though

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it seemed to me that such a move could scarcely have foiled a dangerous thrust if they had been fighting a deadly duel.

I find further that in their fights the wild Antelope are usually struck in this way. Mr. McFadden tells me that he has seen two bucks badly ripped by a rival's horn; one in the throat, the other in the side of the neck close to the throat.

I recall a scene, the sequel of an Antelope duel on the Bighorn Basin many years ago, in which evidently the defeated buck took the most serious possible view of the situation.

It was in the October of 1898. I was riding across the Bighorn Basin (Wyoming) with Mrs. Seton and Mr. A. A. Anderson, when we noticed near the horizon some bright white specks. They were moving about, disappearing and showing again. Then two of them seemed to dart erratically over the plain, keeping always just so far apart. Soon these left the others and careered about like twin meteors, this way and that, then our way; at first in changing line, but later directly toward us.

Their wonderful speed soon ate up the intervening mile or two, and we now saw clearly that they were Antelope, one in pursuit of the other. High over their heads a Golden Eagle was sailing.

On they came; the half-mile shrank to a couple of hundred yards, and we saw that they were bucks, the hind one larger, dashing straight toward us still. As they yet neared we could see the smaller one making desperate efforts to avoid the savage lunges of the big one's horns, and barely maintaining the scant six feet that were between him and his foe.

We reined up to watch, for now it was clear that the smaller buck had been defeated in battle and was trying to save his life by flight. But his heaving flanks and gaping, dribbling mouth showed that he could not hold out much longer. Straight on he came toward us, the deadliest foes of his race, the ones he fears the most.

He was clearly between two deaths—which should he choose? He seemed not to hesitate—the two hundred yards shrank to one hundred, the hundred to fifty—then the pursuer slacked his speed. It would be folly to come farther. The fugitive kept on until he dashed right in among our startled horses. The Eagle alighted on the rock two hundred yards away.

The victorious buck veered off, shaking his sharp black horns and circling at a safe distance around our cavalcade to intercept his victim when he should come out the other side. But the victim did not come out. He felt he was saved, and he stayed with us. The other buck, seeing that he was baulked, gave up the attempt, and turning back, sailed across the plain till he became again a white speck that rejoined the other specks, no doubt the does that had caused the duel.

The vanquished buck with us stood for a time panting, with his tongue out, and showing every sign of dire distress. It would have been easy to lasso him, but none of us had any desire to do him harm. In a very short time he regained his wind, and having seen his foe away to a safe distance, he left our company and went off in the opposite direction. The Eagle realized now that he was mistaken in supposing that something was to be killed, and that there would be pickings for him. He rose in haste and soared to a safe distance.

This incident suggests a number of psychological problems, which will be hard to solve if we accept certain old-time theories of animal creation, but which will solve themselves if we admit that the Antelope is our fellow-creature, with feelings somewhat akin to our own. Had one of us been in the place of the vanquished buck, we should probably have done just as he did.

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THE WAY OUT

By Lucia Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. PECK

THE greatest sense was of intolerable heat, withering as the breath of fire. The greatest sound was the monotonous wash of leaves in an uneasy wind. It came fitfully, in gasps, like the respiration of the mountain itself, troubling the trees of the grove on the canyon pitch, blanching whiter in its going the bleached grass of the clearing before the cabin. The whole mountain was clothed in haze, heavy blue along the western spurs, heavy brown toward the east. Under it was the agitation of leaves and the interminable song of the shrill-voiced creatures of the grass.

The scorching, palpitant, languid air kept the creatures of trees and earth quiescent. Not a squirrel stirred on the naked divides. Not a wing cut the foggy blue. Even the yellow pony before the door drooped his vicious head till the bridle trailed in the dust.

But the man who walked the drifted leaves under the towering, twisted oaks, or paced the clearing before the cabin in its flaming ring of poppies, moved and moved incessantly. Some agitation, some force within him, seemed to lift him above the limits of sensation. His great, loose-knitted body moved with a slouching swing, his big hands opened and shut with nervous contraction, or plunged fumbling in the pockets of his battered corduroy coat. He carried his shaggy head forward with a listening look. His eyes were now on the white curtain that covered the window looking on the grove, now with a vaguer anxiety they swept the semicircle of the sallow summit, sloping down to gray of chapparal, lower still to black of oaks, dim, all dancing together in the glistening mist. Then, with a keener, a concentrated attention, his look returned to the white window. It drew him like a magnet. His big, rude, indeterminate features were drawn in lines of tension unusual to that lax physiognomy. The vague color of his eyes was sharpened with a hot light like anger, or fear. Now he hesitated at the door, as if some insupportable suspense drew his hand toward the latch. Then he wheeled, sullen, dogged, submissive, and swung off over the deep leaf-drift of the grove.

The air bit hot to his lungs. He got it full in the face as he came to the edge of the grove, a sharp puff of wind with the sting of the furnace; then a hush, leaves stilled, air stagnant. He stood at the pitch of the road. It descended abruptly some twenty feet, then cut away, a gradually lifting white line, around the mountain, up the steep Frog Back, and over its naked vertebræ, a white glint on the sky. Here the watcher's eyes were fixed. Long eyes they were, set in long wrinkles that come from much sighting between hard sun and broken land. But the hand held out, palm westward, to feel a second gust was smooth and uncalloused—not a rancher's, hardly even a hunter's—an idle hand, but sensitive in every finger to the quality of the quivering air.

There was a pause, while the mountain held its uneasy breath. Then the white grass of the Frog Back blenched with rapid, rippled shadows, a wave of dust came flying down the road, and all the sighing branches of the grove bent westward.

The watcher glanced quickly, furtively, behind him. Had the gust stirred the white curtain, or had some hand? His great frame drew up tense as a spring. The door was opening. Two men came on to the porch. Their figures were just visible between the ragged yellow passion-vines. One, little and weather-worn, had already his grip on the pony's mane, his toe in the stirrup. He talked over his shoulder at the other, who mopped his face and nodded his answers. His back was toward the grove, but by the set of his shoulders and the spread of his feet, he seemed the aggressive, the controlling power.

The watcher in the grove came forward a couple of strides, hesitated. They did not see him. He stood, his eyes eating their gestures, his ears strained for the tones of the words he could not distinguish. The

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rider went into the saddle with a taut swing. The dust of his going was in the eyes of the watcher. The man on the porch turned sharp on his heel, his hand on the door, and saw the other, lips fallen apart, leaning toward him from where he stood.

"O Nix!" he said, as if he had just remembered Nixon's existence. He came out of the porch, and across the clearing with his quick, nervous stride. His face, crimson with heat, beaded with perspiration, had a breathless, an almost foolish smile.

"Well?" Nixon muttered eagerly.

"Well—" the other was excited, almost strident; "it's all right! She'll pull through!"

"Oh, thank——" Nixon's voice seemed to catch in his throat. His breath went huskily. A muscle of his face drew convulsively. He turned his back, and stood fronting the canyon gulf.

Lessing struck a match with shaking hand, and for a moment pulled furiously on his pipe. "She's got to be kept awfully quiet," he gave out between clinched teeth.

Nixon swung round. "Who in the devil's going to make a noise?"

"You, for instance," Lessing chaffed him.

Nixon flushed guiltily. "Is she asleep?" he asked, with the humble tentativeness of a child.

"Just dropping off. Lord, *she* doesn't know how bad it's been!" Lessing shook himself as if shaking off the memory of what he had lived through. "Doctor says the fever's weakened her heart a bit, and any little start might send her off. We've got to be mighty careful!"

Nixon looked quickly at the Frog Back, abrupt against the sky, along the circle of mountain summits, behind him at his cabin, shipwrecked away on this far breaker of the mountain sea. "There's only one way out," he muttered distractedly.

"Eh?" said Lessing.

"It's a bad place for a woman to be sick in," Nixon said slowly.

"It's been pretty hard on you, old man," said Lessing.

"*Me!* Good Lord, think of her!" He looked toward the house, where the only unneglected thing was the curtain, white and delicate, that fluttered at the window. "If I could have *done* anything—anything."

"Why, yes, you have, Nix. What could a fellow do more?" Lessing reassured him, half impatient, half patronizing. "If I'd asked a man and a man's wife for a few days' shooting, and he'd plumped down with her sick and stayed a month, why I'd have kicked 'em out, that's all!" he ended with his nervous laugh. "You always did let a fellow down easy!"

"Don't be a fool," Nixon said irritably. "We're not let down yet."

Lessing's pipe stayed in his hand. "What d'ye mean?" he said sharply.

Nixon's face was painfully pulled out of its habitual calm. "I wish that damn fire was back in hell," he muttered.

"You old maid!" Lessing laughed out with relief. "You've been saying that for the last week. I believe you're afraid of it."

"I've been through 'em," Nixon gloomed. "I wish to Heaven I'd ploughed the Frog Back this spring! I was going to, but it was so hard! I wish I had! I don't like this, Less, I don't like it!"

"You ass!" Lessing leaned to get Nixon's point of view. The two faces, one deep marked with endeavor and success, the other empty of achievement as a child's, were close together. Lessing's cutting features, his close-set eyes, even in the midst of this space and distance, seemed staring down a narrow street. His glance sprang from object to object, as from face to face of a crowd. He took in exactly what his eye could cover. "There's nothing new," he said, in his keen, conclusive voice. "It's been like this for days."

"The wind's changed," said Nixon obstinately, "changed while you were in there with—with—while I was out here. I didn't notice at first—I was thinking of something else." The flush grew in his face. "It came over me just now, when you said *she* mustn't be disturbed."

A hot gust took the grove, and set them coughing. A shower of acorns rained upon them.

Lessing stared incredulously. "But that fire's not within twenty miles. It was dead east last night, for the valley canyon."

Nixon looked at the white curtain. "Is Chito in the house?"

"He's at her door. He'll hear if she stirs. But she's drowsy. She's going to sleep. She's mighty weak!" Lessing's voice went up and down. "O Nix," he broke out, his hand grasped Nixon's shoulder, "I can't realize it! You don't know how it seems to see her lying there—safe!"

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Nixon shook off the hand. His face was twitching. "Lessing," he began, in a high, harsh voice, "Lessing!" Then his purpose seemed to falter with his faltering tone. "Come over to the Frog Back with me. We can see from there."

"What do you think's doing?" said Lessing, following through the grove, ducking under the sweeping boughs of the oaks.

"We'll know in a minute," Nixon flung short over his shoulder.

Lessing felt a vague anxiety, less from the fact of the fire than from Nixon's inexplicable mood. Nixon's apprehensions had always been so easily laid to sleep. This obstinacy disturbed Lessing. His eyes saw everything as usual. The cloud over the Frog Back, the intermittent wind, the smell of burning leaves, had been the same the day New Almaden burned, fifty miles away. But Nixon's comprehension took in not alone the Frog Back, but the whole summit, the varying colors of the haze, the smell of the earth, the quality of the wind. He drank in danger with all the senses of his body.

The sun through the dun mist looked purple and sickly. Beneath them the canyon hollow opened, asway in the palpable heat. The wind was fire to their lungs. The concave swing of the Frog Back held them away from the worst of it, but from the foot of the up-pitch they saw a lone tree torturing against the sky. The great abrupt hill itself seemed to blench, its white grass all ashiver. A short rod below the road rose the bald forehead of a boulder. Stuck like a great bead on the shoulder of the Frog Back, standing up on the naked divide like a watch-tower, it looked over the two canyons.

Just short of the summit they quitted the road, cutting downward, catacornered up the slippery ridge. Keeping cautiously on the windward side, feeling the wind in their hair, and snatching at their breath, they came up in the shadow of the granite monster into whose smooth sides shallow footholds had been worn.

"Hold fast," Nixon muttered, lifting himself, fingers clutching the rock. They heard a great, muffled sound like the wheezing, fighting breathing of a giant. They crawled out on the flat top of the rock, and the blast took them like a buffet in the face. Blinded, throttled, they gasped dust and smoke. They heard the tumult of trees battling the wind. From the boulder's edge they leaned into a tearing tumult of smoke and wind and dust. They made out vague colors; just before them the sweep of white grass into the canyon, beyond that, black of chapparal, confused, blurred in the wild veil of smoke, dizzily eddying, whirling up, rolling away, a sullen fiery fog over the low spurs into the western canyon.

Lessing was breathing short. "Good Lord," he muttered, "we can't see anything in this cursed kettle!"

To his eyes the smoke seemed pouring blindly from every side of the parched basin, but Nixon, a huge bulk, motionless in the riot, never swerved his gaze from the east flank of the mountain opposite.

"I see her!" he shouted. His long arm stabbed out through the smoke. "She's crawling 'round the east spur for the gulch."

Lessing peered under his curved palms. "Man, there's no *fire*."

"Going down hill—burning in a smother. You'll see when she breaks out!" Clinging like a limpet on the ledge, Nixon did not turn his head. His words came fragmentally to the other's ears.

"Rot!" said Lessing fiercely. "It's not even in this canyon. It's over in—— My God!" He clapped his hand on Nixon's arm as the red flared through the smoke. The cloud was sundered by a flaming triangle, opening, widening, shaking out into a rank of fire. A mighty way of sparks went winding skyward. Smoke poured up against the sun.

"Good God!" Lessing kept repeating. "Good God, that's not coming here!"

Flat on the rock-face, Nixon yelled against the wind: "It'll strike the Frog Back here in two—three hours, anyhow, unless the wind changes, and I don't think it will."

"Why strike up here?" Lessing screamed through the increasing uproar. "Why not down the creek, on, over across the west canyon? Then it would miss us clean."

"Can't," Nixon yelled back. He pointed where, from the boulder, straight down like the sharp spine of the Frog Back, went a great flat of rock, shield overlapping shield, into the throat of the canyon. "Can't cross rock!" His finger travelled straight on, up the western spur of the mountain opposite, that ran out to meet the foot of the Frog Back, making the gate between the canyons. "Redwoods to the creek. Fire can't get through 'em. This divide"—his hand waved

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over the sea of grass between the rock and chapparal—"is just a chimney."

"Then—then——" Lessing stammered. His brain, his senses, just recoiled from one threatened disaster, reached slowly to the new one. He got to his knees in frantic agitation. "It's the only way out! We've got to get her out! We've hardly time to——"

Nixon seized him and dragged him back, already half-way down the rock. "We can't take her out! It would kill her!" He was aghast at Lessing's panic.

"I know, it *might*," Lessing rushed wildly on, "but to stay here—if she knew she was in the middle of this, that would be sure!"

Nixon looked up at the sky, thick with flying leaves; heard beneath, like the sound of surf, the wind in the redwoods. "She mustn't know!" His lips were at Lessing's ear.

"How can she help it? Listen to it!"

"*We* can," said Nixon doggedly. Lessing's fear seemed to give him resolve. "Cabin's back from the worst of this. *She* won't notice much. We can keep the fire below the road."

"But if we can't we're gone!" Lessing's darting eye foresaw every possibility. "We've got to get Clara out before this gets any nearer. We can't take the chance."

"You can't *move* her!" Nixon shouted. "That's the worst chance you can take! Remember what the doctor said!" Lessing's face blanched; he faltered. Nixon's resolve was gathering headway. "We can keep her from knowing, and keep the road open, too, so if, at the last——"

"But what can we tell her?" Lessing expostulated.

"Lie! Anything! Say we're burning rubbish in the gulch." Nixon peered through the wallow of smoke where swart desolation, toppling trees, and dying embers gloomed in the wake of the fire that crept, smouldering, downward through the brush. "It'll strike the creek inside of two hours!" he muttered. "We've got to do everything first."

He let himself back over the smooth surface of the boulder, dropping light as a great cat. His eyes were all alive. His big flaming face set like stone.

"We need more hands," he said. "I'll send Chito down to Beck's. They won't get wind of this in the valley canyon. They can get up here within an hour."

"But what about Clara? We can't leave her alone!" Lessing panted, as, with laboring backs, they climbed the twisting trail. His nerve had shattered with the burst of fire through the smoke, but his habit of command combatted Nixon at every point.

"You'll have to stay with her until Chito gets back." Nixon's long gait was almost a trot. The driving wind scorched their backs. The ocean of leaves rolling in the canyon pit was lashed to frenzy. Before them they saw the long green "runners" of the hill vineyard waving like tentacles on the white grass of the divide below the oaks. The house itself, as they came through the grove, looked scorched in the malignant glow of the sky. The little circle of poppy beds shuddered around it like a wreath of flame. Lessing was pale under his perspiration. His hand shook on the door-latch.

"Brace up!" Nixon muttered fearfully. "We've got to fool her. Be natural!"

"Natural! My God, if she were your wife——"

"Well, she's not!" said Nixon, with a sudden snarl. He pushed open the door. He walked flat-footed, with a light, wary tread. Lessing followed on tiptoe.

The low, little living-room, littered with boots, saddles, guns, cartridges, with fast-closed doors and windows, shutting in odors of leather, rubber, powder, was suffocating. But there was an inner door. Beside it, squatted on his heels, back against the wall, was a yellow-faced Mexican boy, elbows on knees, slit eyes staring unwinking. Nixon stepped aside while Lessing opened the door a crack, then wider, and went in, holding it open for Nixon to pass through. Nixon stepped over the threshold carefully, as if he feared to jar some delicate thing to bits. The room, quiet, smelling of iodoform, was white-curtained where it fronted the grove, but the window overlooking the orchard toward the black fringe of firs had a thin piece of wet muslin tacked over it, that moved softly in and out with the air, and showed faint outlines, like ghosts of trees, moving on its surface.

Nixon looked only at the bed. Lessing's wife had never appeared to him so potent of personality, so mysterious of charm as now, shorn of vitality, color, motion, variety of expression, wasted sharp in the ebb of her fever. With all exterior charm sucked away, the one too deep for anything but death to take, herself, shone upon him more clearly. Her face, thin, sharp as a

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quarter moon in the wreath of her reddish hair, was turned toward the window. Her eyes were as vague, as remote, as the shadows that played across the wet blind.

The two men leaned above her. She seemed somehow floated away from them. They could not touch her. Lessing took up her hand, and it hung from his grasp like a dead leaf; but she smiled at him, at Nixon, towering above her, and her face reflected life.

"Where have you boys been so long?"

Lessing stooped low to catch the words.

"Oh, down the gulch clearing land."

His smile was fixed, nervous. Some change, like the shadow of a query, came into her dreaming face, as she looked at him.

"Are you going away again?" Her hand, feeble, prehensile as an infant's, attached itself to the edge of his corduroy coat.

"Well, you won't want a body-guard exactly, now you're so awfully convalescent," said Lessing, mopping his face with a hand that shook. His voice sounded loud and uncertain. Again the ripple of perplexity disturbed her face—a fretful inability to grasp what was strange.

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Lessing," said Nixon, "Phil's bound to burn the rubbish this afternoon, and I think I'll let him have the job. I'm going to loaf, if you'll let me." He slouched down on the window bench. His big, soft voice filled the room with its easy cadence. She gave him a fleeting, involuntary smile, but her eyes went back to Lessing's face, and stayed.

"Is anything—wrong?" she whispered.

"Wrong? Good Lord, no!" Lessing blustered. He did not meet her look.

"I want you to stay," she murmured. "It's too *hot!*" Her head rolled restlessly on the pillow. A faint flush grew in her face.

Nixon's calm front interposed between her eyes and Lessing. Nixon's great bulk completely obliterated the other man.

"Won't I do for half an hour?" he wheedled.

She looked up, seemed to lose irritation in the blandishing of his big face. "Will he come back then?"

"Of course. It'll only take a minute to fire that rubbish. Then we'll make him sleep." He turned to Lessing. Lessing was staring at him, confounded by this new, inexplicable authority. "You'll want the rakes for that job, old man. I'll look 'em up," Nixon said. He slouched through the door with his habitual deliberation, but on the other side of it he shook Lessing by the arm. "Don't give it dead away!" he muttered.

Lessing turned on him. "We can't do it," he said, in a fierce whisper. "She suspects something already. If it's like this with the fire the other side of the creek, what will it be on the Frog Back? I'm going to hitch up."

"No!" said Nixon.

"She's my wife," said Lessing, with a dry voice and a thrusting jaw.

"That doesn't give you a right to kill her."

Lessing's face pinched and darkened. His empty hands closed convulsively. Nixon stood in front of the door, as if blocking it impartially to Lessing, to the fire. "We've got to see this thing through together," he said significantly. "*You* can't stay with her. You'll give it away. You've got to go out there with Chito. Ever fight fire?"

"Everything *but* that," said Lessing grimly.

"Good Lord!" Nixon thrust his hair back from his forehead, looked around distractedly. "Well, there's nothing else for it; but you'll *have* to take Chito with you. You, Chito!" he called. The Mexican jumped to his word. The three plunged out into a burst of wind and a dance of dry leaves.

A draught, as of a furnace, breathed gustily in the cracks of the dug-out cellar, where they found spades and axes. The pale haze was swallowed in a copper cloud, prying dark above the Frog Back, spreading a sinister shadow wider and lower above their heads. Nixon's eye measured the distance and volume of it. "You haven't much outside an hour and a half before that hits the creek," he declared. "You'll have to work for it." He walked with them to the edge of the grove, talking quickly, chopping his words short, helping them out with the quick, speaking gestures of his long arms.

"What you'll do 'll be to back-fire on the windward side of the creek. You can't stop it there, but you'll break the force of it. Then—know that grass divide below the road? Just below the Frog Back? Trench there, from the rock to the chapparal, wide as you can."

"The road," Lessing groaned. "I can't stand it's getting so near! Why not trench at the creek, and stop it there?"

"Can't," said Nixon. "Too much head-

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way. It'll jump. Twenty men couldn't stop it the way it's going now. It's the only chance." He stopped at the edge of the grove.

Lessing looked up at him sullenly.

"If anything happens to *her*, I tell you, Nix——"

"I'll take care of *her*," said Nixon curtly. "I'll get her quiet, asleep. Then I'll come out—you'll go back. Understand? Now *go!*" They exchanged a look, bitter friends! Then Lessing, Chito at his heels, tramped away up the road, leaning into the wind, and Nixon ran lunging down the steep little pitch toward the corral.

Ordinarily, it took two of them to run out the heavy spring wagon, but now, Nixon, wrestling mightily, had it out single-handed, and, with caressing curses, pursued and caught the shivering horses, already scenting danger, snapping at the hands that slung harness on their backs. He worked with a swiftness, a dexterity incredible in such lumbering limbs, so long used to indolence. He made the team fast to the corral fence with a chain. Then he ran up to the side porch, where, under the spread of a lone oak, the water-barrels stood. Chito had hauled them full from the spring that morning. Nixon screwed the nozzle of the dilapidated hose to the nearest, and drenched the roof of the cabin and the clearing around it. A fringe of water ran from the eaves. The tinder-dry leaves of the grove were glistening. The dust was black. The dripping circle in which the house stood steamed, an island of moisture in a sea of burning air.

Cautiously he opened the cabin door, and quickly shut it after him, lest the breath of burning should possess the whole house. He needed blankets and mattresses for the wagon, and these were in the press in Clara Lessing's room. At the inner door he listened a moment. There was not a movement, a whisper. He prayed she might be asleep. He pushed the door a little wider, and at the sight of reddish hair, half buried in the pillow, hesitated. His knees gave. The dreadful risk he had taken! The power of the wind outside! The weakness of the hand lying on the quilt! But in the room the smell of iodoform prevailed, and it was quiet. A soft sound of falling drops was all he heard.

He stood looking at her, with such a passion of tenderness, of solicitude as half erased the loose, lax lines of his face, magnified suddenly in strength and resolution. She lay as still as sleep. He breathed out relief. He moved forward a cautious step, and her large eyes opened on him with a a query. He stooped to the bed.

"What ails Phil?" The ripple of expression on her face was a ghost of anxiety.

"Phil?" he smiled. "Well, Chito got stupid about something. It takes mighty little to set a man on edge this weather."

Her brows drew up, distressfully. Her head rolled on the pillow. "It's so hot!" she sighed. The deep peace of that first look she had given them had disappeared. Nixon was less afraid of fire than of that faint flush in her wasted cheeks. He reached from the wall a fan of white owl's wings, and waved it in slow sweeps above her. Her eyes followed the hypnotic movement. "It's raining!" she murmured. He listened, and heard the soft sound of water dripping from the eaves. Her eyes were closing. His look went to the walnut press fronting him, filling one wall of the room.

Then the muslin blind, that for a few moments had hung motionless, fluttered suddenly back and forth, back and forth, like a palpitated heart. There came a sigh from the firs that fringed the orchard, a shudder, a sharp cracking of timbers as the wind struck the house, the long, biting sting beating through walls and windows. Her eyes sprang wide. The color sharpened in her cheeks.

"Only the wind. It's brutal bad to-day," said Nixon softly. He looked anxiously at the window. "I'll make you a better shutter," he said. He felt her eyes upon him as he crossed the room. They seemed to pierce through and through him, and he broke out in sweat at the thought that she had seen through it all from the first. He swept out of the press quilts, blankets, and a few old sheets, filled his arms with a mattress, and turned to see her looking at his burden with the querulous curiosity of the sick.

"What's that for?" she whispered.

He ran his arm over his dripping forehead. "Why—Less and I have been sleeping on the floor for two weeks."

Her lips shaped, "You poor dears!"

"Oh," he laughed out from his inward relief, "we've got to civilize quick, before you walk out here and see how savage we've been!" He dragged the mass of bedding

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through the door, closed it hastily after him. He thought, Thank God, the inner room had been made so tight, for here the bitter smell of burning leaves breathed through every crack and chink.

With frantic haste he rolled blankets and mattress together, ready at a moment's notice for the wagon, flung over them her cloak and veil, gathered up guns, powder, boxes and belts of cartridges. Whiskey and camphor he thrust into his pockets. What else? He heard the grove groaning, the vines shivering, lashing the windows. He felt that time was rushing by him; that the fire was outstripping him. The fire! Was there time for two men to do anything? And if not, the road out! Would Lessing, so used to command, obey Chito? If he did not, could they hold the fire below the road for even an hour? He felt he could not wait—that he must be there himself, instantly. But first the house—it was as frail as the life it protected! He barricaded it, drenched blankets over door and windows and covered the inner door with a drenched sheet. A second, folded four, he fastened over the orchard window, obliterating the tossing shadows. Clara Lessing watched him with drowsy attention. His big hands with hammer and nails were awkward as a woman's. Her face showed a dim return of an old whimsical smile. Her lips moved softly. "You dear old good-for-nothing!"

Tears sprang to his eyes. That she should be fond of him for the very reason others despised him!

"There's just one thing I'm good for," he said, sitting down on the edge of the bed; "to take care of you." Her hand lay on the quilt, brittle, unreal as a form of wax. Delicately he took it into his own great palm to clinch her attention.

She looked at him seriously. "Have I been very ill?"

"Pretty much," he assented; "and now you're safe."

She smiled up wisely, like a child. "You keep us safe, don't you, us women?"

It came to him, oddly in such a moment, that she had married very young. He leaned a little closer, his face grown suddenly stern, austere. "Yes, we keep you safe!" he nodded to her.

The walls palpitated in a bitter gust. No sheeted windows could stifle it. The house quivered. Her eyes dilated. "What was that?"

"Only the wind." His own eyes were steadily, quietly upon her, but his heart seemed to drop inches in his body.

"It smells of—burning!"

A chill went over him. "Don't you remember, Phil's burning brush?" He said it calmly, but he expected she would tell him he lied. He leaned above her, paralyzed to calmness, and saw the alarm go slowly out of her face. Her mouth smiled.

"Why—I forgot. How silly—" her lids relaxed. "You told me—" her voice lost itself a moment. He held his breath. "Phil works too hard," she murmured. "Take care of him—don't let him——" Her eyes closed. The cloth and paper of the walls shook. She sighed lightly, but did not stir. He watched, appalled by the miracle of trust. He felt the slight burden of her hand in his grow heavier by a feather's weight. Her undisturbed breath came and went softly, regularly. Her hand did not even hold him. It lay lax. Could he put it down without seeing her large eyes unclose with their wondering question? Fearfully, carefully, he unclosed his fingers from about hers; drew away his hand. Her's lay like a white flower. She stirred, nestling her head in the pillow—lay still.

He stood up. His eyes were upon her as if they could never leave her. His ears strained for sounds outside. They reached him in a conglomerate, dull roaring, the challenge of a beast whose breath went, fiery, through the house.

Nixon moved noiselessly toward the door. Could she sleep in such a riot? If she should waken when the door closed and lie there calling him in that weak whisper a man must stoop his head to hear! No, she should not! She should sleep, because he had told her to sleep!

All the tumult without shouted aloud for him. He opened the outer door. The miracle was that the cabin had shut out so much. The sky was veiled with low-flying smoke shot with sparks. Blazing branches were falling like fiery arrows through the shuddering orchard trees. The boughs of the oaks groaned and labored. The saplings doubled to the earth in the tearing wind. Dust whirled up to meet the smoke, and, as through a veil, Nixon saw a man rise the embankment from the road. Nixon

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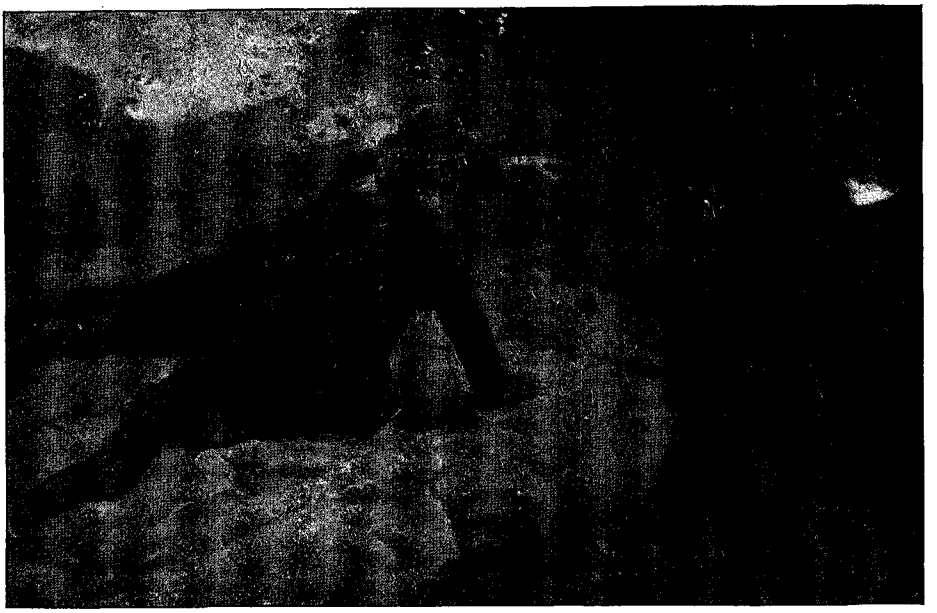

"I see her!" he shouted.—Page 52.

shouted. The wind thrust the words back down his throat. The next moment Chito fell upon him, yelling in Mexican. Nixon shook him articulate.

"The fire come too queek! We make cut in the canyon—no tam make cut at the road! He come too queek!" His arms swept with frantic gesticulation.

"You haven't trenched the road?" Nixon shouted.

"No, no, no!"

Nixon's mind had no reflections. It acted, like his body, on the instant. He pointed behind him. "Put a horse to the plough, and one under saddle, and bring 'em out there. *Sabe?*"

"*Si, si, si!*"

"Mrs. Lessing's asleep!" He shook his fist in the boy's face. "Wake her, and I'll kill you!"

He plunged into the tortured grove, stumbling, catching his feet in roots half buried in leaves. Once in the road he ran straight and fleetly. He kept his head low to the wind. He was rushing into the face of it, while everything else was fleeing before it; leaves, sparks, and fiery brands thickening the air, creatures darting across his path, gliding under his feet. Before him the Frog Back showed swart on a scarlet sky. On the sharp up-pitch, for a moment out of the wind, he caught breath. Over the Frog Back he came again into the scorching blast. Below him the canyon strangled in smoke. Opposite the flank of the mountain showed black ruin in the wake of the fire. Checked on the east by the redwood's wet, impregnable, resinous green, crowded into a narrow swathe, it had concentrated fury. It had taken the tall trees in its course. The creek could never stop it! The divide dropped away steeply from where he stood. The sea of yellow grass bore not a scar, not the first stroke of the trench. "Where was Lessing?" The blood flew to Nixon's eyes. This stupidity was murder! He started down, sliding on the grass, tearing and plunging through the bushes. Just above the green tangle at the creek bed he saw Lessing, laboring like a blackamoor. "Nix!" he cried anxiously.

"What are you doing here?" Nixon choked out through his rage.

"We've cleared twenty feet across the creek down to the red woods," Lessing panted. "We can stop it here. We can beat it out where it jumps across."

"Good God, you can't! We can't stop it here! It'll get away, and if you're above a fire when it starts up you're dead! The road, the *road*, I told you!" His voice steadied, grew keener. "Come on! We haven't a moment." Through the smoke he loomed

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Lessing clung like a bull-dog.—Page 59.

large, commandingly. Lessing followed like a soldier. Nixon, leading, swung himself up, hand over hand, from bush to bush. It was clear in his mind that when the fire leaped the creek and smoked through the green tangle at the foot of the divide it would take ten minutes to the top.

They climbed over the edge of the road where Chito wrestled with two frantic horses, the one he rode, the one he led. The plough

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clanged at the roan's heels, a ringing, metallic sound, like a gong, in the tumult of wind and fire. Nixon took the bits.

"Hey, hey," he growled comfortingly to the frantic brute, kicking, snapping, nostrils quivering, wild eyes starting from his head. The man, huge, dominant, stood steady in the midst of the strain and stress.

"Chito," he spoke to the Mexican, "go down to Beck's, get some men—*proudo! Sabe?*"

The boy wheeled short, and was away, bent to his horse's neck, spurring like a madman.

"We've got to run the furrow from the rock to the chapparal," Nixon shouted, pointing with his long arm.

"*Plough!*" Lessing looked aghast down the terrific hill pitch. "You *can't!* You're crazy!"

"Got to," said Nixon, urging the plunging roan over the road edge. "Take the brute! Hold hard, or he'll bolt for it. Keep him up, *up*, close to the road! That's right!" He seized the handles of the plough.

Lessing, lifted half off his feet for an instant, clung like a bull-dog. Now dragging at the bits, now running furiously to keep up, leaning away from the canyon for balance, he desperately held his footing on the road edge. One false step over it would have pitched them into the pit of fire. Nixon, sliding, slipping on the glassy grass, hanging to the handles of the plough followed his drunken furrow. His huge voice went ringing forward, ordering, encouraging the contending man and horse.

"Sharp at the chapparal—turn sharp! before he knows it! *Now* let him out! Steady!" Back they went, tottering above destruction like maniacs, but all working together. The roan lunged straight into the collar; the plough sagged and slipped and bit deep. The men tugged, drove, labored, sweating, keeping up. Sparks showered faster in the grass, in the furrows, as they toiled farther, farther below the road. The trench widened above them, the oven beneath grew nearer and hotter. The water ran from their eyes. The ground stung under their feet. Their faces charred in the wind. It was almost impossible to see, but Nixon kept peering up at the faint, white streak of the road-bed above them and downward where the smoke was bursting thicker, thicker, threatening every instant to shake out flame. They must make it twenty feet, and back-fire. They must do that, or else—he couldn't put the alternative.

They were in the middle of a furrow when he yelled to Lessing, and the black canyon burst into horrible flower. A wave of flame, impregnable, unquenchable, roared down to the creek bed. To Lessing the whole canyon was on fire with a flame that could swallow a mountain. He heard Nixon shouting at him. He saw living flames spinning skyward in a whirl of smoke, saw a fearful glare flashed back from the rocks, and still the tangle of green on the near side of the creek stood unscathed. A cry broke from his throat. "We've held it! We've held it!"

"To the end of the furrow!" Nixon shouted.

Already the fire was breaking like a flood overflowing a dam. Streams of yellow were flowing out into the green hedge. Smoke poured up, a thick, oily smudge. They were stifling, were strangling in it. Now it lifted. Spurts of yellow shot through. The roan came abreast the chapparal. Nixon ran to his head. "Take him up to the road," he said briefly. He turned, took a stride downward.

"Where are you going?" Lessing held to his arm.

Nixon tried to shake him off. "Go on, go on!" he shouted. There was command, there was menace in him, but Lessing gripped his arm. He had remembered Nixon's words: "If you're above a fire when it starts up you're dead!"

A mountain lion yelled from the pot of the canyon. It was a scream like a woman's death agony. The men sprang apart, Lessing gray to the lips. "Go up! Go up!" cried Nixon hoarsely. Stooping low for breathing, he ran downward to the belt of bushes. Out of the tangle came a hissing, purring, sputtering, like a great fuse burning out. Striking matches, flinging them here and there in the white grass, he started upward.

Flirts of yellow flame sprang up in his wake, eager little tongues lapping the tinder-dry grass, widening into pools of fire, spilling and spreading. He kept his eyes on the dark line of the last furrow above him. It drew nearer very slowly, and the smoke was shutting in around him. He was choking. His lungs were closing. Then suddenly the oppression seemed to lift, to lighten. As if a furnace door had opened on his back a wave of heat turned his skin to paper.

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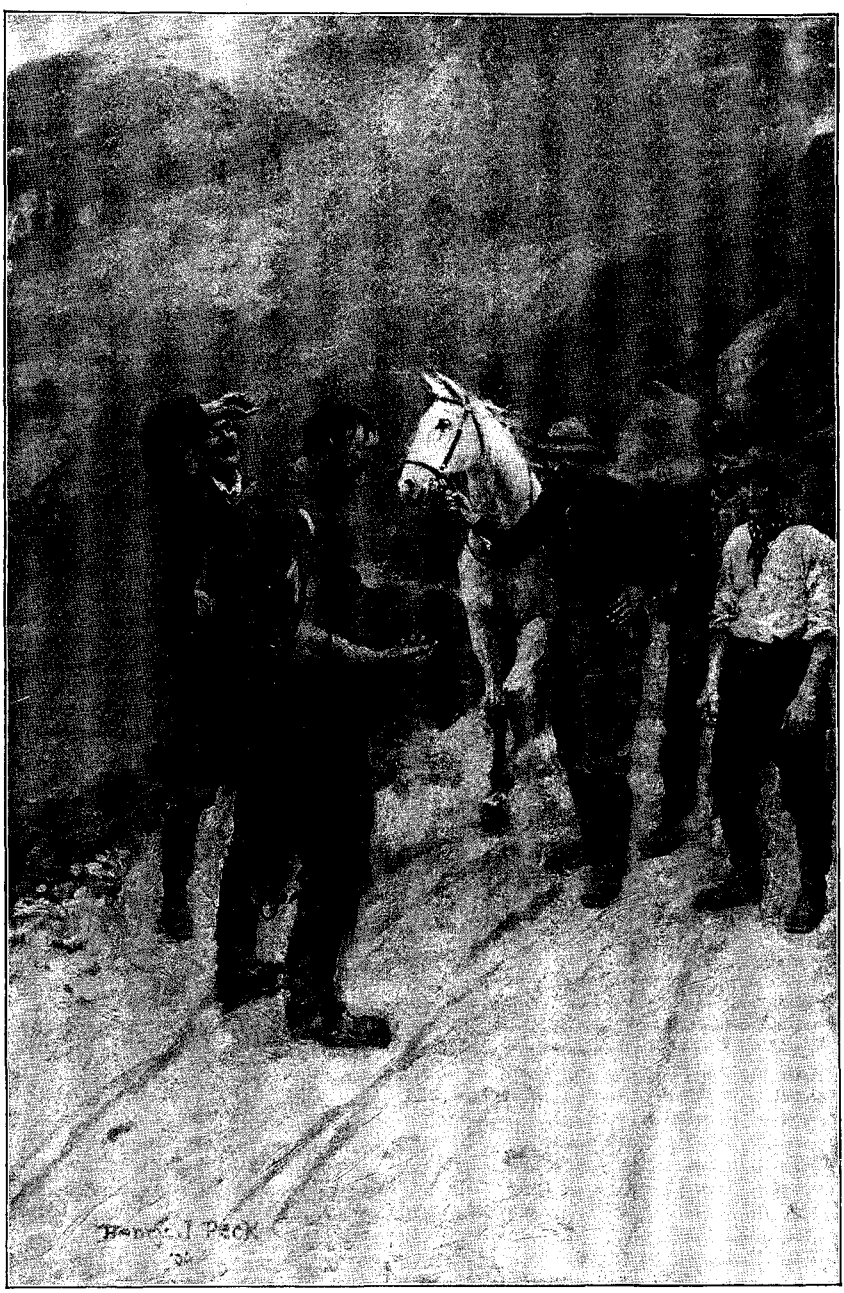

Stood staring embarrassedly at Lessing's heaving shoulders.—Page 61.

He ran. He smelled singeing hair and scorching cloth. He heard a voice above him shouting, shouting. He saw the white line of the road high above him, but the heat was all around him, in front of him, snatching at him. His lungs were on fire. He was falling over broken earth, like black fire. The white edge of the road came dipping down to meet him. He fell across it into the dust.

Someone was beating him, rolling him over, choking him with dust. He rose to

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his knees. He saw Lessing, a white face smeared with black, knew Lessing was speaking, but could not understand what he was saying. He stared into the canyon. Beyond the trench he saw a shallow flow of quivering white, with red and violet flashes, and up the divide, racing to meet it, a wall of yellow, a flood of fire, a bloody glare flung back from earth and sky. The black bushes melted away into it; like a magic, the blazing wave plunged into the shelving fiery flow, and there was only fire, leaping up higher, higher, billowing, heaving like a flood-tide off a breakwater. The two men in the road were within the writhing shadow of it. It rose up before them, swaying, swinging, like a charming serpent, reaching out for them across the furrowed land. And they lay, gasping at it, inert, helpless before it as if the world itself were on fire.

Then, suddenly, to the east, where the furrow left the chapparal open, flames went flying off into the bush in mad spirals.

Staggering like a drunken man, Nixon got to his feet. "Beat it out, beat it out!" he cried, tearing at the thick green branches of the hazel bushes.

Like an echo a voice came up the road to them. "Beat it out, beat it out!" They saw men on horseback. Two were stopping, jumping down, running into the bushes, stamping on the flames. One came on. His voice rumbled before him.

"My Gawd, boys!" He looked at the fire; behind it charred earth, dying flames, and torturing embers, before it that wild furrow. He looked at Lessing, at Nixon, singed, ragged, clothes half burned from his body, and a great laugh rumbled up out of his chest. "So ye stopped it, ye *stopped* it! Well, damn my eyes, boys"—his hand clapped down on Nixon's shoulder—"I thought it 'ud ha took the mounting!"

"*Stopped* it!" croaked Lessing, glaring at the chuckling giant, at the fire; then, as if it suddenly came home to him, he clapped his hands to his face and sobbed. The other two men came up, and stood staring embarrassedly at Lessing's heaving shoulders.

"My Gawd, don't ye know it?" the mountaineer Beck shouted in amazement. "Don't ye *know* it?" he repeated, shaking Nixon by the shoulder. "How in blazes did ye do it?"

Nixon raised his head that had sunk between his laboring shoulders, stared vaguely at his own naked, great arms, fierce-scarred with fire, at Lessing, shaking, sobbing; then pointed toward the Frog Back. "His wife is sick—over there," he said simply.

"Gawd!" The mountaineer turned with a growl to his fellows. "*His* wife is sick over there—so they stopped it," he muttered, explaining.

The men looked at each other with understanding, with savage embarrassment, with half-articulate mutters. "Gol'darned poor cuss!" A whiskey flask was thrust at Lessing. He drank feverishly, the tears running down his cheeks.

Nixon passed his arm across his forehead.

"She'll wake!" he said fiercely round at all of them. "She'll wake!" he said straight at Lessing, and started off up the grade. He went like a sleep-walker, looking neither right nor left, walking in the middle of the road. On either side trees and bushes were gasping, shrivelling. Sparks were dropping and smoking. The sky flung a red glow down the white cut in front of him. At the foot of the road where it rose into the oaks Lessing caught up with him. The grove looked ghastly, blasted as by some monstrous breath, the poppies wrung to ribbons, beaten flat. The house, with vines torn away and roof faintly smoking, seemed blackened, as if some wind of flames had flown over it.

A smoking branch fell in front of Nixon, and he trod over it, with half-naked feet, unfeeling, and went on into the house.

At the threshold of the inner door he stopped. He stood, hesitating, confused, fearful, like a man wakening from dreadful dreams. He stepped aside, but his gesture to Lessing still had command in it. Lessing opened the door.

Black and red they stood on the threshold of the white, breathless room. A corner of the white blind was torn loose, and dry leaves sifted in across the bed where Clara Lessing lay, curled like a child, breathing regularly, lightly, her chin hidden in her hair.

A strange, choked sound, a sob, a laugh came out of Nixon's throat. She stirred, turned, stretching out a little. Nixon shrank back, but Lessing leaned over her. Her eyes unclosed on him, looked up, lost in his. She saw only Lessing. Her lips moved. He stooped his head to hers.

Nixon's great shadow drooped across him as Lessing raised his quivering face.

"She dreamed the bed burned under her."

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THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

XIX

THE UNDERTOW

A SECOND letter arrived and was handed to the captain by Tod, now regularly installed as postman. It was in answer to one of Captain Holt's which he had directed to the expected steamer and which had met the exile on his arrival. It was dated "Amboy," began "My dear father," and was signed "Your affectionate son, Barton."

This second letter conveyed the welcome intelligence—welcome to the father—that the writer would be detained a few days in Amboy inspecting the new machinery, after which he would take passage for Barnegat by the *Polly Walters*, Farguson's weekly packet. Then these lines followed: "It will be the happiest day of my life when I can come into the inlet at high tide and see my home in the distance."

Again the captain sought Jane.

She was still at the hospital, nursing some shipwrecked men—three with internal injuries—who had been brought in from Forked River Station, the crew having rescued them the week before. Two of the regular attendants were worn out with the constant nursing, and so Jane continued her vigils.

She had kept at her work with the bravery and patience of a soldier on the firing line—turning neither to the right nor to the left, doing her duty as she found it, knowing that any moment some stray bullet might end her usefulness. She would not dodge, nor would she cower; the danger was no greater than others she had faced, and no precaution, she knew, could save her. Her lips were still sealed, and would be to the end; some tongue other than her own must betray her sister and her trust. In the meantime she would wait and bear bravely whatever was sent to her.

Jane was alone when the captain entered, the doctor having left the room to begin his morning inspection. She was in her gray-cotton nursing dress, her head bound about with a white kerchief. The pathos of her face and the limp, tired movement of her figure would have been instantly apparent to a man less absorbed in his own affairs than the captain.

"He'll be here to-morrow or next day!" he cried, the same light in his eyes and the same bouyant tone in his voice, as he advanced to where she sat at her desk in the doctor's office, his ruddy face aglow with his walk from the station.

"You have another letter then?" she said in a resigned tone, as if she had expected it and was prepared to meet its consequences. In her suffering she had even forgotten her customary welcome of him—for whatever his attitude and however gruff he might be, she always remembered the warmth of the heart beneath.

"Yes, from Amboy," panted the captain, out of breath with his quick walk, dragging a chair beside Jane's desk as he spoke. "He got mine when the steamer come in. He's goin' to take the packet so he kin bring his things—got a lot o' them, he says. And he loves the old home too—he says so—you kin read it for yourself." As he spoke he unbuttoned his jacket, and taking Bart's letter from its inside pocket, laid his finger on the paragraph and held it before her face.

"Have you talked about it to anybody?" she asked calmly; she hardly glanced at the letter.

"Only to the men; but it's all over Barnegat. A thing like that's nothin' but a cask o' oil overboard and the bung out—runs everywhere—no use tryin' to stop it." He was in a chair now, his arms on the edge of the desk.

"But you've said nothing to anybody about Archie and Lucy, and what Bart intends to do when he comes, have you?" she inquired in some alarm.

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"Not a word, and won't till ye see him. She's more your sister than she is his wife, and you got most to say 'bout Archie, and should. You been everything to him. When you've got through I'll take a hand, but not before." The captain always spoke the truth, and meant it; his word settled at once any anxieties she might have had on that score.

"What have you decided to do?" She was not looking at him as she spoke; she was toying with a penholder that lay before her on the desk, apparently intent on its construction.

"I'm goin' to meet him at Farguson's ship-yard when the *Polly* comes in," rejoined the captain in a positive tone, as if his mind had long since been made up regarding details, and he was reciting them for her guidance—"and take him straight to my house, and then come for you. You kin have it out together. Only one thing, Miss Jane"—here his voice changed and something of his old quarter-deck manner showed itself in his face and gestures—"if he's laid his course and wants to keep hold of the tiller I ain't goin' to block his way and he shall make his harbor, don't make no difference who or what gits in the channel. Ain't neither of us entitled to extry pay for the way we've run this thing. You've got Lucy ashore flounderin' 'round in the fog, and I had no business to send him off without grub or compass. If he wants to steer now he'll *steer*. I don't want you to make no mistake 'bout this, and you'll excuse me if I put it plain."

Jane put her hand to her head and looked out of the window toward the sea. All her life seemed to be narrowing to one small converging path which grew smaller and smaller as she looked down its perspective.

"I understand, captain," she sighed. All the fight of the week before was out of her; she was like one limping across a battle-field, shield and spear gone, the roads unknown.

The door opened and the doctor entered. His quick, sensitive eye instantly caught the look of despair on Jane's face and the air of determination on the captain's. What had happened he did not know, but something to hurt Jane; of that he was positive. He stepped quickly past the captain without accosting him, rested his hand on Jane's shoulder, and said in a tender, pleading tone:

"You are tired and worn out; get your cloak and hat and I'll drive you home." Then he turned to the captain: "Miss Jane's been up for three nights. I hope you haven't been worrying her with anything you could have spared her from—at least until she got rested," and he frowned at the captain.

"No, I ain't and wouldn't. I been a-tellin' her of Bart's comin' home. That ain't nothin' to worry over—that's something to be glad of. You heard about it, of course?"

"Yes, Morgan told me. Twenty years will make a great difference in Bart. It must have been a great surprise to you, captain."

Both Jane and the captain tried to read the doctor's face, and both failed. Doctor John might have been commenting on the weather or some equally unimportant topic, so light and casual was his tone.

He turned to Jane again:

"Come, dear—please," he begged. It was only when he was anxious about her physical condition or over some mental trouble that engrossed her that he spoke thus. The words lay always on the tip of his tongue, but he never let them fall unless someone was present to overhear.

"You are wrong, John," she answered, bridling her shoulders as if to reassure him. "I am not tired—I have a little headache, that's all," and she smoothed her hair from her temples with both hands—a favorite gesture when her brain fluttered against her skull like a caged pigeon. "I will go home, but not now—this afternoon, perhaps. Come for me then, please," and she looked up into his face with a grateful expression.

The captain picked up his cap and rose from his seat. One of his dreams was the marriage of these two. Episodes like this only showed him the clearer what lay in their hearts. The doctor's anxiety and Jane's struggle to bear her burdens outside of his touch and help only confirmed the old sea-dog in his determination. When Bart had his way all this would cease, he said to himself.

"I'll be goin' along," he said, looking from one to the other and putting on his cap. "See you later, Miss Jane. Morgan's back ag'in to work, thanks to you, doctor. That was a pretty bad sprain he had—he's all right now, though; went on practice yes-

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terday. I'm glad of it—equinox is comin' on and we can't spare a man, or half a one, these days. May be blowin' a livin' galē 'fore the week's out. Good-by, Miss Jane; good-by, doctor," and he shut the door behind him.

With the closing of the door the sound of wheels was heard—a crisp, crunching sound—and then the stamping of horses' feet. Max Feilding's drag, drawn by the two grays and attended by the diminutive Bones, had driven up and now stood beside the stone steps of the front door of the hospital. The coats of the horses shone like satin and every hub and plate glistened in the sunshine. On the seat, the reins in one pretty gloved hand, a gold-mounted whip in the other, sat Lucy. She was dressed in her smartest driving toilette—a short yellow-gray jacket fastened with big pearl buttons and a hat bound about with the breast of a tropical bird. Her eyes were dancing, her cheeks like ripe peaches with all the bloom that belonged to them left on, and something more, and her mouth all curves and dimples.

When the doctor reached her side—he had heard the sound of the wheels, and looking through the window had caught sight of the drag—she had risen from her perch and was about to spring clear of the equipage without waiting for the helping hand of either Bones or himself. She was still a girl in her suppleness.

"No, wait until I can give you my hand," he said, hurrying toward her.

"No—I don't want your hand, Sir Esculapius. Get out of the way, please—I'm going to jump! There—wasn't that lovely?" and she landed beside him. "Where's sister? I've been all the way to Yardley, and Martha tells me she has been here almost all the week. Oh, what a dreadful, gloomy-looking place! How many people have you got here anyhow, cooped up in this awful—. Why, it's like an almshouse," and she looked about her. "Where did you say sister was?"

"I'll go and call her," interpolated the doctor when he could get a chance to speak.

"No, you won't do anything of the kind; I'll go myself. You've had her all the week, and now it's my turn."

Jane had by this time closed the lid of her desk, had moved out into the hall, and now stood on the top step of the entrance awaiting Lucy's ascent. In her gray gown, simple head-dress, and sad, half-smiling face, the whole framed in the doorway and its connecting background of dull stone, she looked like one of Correggio's Madonnas illumining some old cloister wall.

"Oh, you dear, *dear* Jane!" Lucy cried, running up the short steps to meet her. "I'm so glad I've found you; I was afraid you were tying up somebody's broken head or rocking a red-flannelled baby," and she put her arms around Jane's neck and kissed her rapturously.

"Where can we talk? Oh, I've got such a lot of things to tell you! You needn't come, you dear, good doctor. Please take yourself off, sir—this way, and out the gate, and don't you dare come back until I'm gone."

My Lady of Paris was very happy this morning; bubbling over with merriment—a condition that set the doctor to thinking. Indeed, he had been thinking most intently about my lady ever since he had heard of Bart's resurrection. He had also been thinking of Jane and Archie. These last thoughts tightened his throat; they had also kept him awake the past few nights.

The doctor bowed with one of his Sir Roger bows, lifted his hat first to Jane in all dignity and reverence, and then to Lucy with a great flourish—keeping up outwardly the gayety of the occasion and seconding her play of humor—walked to the shed where his horse was tied and drove off. He knew these moods of Lucy's; knew they were generally assumed and that they always concealed some purpose—one which neither a frown nor a cutting word nor an outbreak of temper would accomplish; but that fact never disturbed him. Then, again, he was never anything but courteous to her—always remembering Jane's sacrifice and her pride in her.

"And now, you dear, let us go somewhere where we can be quiet," she cried, slipping her arm around Jane's slender waist and moving toward the hall.

With the entering of the bare room lined with bottles and cases of instruments Lucy's enthusiasm began to cool. Up to this time she had done all the talking. Was Jane tired out nursing? she asked herself; or did she still feel hurt over her refusal to take Ellen with her for the summer? She had remembered for days afterward the expression on her face when she told of her plans for the summer and of her leaving

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Ellen at Yardley; but she knew this had all passed out of her sister's mind. This was confirmed by Jane's continued devotion to Ellen and her many kindnesses to the child. It was true that whenever she referred to her separation from Ellen, which she never failed to do as a sort of probe to be assured of the condition of Jane's mind, there was no direct reply—merely a changing of the topic, but this had only proved Jane's devotion in avoiding a subject which might give her beautiful sister pain. What, then, was disturbing her to-day? she asked herself with a slight chill at her heart. Then she raised her head and assumed a certain defiant air. Better not notice anything Jane said or did; if she was tired she would get rested and if she was provoked with her she would get pleased again. It was through her affections and her conscience that she could hold and mould her sister Jane—never through opposition nor fault finding. Besides the sun was too bright and the air too delicious, and she herself too happy this morning to worry over anything. In time all these adverse moods would pass out of Jane's heart as they had done a thousand times before.

"Oh, you dear, precious thing!" Lucy began again, all these matters having been reviewed, settled, and dismissed from her mind in the time it took her to cross the room. "I'm so sorry for you when I think of you shut up here with these dreadful people; but I know you wouldn't be happy anywhere else," and she smiled in a meaning way. (The bringing in of the doctor even by implication was always a good move.) "And Martha looks so desolate. Dear, you really ought to be more with her; but for my darling Ellen I don't know what Martha would do. I miss the dear child so, and yet I couldn't bear to take her from Martha."

Jane made no answer. Lucy had found a chair now and had laid her gloves, parasol, and handkerchief on another beside her. Jane had resumed her seat; her slender neck and sloping shoulders and finely modelled head with its simply dressed hair—she had removed the kerchief—in silhouette against the white light of the window.

"What is it all about, Lucy?" she asked in a grave tone after a slight pause in Lucy's talk.

"I have a great secret to tell you—one you mustn't breathe until I give you leave."

She was leaning back in her chair now, her eyes trying to read Jane's thoughts. Her bare hands were resting in her lap, the jewels flashing from her fingers; about her dainty mouth there hovered, like a butterfly, a triumphant smile; whether this would alight and spread its wings into radiant laughter, or disappear, frightened by a gathering frown, depended on what would drop from her sister's lips.

Jane looked up. The strong light from the window threw her head into shadow; only the slight fluff of her hair glistened in the light. This made an aureole which framed the Madonna's face.

"Well, Lucy, what is it?" she asked again simply.

"Max is going to be married."

"When?" asked Jane quietly in the same tone. Her mind was not on Max or on anything connected with him. It was on the shadow slowly settling upon all she loved.

"In December," replied Lucy, a note of triumph in her voice, her smile broadening.

"Who to?"

"Me."

With the single word a light ripple escaped from her lips.

Jane straightened herself in her chair. A sudden faintness passed over her—as if she had received a blow in the chest, stopping her breath.

"You mean—you mean—that you have promised to marry Max Feilding!" she gasped.

"That's exactly what I do mean."

The butterfly smile about Lucy's mouth had vanished. That straightening of the lips and slow contraction of the brow which Jane knew so well was taking its place. Then she added nervously, unclasping her hands and picking up her gloves:

"Aren't you pleased?"

"I don't know," answered Jane, gazing about the room with a dazed look, as if seeking for a succor she could not find. "I must think—. And you have promised to marry Max!" she repeated, as if to herself. "And in December." For a brief moment she paused, her eyes again downcast; the she raised her voice quickly and in a more positive tone asked, "And what do you mean to do with Ellen?"

"That's what I want to talk to you about, you dear thing." Lucy had come prepared to ignore any unfavorable criticisms Jane

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might make and to give her only sisterly affection in return. "I want to give her to you for a few months more and then we will take her abroad with us and send her to school either in Paris or Geneva, where her grandmother can be near her. Then in a year or two she will come to us in Paris."

Jane made no answer.

Lucy moved uncomfortably in her chair. She had never, in all her life, seen her sister in any such mood. She was not so much astonished over her lack of enthusiasm regarding the engagement; that she had expected—at least for the first few days, until she could win her over to her own view. It was the deadly poise—the icy reserve that disturbed her. This was new.

"Lucy!" Again Jane stopped and looked out of the window. "You remember the letter I wrote you some years ago, in which I begged you to tell Ellen's father about Archie and Barton Holt?"

Lucy's eyes flashed.

"Yes, and you remember my answer, don't you?" she answered sharply. "What a fool I would have been, dear, to have followed your advice!"

Jane went straight on without heeding the interruption or noticing Lucy's changed tone.

"Do you intend to tell Max?"

"I tell Max! My dear good sister, are you crazy! What should I tell Max for? All that is dead and buried long ago! Why do you want to dig up all these graves? Tell Max—that aristocrat! He's a dear, sweet fellow, but you don't know him. He'd sooner cut his hand off than marry me if he knew!"

"I'm afraid you will have to—and this very day," rejoined Jane in a calm, measured tone.

Lucy moved uneasily in her chair; her anxiety had given way to a certain ill-defined terror. Jane's voice frightened her.

"Why?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"Because Captain Holt or someone else will, if you don't."

"What right has he or anybody else to meddle with my affairs?" Lucy retorted in an indignant tone.

"Because he cannot help it. I intended to keep the news from you for a time, but from what you have just told me you had best hear it now. Barton Holt is alive. He has been in Brazil all these years, in the mines. He has written to his father that he is coming home."

All the color faded from Lucy's cheeks.

"Bart! Alive! Coming home! When?"

"He will be here day after to-morrow; he is at Amboy, and will come by the weekly packet. What I can do I will. I have worked all my life to save you, and I may yet, but it seems now as if I had reached the end of my rope."

"Who said so? Where did you hear it? It *can't be* true!"

Jane shook her head. "I wish it was not true—but it is—every word of it. I have read his letter."

Lucy sank back in her chair, her cheeks livid, a cold perspiration moistening her forehead. Her eyes were wide open, with a strained, staring expression. What she saw was Max's looking into hers, that same cold, cynical expression on his face she had sometimes seen when speaking of other women he had known. Her voice was barely audible.

"What's he coming for?"

"To claim his son."

"He—says—he'll—claim—Archie—as—his—son!" Lucy gasped—"I'd like to see any man living dare to——"

"But he can *try*, Lucy—no one can prevent that, and in the trying the world will know."

Lucy sprang from her seat and stood over her sister:

"I'll deny it!" she cried in a shrill voice; "and face him down! He can't prove it! No one about here can!"

"He may have proofs that you couldn't deny, and that I would not if I could. Captain Holt knows everything, remember," Jane replied in her same calm voice.

"But nobody else does but you and Martha!" The thought gave her renewed hope—the only ray she saw.

"True; but the captain is enough. His heart is set on Archie's name being cleared, and nothing that I can do or say will turn him from his purpose. Do you know what he means to do?"

"No," she replied faintly, more terror than curiosity in her voice.

"He means that you shall marry Barton and that Archie shall be baptized as Archibald Holt. Barton will then take you both back to South America. A totally impossible plan, but——"

"I marry Barton Holt! Why, I wouldn't

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marry him if he got down on his knees—Why, I don't even remember what he looks like! Did you ever hear of such impudence! What is he to me?" The outburst carried with it a certain relief.

"What he is to you is not the question. It is what *you* are to Archie! Your sin has been your refusal to acknowledge him. Now you are brought face to face with the consequences. The world will forgive a woman all the rest, but never for deserting her child, and that, my dear sister, is precisely what you did to Archie."

Jane's gaze was riveted on Lucy. She had never dared to put this fact clearly before—not even to herself. Now that she was confronted with the calamity she had dreaded all these years, truth was the only thing that would win. She wanted everything stripped bare.

Lucy lifted her terrified face, burst into tears, and reached out her hands to Jane.

"Oh, sister, — sister!" she moaned. "What shall I do? Oh, if I had never come home! Can't you think of some way? You have always been so good— Oh, please! please!"

Jane drew Lucy toward her.

"I will do all I can, dear. If I fail there is only one resource left. That is the truth, and all of it. Max may save you, and he will if he loves you. Tell him everything!"

XX

THE MAN IN THE SLOUCH HAT

THE wooden arrow on the top of the cupola of the Life Saving Station had had a busy night of it. With the going down of the sun the wind had continued to blow east-south-east—its old course for weeks—and the little sentinel, lulled into inaction, had fallen into a doze, its feather end fixed on the glow of the twilight.

At midnight a rollicking breeze that piped from out the north caught the sensitive vane napping, and before the dawn broke had quite tired it out, shifting from point to point, now west, now east, now nor'-east-by-east, and now back to north again. By the time Morgan had boiled his coffee and had cut his bacon into slivers ready for the frying-pan the restless wind, as if ashamed of its caprices, had again veered to the north-east, and then, as if determined ever after to lead a steadier life, had pulled itself together and had at last settled down to a steady blow from that quarter.

The needle of the aneroid fastened to the wall of the sitting-room, and in reach of everybody's eye, had also made a night of it. In fact, it had not had a moment's peace since Captain Holt reset its register the day before. All its efforts for continued good weather had failed. Slowly but surely the baffled and disheartened needle had sagged from "Fair" to "Change," dropped back to "Storm," and before noon the next day had about given up the fight and was in full flight for "Cyclones and Tempests."

Uncle Isaac Polhemus, sitting at the table with one eye on his game of dominoes (Green was his partner) and the other on the patch of sky framed by the window, read the look of despair on the honest face of the aneroid, and rising from his chair, a "double three" in his hand, stepped to where the weather prophet hung.

"Sumpin's comin', Sam," he said solemnly. "The old gal's got a bad setback. Ain't none of us goin' to git a wink o' sleep to-night, or I miss my guess. Wonder how the wind is," and he moved to the door and peered out. "Nor-east and puffy, just as I thought. We're goin' to hev some weather, Sam—ye hear?—some *weather!*" He regained his chair and joined the double three to the long tail of his successes. Good weather or bad weather—peace or war—was all the same to Uncle Isaac. What he wanted was the earliest news from the front.

Captain Holt took a look at the sky, the aneroid and the wind—not the arrow; old sea-dogs know which way the wind blows without depending on any such contrivance—the way the clouds drift, the trend of the white-caps, the set of a distant sail, and on black, almost breathless nights, by the feel of a wet finger held quickly in the air, the coolest side determining the wind point.

On this morning the clouds attracted the captain's attention. They hung low and drifted in long, straggling lines. Close to the horizon they were ashy pale; being nearest the edge of the brimming sea, they had, no doubt, seen something the higher and rosier-tinted clouds had missed; something of the ruin that was going on farther down the round of the sphere. These

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clouds the captain studied closely, especially a prismatic sun-dog that glowed like a bit of rainbow snipped off by wind-scissors, and one or two dirt spots sailing along by themselves.

During the captain's inspection Archie hove in sight, wiping his hands with a wad of cotton waste. He and Parks had been swabbing out the firing gun and putting the polished work of the cart apparatus in order.

"It's going to blow, captain, isn't it?" he called out. Blows were what Archie was waiting for. So far the sea had been like a mill-pond, except on one or two occasions, when, to the boy's great regret, nothing came ashore.

"Looks like it. Glass's been goin' down and the wind has settled to the nor'-east. Some nasty dough-balls out there I don't like. See 'em goin' over that three-master?"

Archie looked, nodded his head, and a certain thrill went through him. The harder it blew the better it would suit Archie.

"Will the *Polly* be here to-night?" he added. "Your son's coming, isn't he?"

"Yes; but you won't see him to-night, nor to-morrow, not till this is over. You won't catch old Ambrose out in this weather" (Captain Ambrose Farguson sailed the *Polly*). "He'll stick his nose in the basin some-'ers and hang on for a spell. I thought he'd try to make the inlet, and I 'spected Bart here to-night till I saw the glass when I got up. Ye can't fool Ambrose—he knows. Be two or three days now 'fore Bart comes," and a look of disappointment shadowed his face.

Archie kept on to the house, and the captain, after another sweep around, turned on his heel and re-entered the sitting-room.

"Green!"

"Yes, captain." The surfman was on his feet in an instant, his ears wide open.

"I wish you and Fogarty would look over those new Costons and see if they're all right. And Polhemus, perhaps you h'd better overhaul them cork jackets; some o' them straps seemed kind o' awkward on practice yesterday—they ought to slip on easier; guess they're considerable dried out and a little mite stiff."

Green nodded his head in respectful assent and left the room. Polhemus, at the mention of his name, had dropped his chair legs to the floor—he had finished his game of dominoes and had been tilted back against the wall, awaiting the dinner-hour.

"It's goin' to blow a livin' gale o' wind, Polhemus," the captain continued; "that's what it's goin' to do. Ye kin see it yerself: There she comes now!"

As he spoke the windows on the sea side of the house rattled as if shaken by the hand of a man and as quickly stopped.

"Them puffs are jest the tootin' of her horn," and he jerked his head toward the windows. "I tell ye, it looks ugly!"

Polhemus gained his feet and the two men stepped to the sash and peered out. To them the sky was always an open book—each cloud a letter, each mass a paragraph, the whole a warning.

"But I'm kind o' glad, Isaac." Again the captain forgot the surfman in the friend. "As long as it's got to blow it might as well blow now and be over. I'd kind o' set my heart on Bart's comin', but I guess I've waited so long I kin wait a day or two more. I wrote him to come by train, but he wrote back he had a lot o' plunder and he'd better put it 'board the *Polly;* and, besides, he said he kind o' wanted to sail into the inlet like he used to when he was a boy. Then ag'in, I couldn't meet him; not with this weather comin' on. No—take it all in all, I'm glad he ain't comin'."

"Well, I guess yer right, captain," answered Uncle Isaac in an even tone, as he left the room to overhaul the cork jackets. The occasion was not one of absorbing interest to Isaac.

By the time the table was cleared and the kitchen once more in order not only were the windows on the sea side of the house roughly shaken by the rising gale, but the sand caught from the dunes was being whirled against their panes. The tide, too, egged on by the storm, had crept up the slope of the dunes, the spray drenching the grass-tufts.

At five o'clock the wind blew forty miles an hour; at sundown it had increased to fifty; at eight o'clock it bowled along at sixty. Morgan, who had been to the village for supplies, reported that the tide was over the dock at Barnegat and that the roof of the big bathing-house at Beach Haven had been ripped off and landed on the piazza. He had had all he could do to keep his feet and his basket while crossing the marsh on his way back to the station. Then he added:

"There's a lot o' people there yit. That feller from Philadelphy whose mashed on

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Cobden's aunt was swellin' around in a potato-bug suit o' clothes as big as life." This last was given from behind his hand after he had glanced around the room and found that Archie was absent.

At eight o'clock, when Parks and Archie left the Station to begin their patrol, Parks was obliged to hold on to the rail of the porch to steady himself and Archie, being less sure of his feet, was blown against the water-barrel before he could get his legs well under him. At the edge of the surf the two separated for their four hours' patrol, Archie breasting the gale on his way north, and Parks hurrying on, helped by the wind, to the south.

At ten o'clock Parks returned. He had made his first round, and had exchanged his brass check with the patrol at the next station. As he mounted the sand-dune he quickened his steps, hurried to the Station, opened the sitting-room door, found it empty, the men being in bed upstairs awaiting their turns, and then strode on to the captain's room, his sou'wester and tarpaulin drenched with spray and sand, his hip-boots leaving watery tracks along the clean floor.

"Wreck ashore at No. 14, sir!" Parks called out in a voice hoarse with fighting the winds.

The captain sprung from his cot—he was awake, his light still burning.

"Anybody drownded?"

"No, sir; got 'em all. Seven of 'em, so the patrol said. Come ashore 'bout suppertime."

"What is she?"

"A two-master from Virginia loaded with cord-wood. Surf's in bad shape, sir; couldn't nothin' live in it afore; it's wuss now. Everything's a-bobble; turrible to see them sticks thrashing 'round and slammin' things."

"Didn't want no assistance, did they?"

"No, sir; they got the fust line 'round the foremast and come off in less'n a hour; warn't none of 'em hurted."

"Is it any better outside?"

"No, sir; wuss. I ain't seen nothin' like it 'long the coast for years. Good-night," and Parks took another hole in the belt holding his tarpaulins together, opened the back door, walked to the edge of the house, steadied himself against the clapboards, and boldly facing the storm, continued his patrol.

The captain stretched himself again on his bed; he had tried to sleep, but his brain was too active. As he lay listening to the roar of the surf and the shrill wail of the wind, his thoughts would revert to Bart and what his return meant; particularly to its effect on the fortunes of the doctor, of Jane and of Lucy.

Jane's attitude continued to astound him. He had expected that Lucy might not realize the advantages of his plan at first—not until she had seen Bart and had listened to what he had to say; but that Jane, after the confession of her own weakness, should still oppose him, was what he could not understand. He would keep his promise, however, to the very letter. She should have free range to dissuade Bart from his purpose. After that Bart should have his way. No other course was possible, and no other course either honest or just.

Then he went over in his mind all that had happened to him since the day he had driven Bart out into the night, and from that same House of Refuge, too, which, strange to say, lay within sight of the Station. He recalled his own and Bart's sufferings; his loneliness; the bitterness of the terrible secret which had kept his mouth closed all these years, depriving him of even the intimate companionship of his own grandson. With this came an increased love for the boy; he again felt the warm pressure of his hand and caught the look in his eyes the morning Archie congratulated him so heartily on Bart's expected return. He had always loved him; he would love him now a thousand times more when he could put his hand on the boy's shoulder and tell him everything.

With the changing of the patrol, Tod and Polhemus taking the places of Archie and Parks, he fell into a doze, waking with a sudden start some hours later, springing from his bed, and as quickly turning up the lamp.

Still in his stocking feet and trousers—on nights like this the men lie down in half their clothes—he walked to the window and peered out. It was nearing daylight; the sky still black. The storm was at its height, the roar of the surf being incessant and the howl of the wind deafening. He stepped into the sitting-room and glanced at the aneroid—the needle had not advanced a point. Turning into the hall, he mounted the steps to the lookout in the cupola, walking softly past the door of the men's room so as not to

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waken the sleepers, particularly Parks and Archie, whose cots were nearest the door—both had had four hours of the gale and would have hours more if it continued—and reaching the landing, pressed his face against the cool pane and peered out.

Below him stretched a dull waste of sand hardly distinguishable in the gloom until his eyes became accustomed to it, and beyond this the white line of the surf, whiter than either sky or sand. This writhed and twisted like a cobra in pain. To the north burned Barnegat Light, only the star of its lamp visible. To the south stretched alternate bands of sand, sky, and surf, their dividing lines lost in the night. Along this beach, now stopping to get their breath, now slanting the brim of their sou'westers to escape the slash of the sand and spray, strode Tod and Polhemus, their eyes on and beyond the tumbling surf, their ears open to every unusual sound, their Costons buttoned tight under their coats to keep them from the wet.

Suddenly, while his eyes were searching the horizon line, now hardly discernible in the gloom, a black mass rose from behind a cresting of foam, seesawed for an instant, clutched wildly at the sky, and dropped out of sight behind a black wall of water. The next instant there flashed on the beach below him, and to the left of the station, the red flare of a Coston signal.

With the quickness of a cat Captain Holt sprang to the stairs, shouting:

"A wreck, men, a wreck!" The next instant he had thrown aside the door of the men's room. "Out every one of ye! Who's on the beach?" and he looked over the cots to find the empty ones.

The men were on their feet before he had ceased speaking, Archie before the captain's hand had left the knob of the door.

"Who's on the beach, I say?" he cried again.

"Fogarty and Uncle Ike," someone answered.

"Polhemus! Good! All hands on the cart, men; boat can't live in that surf. She lies to the north of us!" and he swung himself out of the door and down the stairs.

"God help 'em, if they've got to come through that surf!" Parks said, slinging on his coat. "The tide's just beginnin' to make flood, and all that cord-wood'll come a-waltzin' back. Never see nothin' like it!"

The front door now burst in and another shout went ringing through the house:

"Schooner in the breakers!"

It was Tod. He had rejoined Polhemus the moment before he flared his light and had made a dash to rouse the men.

"I seen her, Fogarty, from the lookout," cried the captain, in answer, grabbing his sou'wester; he was already in his hip-boots and tarpaulin. "What is she?"

"Schooner, I guess, sir."

"Two or three masts?" asked the captain hurriedly, tightening the strap of his sou'wester and slipping the leather thong under his gray whiskers.

"Can't make out, sir; she come bow on. Uncle Ike see her fust," and he sprung out after the men.

A double door thrown wide; a tangle of wild cats springing straight at a broad-tired cart; a grappling of track-lines and handle-bars; a whirl down the wooden incline, Tod following with the quickly lighted lanterns; a dash along the runway, the sand cutting their cheeks like grit from a whirling stone; over the dune, the men bracing the cart on either side, and down the beach they swept in a rush to where Polhemus stood waving his last Coston.

Here the cart stopped.

"Don't unload nothin'," shouted Polhemus. "She ain't fast; looks to me as if she was draggin' her anchors."

Captain Holt canted the brim of his sou'wester, held his bent elbow against his face to protect it from the cut of the wind, and looked in the direction of the surfman's fingers. The vessel lay about a quarter of a mile from the shore and nearer the House of Refuge than when the captain had first seen her from the lookout. She was afloat and drifting broadside on to the coast. Her masts were still standing and she seemed able to take care of herself. Polhemus was right. Nothing could be done till she grounded. In the meantime the crew must keep abreast of her. Her fate, however, was but a question of time, for not only had the wind veered to the southward—a dead-on-shore wind—but the set of the flood must eventually strand her.

At the track-lines again, every man in his place, Uncle Isaac with his shoulder under the spokes of the wheels, the struggling crew keeping the cart close to the edge of the dune, springing out of the way of the

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boiling surf or sinking up to their waists into crevices of sluiceways gullied out by the hungry sea. Once Archie lost his footing and would have been sucked under by a comber had not Captain Holt grabbed him by the collar and landed him on his feet again. Now and then a roller more vicious than the others would hurl a log of wood straight at the cart with the velocity of a torpedo, and swoop back again, the log missing its mark by a length.

When the dawn broke the schooner could be made out more clearly. Both masts were still standing, their larger sails blown away. The bowsprit was broken short off close to her chains. About this dragged the remnants of a jib sail over which the sea soused and whitened. She was drifting slowly and was now but a few hundred yards from the beach, holding, doubtless, by her anchors. Over her deck the sea made a clean breach.

Suddenly, and while the men still tugged at the track-ropes, keeping abreast of her so as to be ready with the mortar and shot-line, the ill-fated vessel swung bow on toward the beach, rose on a huge mountain of water, and threw herself headlong. When the smother cleared her foremast was overboard and her deck-house smashed. Around her hull the waves gnashed and fought like white wolves, leaping high, flinging themselves upon her. In the recoil Captain Holt's quick eye got a glimpse of the crew; two were lashed to the rigging and one held the tiller—a short, thickset man, wearing what appeared to be a slouch hat tied over his ears by a white handkerchief.

With the grounding of the vessel a cheer went up from around the cart.

"Now for the mortar!"

"Up with it on the dune, men!" shouted the captain, his voice ringing above the roar of the tempest.

The cart was forced up the slope—two men at the wheels, the others straining ahead—the gun lifted out and set, Polhemus ramming the charge home, Captain Holt sighting the piece. There came a belching sound, a flash of dull light, and a solid shot carrying a line rose in the air, made a curve like a flying rocket, and fell athwart the wreck between her forestay and jib. A cheer went up from the men about the gun. When this line was hauled in and the hawser attached to it made fast high up on the mainmast and above the raging sea, and the buoy run off to the wreck, the crew could be landed clear of the surf and the slam of the cord-wood.

At the fall of the line the man in the slouch hat was seen to edge himself forward in an attempt to catch it. The two men in the rigging kept their hold. The men around the cart sprang for the hawser and tally-blocks to rig the buoy, when a dull cry rose from the wreck. To their horror they saw the mainmast waver, flutter for a moment, and sag over the schooner's side. The last hope of using the life-buoy was gone! Without the elevation of the mast and with nothing but the smashed hull to make fast to, the ship-wrecked men would be pounded into pulp in the attempt to drag them through the boil of wreckage.

"Haul in, men!" cried the captain. "No use of another shot; we can't drag 'em through that surf!"

"I'll take my chances," said Green, stepping forward. "Let me, cap'n. I can handle 'em if they haul in the slack and make fast."

"No, you can't," said the captain calmly. "You couldn't get twenty feet from shore. We got to wait till the tide cleans this wood out. It's workin' right now. They kin stand it for a while. Certain death to bring 'em through that smother—that stuff 'd knock the brains out of 'em fast as they dropped into it. Signal to 'em to hang on, Parks."

An hour went by—an hour of agony to the men clinging to the grounded schooner, and of impatience to the shore crew, who were powerless. The only danger was of exhaustion to the shipwrecked men and the breaking up of the schooner. If this occurred there was nothing left but a plunge of rescuing men through the surf, the life of every man in his hand.

(To be concluded.)

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HYMN IN JUNE

By Arthur Davison Ficke

We will go out to the light of the new moon
In early evening—to the murmuring fields,
When all the willow-trees are soft with evening
And the night air is scented sweet with June.
For we are mad this night with June and youth,
And time goes back for us, and Fauns steal out,
And Naiads whisper from their sleeping streams.

Why have we filled our blood with poet-visions
If not that they may live in us to-night?
You are Proserpina and I a lover
Who in the later days stretches his arms
Down the dim starlight of the shadowy past
Toward you in yearning. Dearest of all shades!
To-night no Styx shall part us; for I come!

Let us go up into the forest heart
Where June and you and I can be alone
In the cool sanctuary of the leaves.
One feels the need of sanctuary now—
Need of some shrine unto whose silent god
We may pour out the clamors of our heart.
It is a true need, deeper than we know;
And therefore come. We will go into the gates
Of the dim forest and call upon our god.

Aye, youth is pagan, for it is so glad!
Not early youth (how sad we were, how doubting!)
But that which comes when the mind's will is set
And puzzles seem less real and strength more sure.
—Ah, let it pass—all but that we are young.
Would you recall philosophies this hour
Or systems of the numbering of the stars?
Enough that you are fair and I am strong
And the stars wait to rush upon the dark
When the bright moon shall sink behind the hills.

Life and the Mysteries wait on us to-night.
Nature is glad because of June and us.
In her secret coverts, in her listening places,
She would laugh of joy because we come to her;
Because we come as came the Attic youth and maidens
With boughs in their hands. Strew, strew the leaves for her!
In our blood she calls, in the night-wind, in the stars,
And of all the earth, only we feel the whole.
We, the free, the dreaming, whose eyes see clear with youth,
Whose hearts are pure to love her, whose ears are fresh to hear.
Who knows but what to-night she mingles all her magic
Only that our children shall worship thus in June!

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CANADA'S NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY

By Hugh D. Lumsden
Chief Engineer, Government Section

OBSERVING men who have kept in touch with the trend of affairs in Canada have been of the opinion for some years past that the time was rapidly approaching when additional transportation facilities would have to be furnished for carrying the annually increasing crop of the Canadian West to the markets of the world.

About four years ago the first steps were taken looking to the construction of a transcontinental line—an all-Canadian route that should begin at the Atlantic and end on the Pacific coast. The first proposition was to build west from North Bay, the present terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway system, but, as is usual with new railways, the promoters found that they would have to secure some form of government aid, and as the plan developed and the government became more and more interested in the great project, it was determined to stretch the line far to the north of existing railways through Quebec and Ontario, to cross the fertile fields of the Far West, and open new territory in Athabasca and northern British Columbia. The Canadian people generally were in favor of another transcontinental railway, but of course there was opposition. Statesmen differed not as to the need of additional transportation facilities, but as how best to provide them. Some favored a government owned and operated line, others favored an independent line, and out of the long discussion that followed there came what appears to be a happy compromise.

It was evident from the outset that no private corporation could afford to construct the first two thousand miles of line from the Atlantic west. Many public men believed that even the government could not afford it, although it was obvious that the country would benefit greatly by the opening of the vast forests and mineral regions in northern Ontario, and incidentally in bringing the West nearer to the East, but the cost was so great that the proposition staggered the public for a moment.

All the while, however, the West was filling up. The Dominion was developing, and each passing season showed the absolute necessity of "enlarging the spout" through which the millions of bushels of wheat of the West must flow to the lakes and ultimately to the Atlantic Ocean. Finally, on March 27, 1903, a petition was presented to the House of Commons asking for the incorporation of a company to be called the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, with a capital of $75,000,000, reduced later to $45,000,000, and on the 31st of July of the same year Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced into the house an "Act to provide for the construction of a Transcontinental Railway." The measure provided for a commission of three persons (afterward increased to four) under whose supervision the government was to build a railway from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Winnipeg, Manitoba, via Quebec and Lake Abitibi. The second part of the bill ratified the contract made between the government and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. By this agreement the government was to turn over to the new company when completed the eighteen hundred miles east from Winnipeg under a lease running fifty years. For the first seven years the company is to pay no interest, for the next succeeding forty-three years it is to pay annually to the Dominion Government, by way of rental, a sum equal to three per cent. per annum upon the cost of construction of the line, provided that if in any one or more of the first three years of the said period of the forty-three years the net earnings of the division, over and above working expenditure, shall not amount to three per cent. of the cost of construction, the difference between the net earnings and the rental shall not be payable by the company, but shall be capitalized and form part of the cost of

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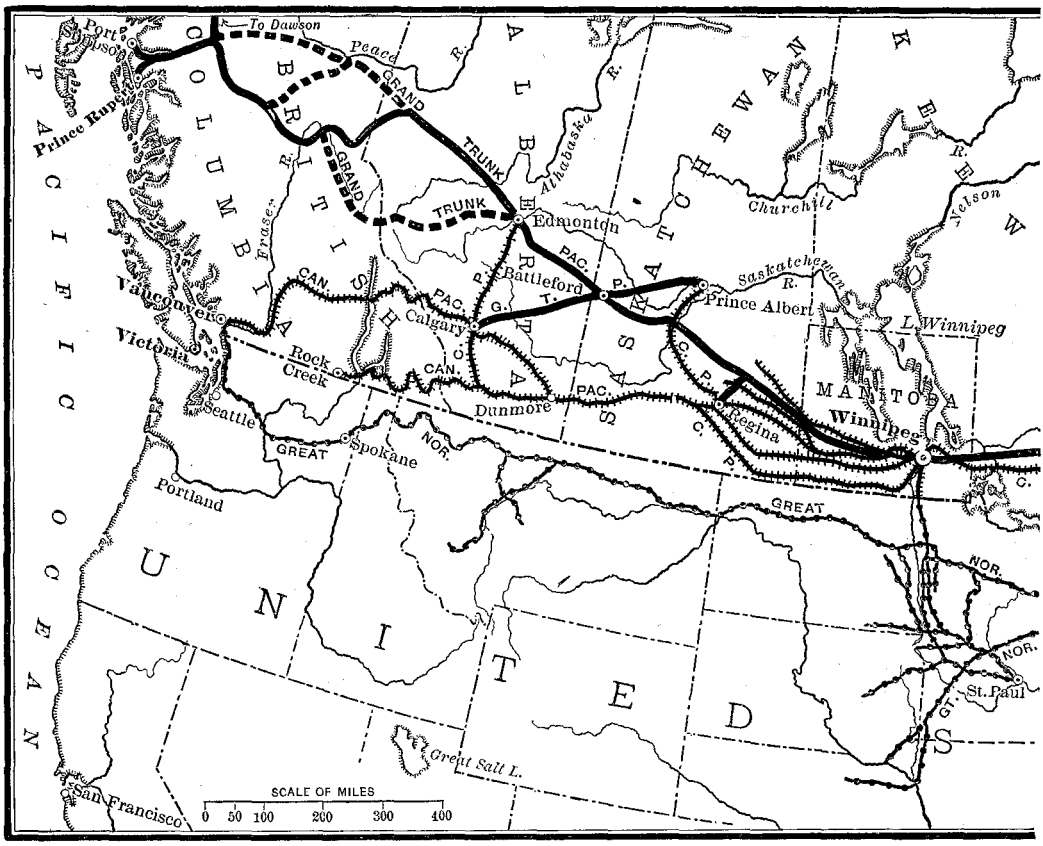

The Grand Trunk

The projected route in solid black;

construction, upon the whole amount of which rental is required to be paid, at the rate aforesaid, after the first ten years of the lease, and during the remainder of the term.

At the expiration of the period of fifty years the company will have the privilege of an extension of the lease for another period of fifty years, unless the government shall determine in the meantime to undertake the operation of the road. But should the government take over the line they must grant to the railway company, for another period of fifty years, running rights which may be necessary to the successful operation of that part of the system which is to be built, owned, and operated by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. The time fixed for the completion of the entire line is 31st December, 1911. The road west from Winnipeg is to be built by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, the government guaranteeing the company's first-mortgage bonds, principal and interest, for fifty years to the extent of $13,000 per mile on the prairie section, which begins at Winnipeg and ends west of Edmonton at the foot of the Rockies, and also seventy-five per cent. up to the sum of $30,000 per mile on the mountain section, which will begin at the foothills on the eastern slope, and end at a point on the Pacific coast in northern British Columbia. In addition to this government guarantee, which has enabled the railway company to secure money at a very moderate rate, the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada also guarantees an issue of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company's bonds, principal and interest, for fifty years, to provide the remainder of the cost of construction. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is to pay the interest on the bonds issued on the prairie section and

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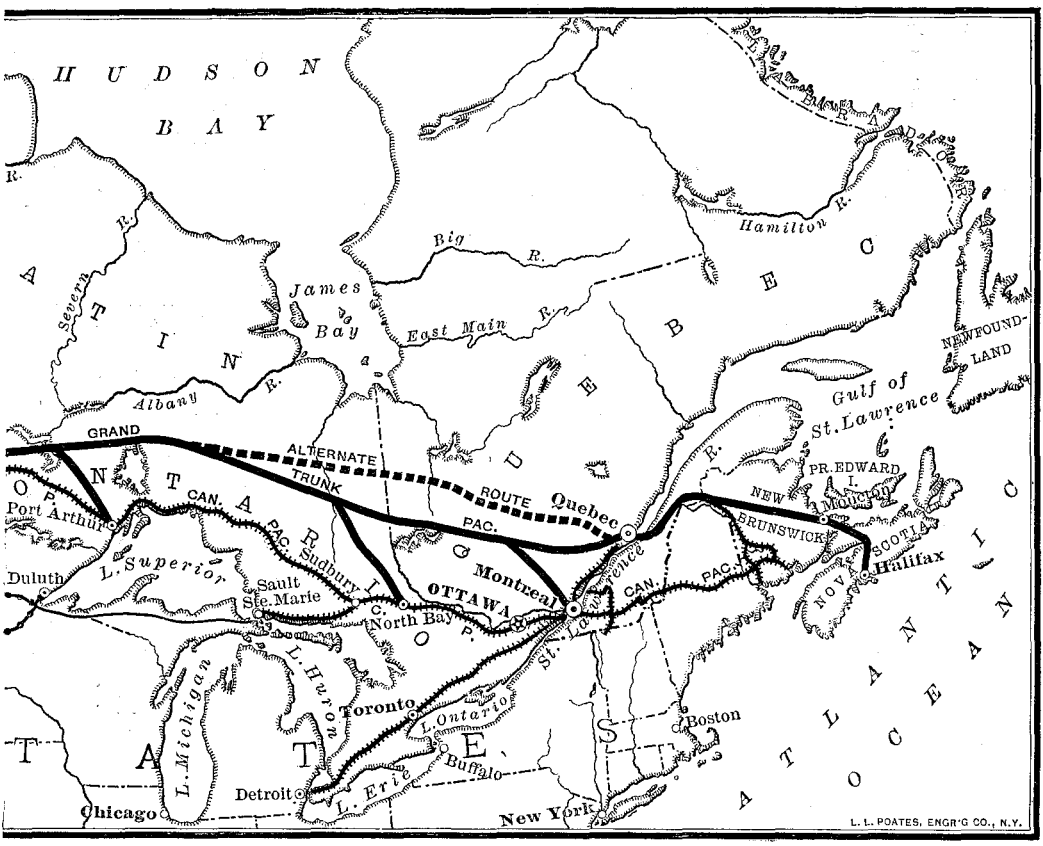

Pacific Railway.

alternate routes, broken line.

guaranteed by the government, from the date of issue, to provide the capital therefor out of the money secured through the sale of bonds, and charging it to the cost of construction. For the mountain section the government will pay interest on the bonds guaranteed by it for the first seven years after the completion of the line with no recourse on the company for the interest so paid. Thereafter the railway company must pay the interest on the bonds guaranteed by the government.

The Transcontinental Railway Commission is composed as follows:

Hon. S. N. Parent, Chairman.
C. A. Young, Commissioner.
R. Reid, Commissioner.
Colin F. McIsaac, Commissioner.
Hugh D. Lumsden, Chief Engineer.
P. E. Ryan, Secretary.

As the value of a railway as means of transportation depends largely upon its location, neither time nor money is being spared in securing for the Transcontinental line the best route available. The Great Lakes will for all time remain the favored freight route from the West to tide-water, but when the lakes are frozen, if the crops increase as they have increased for the past decade, there will always be millions of bushels of wheat awaiting shipment in the West. In order to haul wheat at a profit two thousand miles from the wheat-fields to the Atlantic, it is absolutely necessary that the road be as free as may be from heavy grades and excessive curves. While the entire line is not yet definitely located, enough field-work has been done to demonstrate beyond a doubt that the Transcontinental will be, as far as grades go, one of the best laid lines across this continent. From the great wheat-fields of the West to tide-water on the Atlantic the grades going east will, in all probability, not exceed 0.4 of a

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foot per 100 feet. This will mean that a modern locomotive will handle forty-two cars between Winnipeg and Moncton.

The first surveys on the government section under the commissioners were commenced in October, 1904. The first contracts from near Winnipeg to a point 245 miles east thereof, and from the north end of the Quebec Bridge for 150 miles westerly, a total distance of 395 miles, is being awarded as this article is being prepared. Inasmuch as the prime purpose of the road is to relieve any possible congestion of grain at Winnipeg, the government is doing everything in its power to facilitate the construction of that part of the line from Winnipeg to Superior Junction, where it will be met by a branch line now being built by the Grand Trunk Pacific Company northwesterly from Fort William to connect with the main Transcontinental line. By this means it is expected that the new road may be built in time to participate in the transportation of the crop of 1907. As one evidence of the rapidity with which the output of the Western fields is growing it is stated that in 1901 the Grand Trunk Railway system received at its Lake Huron ports 9,662,000 bushels of wheat. Last year the receipts reached 29,764,000 bushels. If there were any doubts—assuredly there were many—as to the ability of Canada to support another ocean to ocean railway, these doubts must be disappearing from the fact that the annual arrivals of immigrants has increased fivefold within the past eight years, and that the wheat crop has doubled since the day Mr. Wilfrid Laurier made his famous speech on the need of another transcontinental railway. The whole line is being built as rapidly as may be consistent with good building, but with the best we can do it is evident that the traffic will be ready for the road by the time the railway is prepared to take care of the traffic.

From an engineering standpoint the obtaining of a suitable location through the entire country from the St. Maurice River to within seventy miles of Winnipeg has been tedious and expensive, owing to the fact that little was known of the country through which it passed, there being only one or two points where any surveys had heretofore been run, and though explorations had been made up a number of rivers crossed by the Transcontinental Railway, little or nothing was known of the country lying between these streams, which generally run at right angles to the course of the railway. These surveys have proved that there exists nearly five hundred miles of country adjoining the proposed route in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario where the soil is excellent (generally a clay loam), and where a large number of settlers can find suitable homes. The timber consists of spruce, birch, poplar, jack-pine, tamarack, and small cedar.

The heaviest and most expensive portions on the route of the Transcontinental Railway will probably be on the upper St. Maurice River in the Province of Quebec, and through the portion of country between the north end of Lake Nepigon and the crossing of the Canadian Pacific Railway, say seventy miles east of Winnipeg, where the amount of solid rock that will have to be moved will be large. The bridges will be numerous, but with the exception of one or two steel viaducts in New Brunswick and three or four in Quebec, they will not be very large. The St. Lawrence River will be crossed about six miles above the city of Quebec by a bridge 3,270 in length, including a centre cantilever span 1,800 feet long over the main channel, and leaving a clear headway of 150 feet above the water. This bridge has been in the course of construction by the Quebec Bridge and Railway Company for the past four years. Within the past three years the Ontario provincial government has been constructing a railway from North Bay northerly, and it is now nearly completed to the watershed between the St. Lawrence and Hudson Bay waters, a distance of, say, 160 miles. It is probable that this railway in the near future will be extended to a junction with the Transcontinental Railway near where the latter crosses the Abitibi River, a farther distance of, say, eighty miles. Other branch lines to tap the Transcontinental have been projected, and some of them may eventually be constructed and form valuable feeders to the main line. The entire work is being pushed as rapidly as circumstances will permit, and should be completed well within the time specified.

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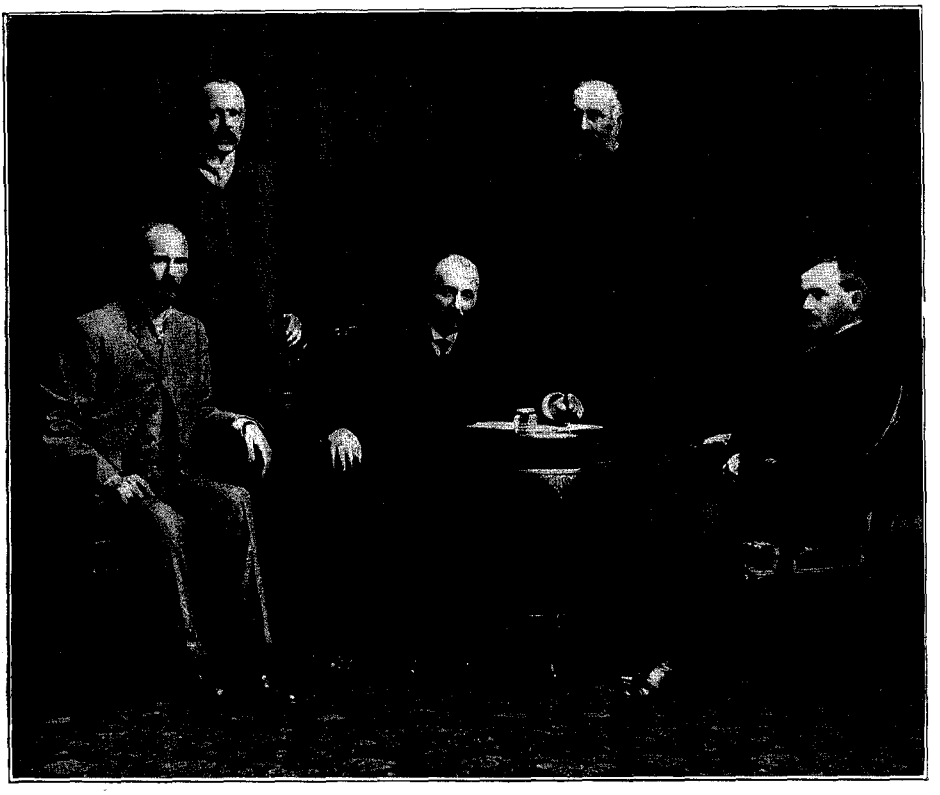

From photograph by Montminy & Co., Quebec.

R. Reid. H. D. Lumsden, Chief Engineer.
Colin F. McIsaac. S. N. Parent, Chairman. C. A. Young.

The Commissioners, Transcontinental Railway.

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

By Cy Warman

WHEN a few years ago a vigorous and aggressive management had made a first-class railway of the old Grand Trunk, it began to look for an outlet to the Pacific. In the meantime the Canadian West had begun to attract the attention of home-seekers and investors. If ever there had been in the dreams of the managers a possible extension from Chicago west through the Western States, they were by this time convinced that the way to the Orient—the shortest and surest way—lay across Canada, through the wheat-fields of the prairie provinces and the mining regions and forests of northern British Columbia.

It was in November, 1902, that Mr. Hays, the vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk, announced his intention to build west from North Bay, the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway system, through northern Ontario, Manitoba, and the territories to the coast.

Now Canada had been so long asleep and had awakened so slowly that only the most observing realized that she was sitting up. The country received Mr. Hays's announcement with a quiet smile. It looked like a dream—a great, big, beautiful, but utterly impossible dream. But Mr. Hays did not count it impossible. He and his "cabinet" discussed the matter over much data, quietly calculated, and the more they investigated the more determined they were.

Charles M. Hays, some ten years before, had left the Wabash, where he had received

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most of his railroad training, and accepted the general managership of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Not many railway men in America envied Mr. Hays in his new position. Canada was known chiefly as a country out of which bright young men came to the States to help do things. Nobody was going to Canada save those who stood in a fair way to do worse. Up to that time the Grand Trunk Railway had been run largely from London, while its chief Canadian competitor was managed in Montreal.

While the president's office still remained in England the new manager, having the full confidence of the president, began to run the road in Canada. For a short interval he left the Canadian road to become the president of the Southern Pacific, but objecting, it is said, to the mixture of railroading and politics, he returned to the Grand Trunk with the title of vice-president and general manager. Idle men about flag-stations were set to cutting weeds, lifting low joints, and putting in new ties. New general offices were erected, new bridges built and old ones straightened, and arrangements made for double-tracking the entire main line from Chicago to Montreal —nearly a thousand miles—a work now completed.

When the new Pacific scheme was placed before Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government, it was received with favor. Other promoters had proposed to build a transcontinental road across Canada, and had made some surveys, far, very far to the north, but they had not behind them a splendid system of railway in operation as these men of the Grand Trunk had. The Federal Government, by whose efforts, largely, the present wave of prosperity had been produced, were keenly alive to the necessity of furnishing additional transportation facilities for the handling of the Western crops. One member, at least, of Sir Wilfrid's cabinet, urged the government to build, own, and operate the entire line, but Sir Wilfrid, seconded by the Minister of the Interior, would fight to the last ditch against this gigantic machine. The country had one little railway down in Quebec that had cost eighty million dollars, which had never earned a dollar on the capital invested, the operation of which cost Canada two million dollars a year. At this rate the transcontinental line would use up about ten million a year, with no hope of ever earning interest on the one hundred and fifty million which the road would cost. No, the present government would not undertake to operate another railway.

Naturally the promoters wanted a land grant, by the exploitation of which they hoped to people the empty empire which the new road would open up, but the government, having come into power pledged to hold the land for actual settlers, would grant no land.

The outcome was the contract entered into between the government and the Grand Trunk Pacific as described in the preceding article. The opposition fought the proposition through two Parliaments and finally drove the government to the country. When the votes were counted the result drove some of the opposers out of politics. Nearly three-fourths of the voting population voted for the Grand Trunk Pacific, which was the real issue.

During all this talk it was freely predicted that, with the government in the market for money to build the eastern end of the line, it would be extremely difficult for the new company to secure the millions necessary to construct the western section. Those who made this prediction did not know how vast and valuable were these "far-flung" fields of the wide Northwest. The country, already prosperous, fairly boomed after the announcement that the new road would surely be built. Last year, when the first Grand Trunk Pacific issue was offered, it was subscribed for in London ten times over.

While the promoters were looking for the sinews the engineers were looking for the best route from ocean to ocean that time, money, and skill could secure.

Naturally the government moved slowly and cautiously at first. When the important commission had been appointed and had qualified, Mr. Hugh D. Lumsden, a Canadian engineer of character and ability, was appointed chief engineer, and the work of organizing began.

There would have to be found assistant engineers, district engineers, party engineers, transit men, levellers, topographers, rodmen, chainmen, picket men, axemen, and teamsters. Also they would require the services of expert packers, storekeepers,

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Steep Hill Portage, Tunnel Lake.

cooks, and cookies. They must find among the short dark children of the forest reliable guides and half-caste *courriers du bois*. And when this army of engineers and assistants had been organized and equipped the chief issued his first order, and the various corps commanders moved on the Unknown. Some of these men will die and some will desert, but many will remain through it all; and when it is finished, say seven years from now, they will have opened to the traveller the last wilderness, and to the world the last West.

The Maritime Provinces and eastern Quebec are fairly well known, but when the preliminary pathfinder plunged into the wilderness that begins almost immediately west of the ancient and interesting city of Quebec, it was as if he had entered a root-house and pulled the trap-door down. The National Transcontinental Construction Commission up at Ottawa was sure of one thing: they knew there was an engineer in there—and that was all they would know for some time. However, at other accessible points other exploring parties penetrated the forest, locating lakes and sounding streams until winter came to bridge the water-ways and the snow to make sleighing; then, when you of the South country would expect them to hibernate or go home for the winter, they began in dead earnest. In a little while the hardy huskies were scurrying along the trail from Quebec west, from Winnipeg east and from North Bay north, taking in supplies and bringing out reports from the various parties to the chief at Ottawa.

The first important discovery was that north of the height of land the road would pass for hundreds of miles through a comparatively level, but heavily wooded country, having a rich soil of clay loam. Immediately following the announcement that the line would pass north of the northern watershed, the Ontario provincial government began the work of colonizing the wilderness, and to-day some two or three thousand homesteaders have settled in the clay belt, have cleared away bits of the for-

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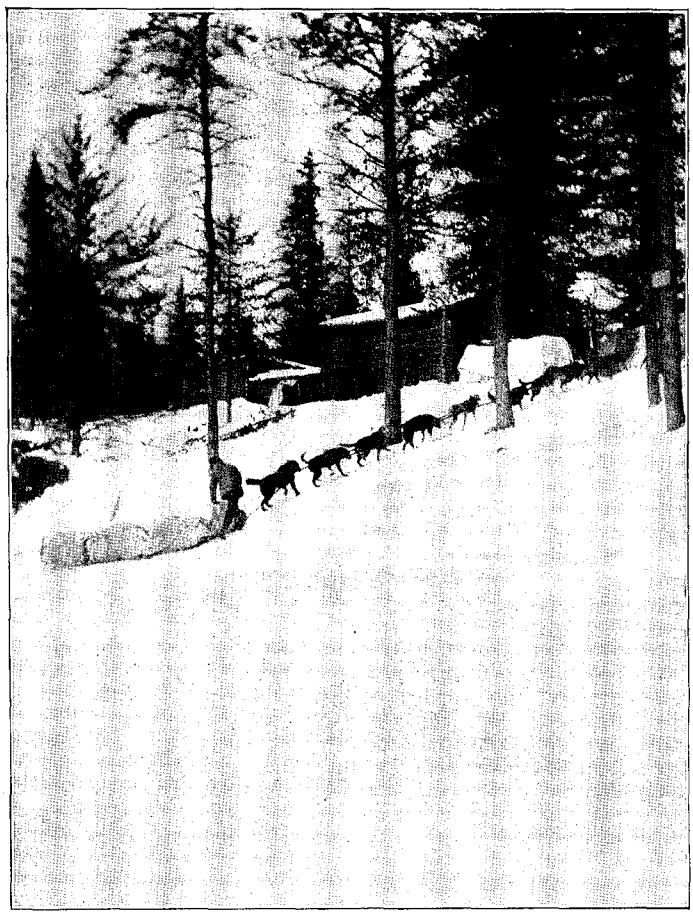
est and grown fine crops of wheat, roots, and all the vegetables grown in Ontario and Quebec.

This same provincial government began building a railway north from North Bay, the northern terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway system, to tap the transcontinental line near Lake Abitibi, and reach up to



Provisions reaching a *cache*, upper Gatineau River, 145 miles from the nearest railway station.

Hudson Bay. That government has passed, but the present government is pushing the line with vigor. Having a competent manager, the Grand Trunk at one end to advertise their territory, and the new and wonderful camp of Cobalt at the other end, this little railway that began at a village and ran away nowhere into a wilderness, is the one paying government railway on earth, so far as I am aware.

And yet despite the remarkable revelations of wealth undreamed of, it is frequently predicted, or was until yesterday, that the government end of the Grand Trunk Pacific would never be built. But yesterday the commissioners let a contract for the first section east from Winnipeg for $13,300,000, and I have no doubt that the contractor was up with the sun to-day and is as busy on his job as I am on mine, for he is bound to have it completed in time to take out the crop of 1907.

Another contract near Quebec was let for nearly six millions, and still another for the great steel bridge and viaduct over the St. Lawrence at that point. So far as I know, there has been no friction between the chief and his superiors, the commission and the government. The work is progressing smoothly and rapidly, and it is a big job for

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On the upper Athabasca, Jasper Lake.

a little country. Here are six or seven million people building a new national highway to cost as much as the Panama Canal, which is being built, more or less boisterously, by a republic of eighty million people. Each tender for the Winnipeg section was obliged to bring with it, as an evidence of good faith and financial ability, a deposit of $400,000.

Intimately associated with Mr. Hays in the conduct of the Grand Trunk Railway—carrying in his thirties the title of a vice-president, was Mr. Frank W. Morse, who, like his chief, had begun at the bottom and learned the business. On his fortieth birthday Mr. Morse assumed his new office of vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and under his immediate and almost sleepless supervision the road west of Winnipeg, and scores of branch lines and feeders, both east and west of Winnipeg, are being built. Mr. B. B. Kelliher, who has had much experience, both in Canada and the United States, is chief engineer of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

By the 1st of June 942 miles will be under contract and under way. The first section to be built by the company is the Lake Superior branch, which will reach up from Port Arthur, some two hundred miles, to connect with the first section of the government's end of the main line. This branch line was begun last year and will be completed in time to take supplies in for the builders of the next section east of Superior Junction.

Another contract awarded by the company last year begins at Portage la Prairie and runs west to Touchwood hills, nearly three hundred miles. The builders here are getting into the fat lands of Saskatchewan, the next section extending as far west as Saskatoon, in the very heart of the Saskatchewan Valley. This is perhaps the most attractive territory to be traversed by the Grand Trunk Pacific between the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean. You might have driven here for hundreds of miles over unscarred, virgin prairie when they were "building" the road in Parliament three years ago. Now that they are building it in earnest all the homesteads are taken for ten miles on either side of the right of way, while wheat land, that lay offered at five dollars an acre, is selling and reselling at from ten to fifteen. Already they are ploughing and planting, and they will be ready to ship when the last spike is driven in the line that is to link the Great Lakes with the wheat-fields of the West. Steadily for the past two decades the wheat grower has worked his way up the

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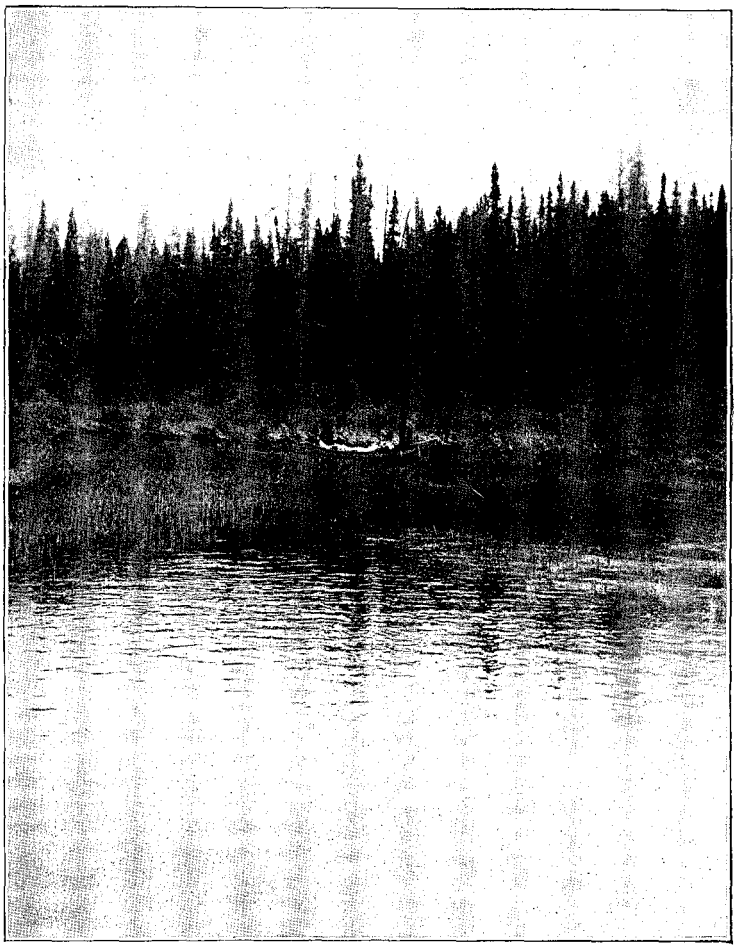

Engineers exploring Red Paint River.

Valley of Red River of the North. Year by year he has gained a little in latitude and in quality. No field reclaimed has ever been abandoned, for the first years are the hard years.

On more than one occasion last year the daily receipts of wheat at Winnipeg exceeded the total received at Duluth, Minneapolis, and Chicago combined. That is the main reason why Winnipeg is growing at the rate of 20,000 a year, and building at the rate of a million dollars a month. And all this story, which the world is only beginning to believe, is the reason for the first Grand Trunk Pacific bonds being subscribed for ten times over. It is hard to write of this wonderful West without appearing to exaggerate. Like good wine, it grows better as the years go by.

When vast areas lay unbroken the heavy coating of wild grass held the frost and shortened the season. The mean temperature of the whole country is being gradually changed by the breaking of wild land. The dread and fear of frost has passed from Portage Plains in Manitoba, as it passed years ago from the Red River Valley, as it is disappearing to-day from Quile Plains and all the vast and fertile valley of the two Saskatchewans.

Four million acres in western Canada yielded ninety million bushels of wheat last year. The average yield for the western provinces for the past ten years was twenty-two bushels per acre, as against thirteen bushels in the States, grown on land that has cost the present owners about five dollars an acre. It is a common thing for a

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One of ten thousand streams.

new-comer to pay for his land with the first crop and for substantial buildings out of the second.

In 1902 Mr. S. G. Detcham, of Chicago, bought ten thousand acres of Saskatchewan Valley. Last year he cut four thousand, averaging thirty bushels, sold it for 72½ cents a bushel. Gross earning per acre, $22.75; net, $16.75. The check for this crop was $67,000.

Mr. Detcham got his land for less than five dollars per acre. West of Edmonton for thirty miles, and north for fifty miles, the country is settled up, not wholly but partially, and a land looked upon as inhospitable, if not uninhabitable, for centuries is now becoming a fine mixed farming region. All the feed needed for men and horses has been grown on the Peace River by the Hudson Bay Company for fifty years. There is a mill at Vermilion, on the lower Peace, grinding away where the summer sun shines eighteen hours out of twenty-four. Melons, cucumbers, and tomatoes grow here. There is a wide reach of low lands lying between the Coast Range and the Rockies where the snow falls lightly and never remains long enough to endanger the lives of range cattle.

The climate at Prince Rupert averages about the same in heat and cold as that at Detroit, the summers being a little cooler and the winters warmer. Although the line swings north as it goes west from Winnipeg, the climatic conditions are more favorable the farther west you go.

I am surprised that a number of Canadians are inclined to find fault with the name of the new model city that is to be built on Kalen Island, near Port Simpson, and that is to be the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. It seems to me a good name. Prince Rupert was a pioneer. His morals, if he had any, have nothing to do with the case. He was, perhaps, at that moment the only man in England who could fill perfectly the office at the head of the company of "Gentlemen Adventurers of England trading into Hudsons Bay." Of course they were not in this wilderness for fun, neither were they booming the North-west as a health resort. They were here for fur and they got it, and they continued to get it. They fought; but when we consider the power they had, the right to make laws and enforce them, to make war and reap the rewards of war, the amazing part of the history of the governor and his gentlemen adventurers is that they administered the affairs of this wilderness so wisely and so mercifully. True, they kept the secrets of the wild; but at the same time they kept a lot of this wilderness and of what is now going to be the very best part of the Dominion for Can-

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Piercing the wilderness.

sturdiest men, the stoutest horses, and the hardest wheat are grown. Canada can claim at least two-thirds of the strong belt, and the promoters of the Grand Trunk Pacific believe they have the best of it under their car windows.

If the management had faith when first it undertook to realize its dream what must it have now? That year 24,000 people came over from the British Isles. Last year 82,000 came, and this year more than 100,000 will arrive to begin life anew in the New World. And for every two immigrants from the Islands one comes from the United States.

Five years ago the Grand Trunk was getting sixteen to seventeen million bushels of "overflow" wheat at Lake Huron ports, coming down from the West. Last year they got thirty million bushels. It was little things of this sort that made them long for a line to the wheat lands.

ada. It was the Hudson Bay Company more than any other force that defeated the ambition of America when certain Americans were shouting "Fifty-four fifty or fight." Perhaps they have held back the settlement of the Canadian West and the building of this new national highway half a hundred years. Doubtless Prince Rupert and his followers have much to answer for; but Rupert was a pioneer of pioneers, and it seems to me very fitting that his name should be perpetuated in this San Francisco of Canada which is to be built deliberately, though perhaps swiftly, and is to be one of the model cities of the American continent.

The German proprietor of the Victoria Hotel at Lacomb "ranched" twelve years fifty miles south of Edmonton, never sheltered a steer from the storm, never lost a hoof, and in all these years grew never a stalk or a straw for fodder, but mowed the boundless, unmapped meadow lands that lay about his squatstead. These chinook-fanned fields and the story of this new West make it easy to interest the industrious home-hungry of the earth. Capital can always be secured for the construction of a railway to a country that can produce, and this last West is marvellously productive.

An engineer's camp, government section.
Twelve-pounder caught near camp.

There is a broad band belting this whirling sphere, crossing this continent along the forty-ninth parallel, upon which the

In competition with the lake route American railways carry wheat from the Mississippi Valley to tidewater, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, with favorable, easy grades already secured, will be able to haul wheat when the lakes are closed from Win-

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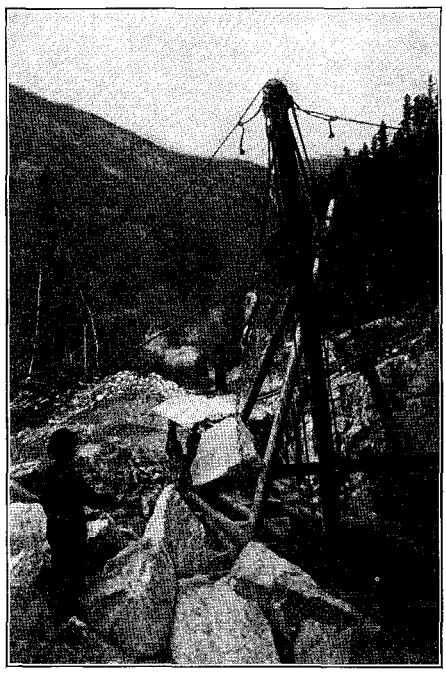
nipeg to Quebec at a profit. This will be rendered all the easier from the fact that the heavy movement of freight is always to, and the empties from a growing country, and the Canadian West is growing.

Because the Grand Trunk Pacific is bound by its agreement to pay by way of rental three per cent. annually upon the cost of the eastern section of the road, that company is allowed to tender for the construction of each section as the contracts are let. And because the railway company is to operate the entire system, at least for fifty years, the management are permitted to pass upon the proposed line, and must approve it, before the tenders may be called for. These wise provisions protect the company and the country alike, and under this admirable arrangement the management, if competent to build a good road, are equally competent to help the government to do the same. It is pleasant to be able to say that up to the present writing the two forces seem to be working harmoniously.



A side cut in a canyon.

As a consequence of the coming into the West of the Grand Trunk Pacific other railways already there are building branches and feeders in all directions. Perhaps no other country in the world with a population of only six millions will build so many miles of railway as will be constructed in Canada within the next five years. The three thousand miles of main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific will not be all. This will be only the spine—the backbone. Short ribs and long ribs will reach out all along the line. Permission to build some twenty odd of these feeders will be asked of the present Parliament, and they are all to be built not as many of the railways of the past were built, and "located" later, but they will be built as the railway of the future shall be, after the line has been located. In short, this whole new system is to be physically fit to the end that the time of the limited may be shortened and the long freight lengthened, assuring the quickest and cheapest service to the millions who will shortly settle along the line. And there will be millions, for we know now that the pilgrim penetrating the northern forest finds the worst at the height of land. As he drifts down the Albany and other rivers of the North, he finds that climatic conditions rather improve than otherwise all the way down this northern roof of the continent to Hudson Bay. Indian corn has ripened and potatoes matured at the head of Lake Temiskaming for fifty years, but the Hudson's Bay employees who grew them were not charged to advertise that fact. As we journey west the isothermal line swings north until in Athabasca and British Columbia it reaches up, or down, rather, to Great Slave Lake and beyond, which is far north of Ungava. In the protecting curve of this isothermal line lives the one free-born band of buffalo left to posterity.

The only way to come at an intelligent appreciation of Canada is to forget all you ever heard about it up to ten years ago. Do you know what the bush tribes cried when they emerged from the wilderness of New Ontario and saw the wild kine feeding in the open fields, wild deer roaming on the margins of countless lakes and crystal streams, wild chickens and water fowls frolicking everywhere? They cried: "Manitoba! Land of the Great Spirit!" God's Country is what they called the Canadian West.

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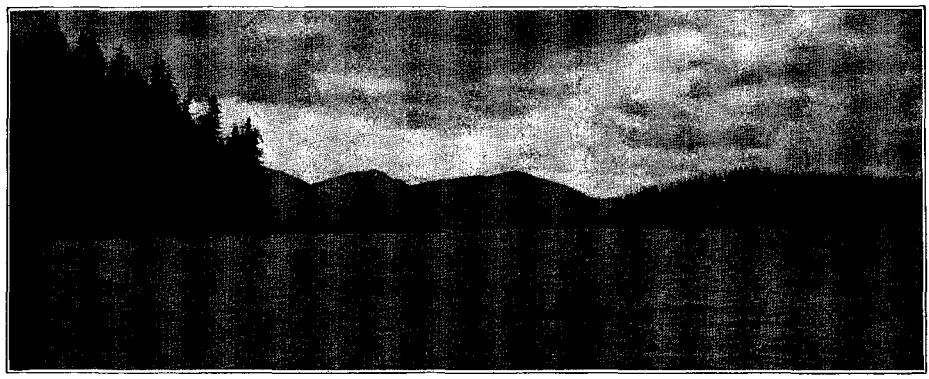

Scene near Prince Rupert—the back door to the Dominion.

This is the country that has made possible the construction of this great railway of the future, this transcontinental line running where, up to ten years ago, even the adventurous pathfinder had not dreamed of setting stakes. This, I believe, is to be a model line in every particular. It will profit by the mistakes of all existing lines and take advantage of every modern improvement. Nothing will be wasted, no opportunity for the reaping of legitimate reward for the men who furnish the capital will be neglected. The company will build, own, and operate its own telegraph, handle the express business, provide hotels and restaurants. It will have a line of steamers on the Atlantic and another on the Pacific and a fleet on the lakes.

There is a strong probability that this new railway will be in the lead in all improvements that make for good service, for the men behind the Grand Trunk Pacific are very much alive.

I have talked principally of the fertility of the fields, only hinted at the forest wealth, and said nothing of the mineral wealth of the wilderness known as New Ontario.

Taking the last first, Cobalt camp is unique. In fact, all this north country is full of surprises. That broken, rugged, and somewhat inhospitable reef that runs west from the St. Lawrence beyond Hudson Bay has produced a greater variety of rare minerals than almost any mining region under the sun. What the prospectors of the coming summer, the pathfinders, and the builders of the Transcontinental Railway will find no man may say.

Among the economic minerals unearthed so far are the nickel mines of Sudbury, which is one of the two important nickel-producing localities of the world, with the by-products platinum and palladium. The value of the refined metals now produced from two or three mines at Sudbury is $10,000,000 a year. It is without doubt one of the greatest metal mining camps on the continent. Its ore bodies will last for centuries. Then there are the corundum deposits of North Hastings, South Renfrew, and other areas in eastern Ontario, which now supply by far the greater part of the corundum consumed in the world; the feldspar and mica deposits of Frontenac and adjoining counties; and the apatite, graphite, pyrite, talc, gold, copper, zinc, lead, fluorite, and baryte of the same district. There are also rich iron ranges which extend over the great territory in northern and northwestern Ontario, but which up to the present have not been developed to a great extent.

The eastern part of this region is also noted for certain minerals which can scarcely be said to be of economic value, but are of great scientific interest. The largest and finest crystals of the mineral zircon in the museums of the world come from eastern Ontario, as do also sphenes, pyroxenes, scapolites, and other crystals. Sodalite, marble, and other decorative materials are also found here.

Many of the rivers of the West, notably the Red Deer River and the North Saskatchewan cut through vast beds of lignite. Coal for domestic use is mined in the city limits of Edmonton. The sand in the Sas-

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katchewan River is so full of coal dust that bridge contractors are obliged to go back on the mesas and dig sand for concrete work.

If by rail we shall shortly circle the globe, passing under or over Bering Straits and across Siberia, the Grand Trunk Pacific will form an important link in the long chain.

It will be a scenic line. From the moment the train leaves the Atlantic the ride will be interesting. It will take the traveller through the historic land of Evangeline, by the old French capital, Quebec, through the Northern forest, made famous by the author of "Hiawatha," along the banks of mighty rivers, into "God's Country." Winnipeg will be the great half-way house—the real gateway to the granary of the British Empire. Beyond Edmonton come Athabasca and the Peace River. The Rocky Mountains drop as they run north and finally pinch out in the Canadian Northwest. The Grand Trunk Pacific will reach the Pacific Coast over a pass that will scarcely exceed 2,500 feet. The Santa Fé crosses Raton Range at 7,623, the Rio Grande and the Colorado Midland reach the crest of the continent at about 10,000 feet above the sea-level, the Union Pacific at 8,247, the Northern Pacific at 5,567, and the Great Northern at 5,202, while the Canadian Pacific tips over the hill at an altitude of 5,299.

The distance from Liverpool to Yokohama is 11,250 miles, via the Suez Canal, a little longer via New York and San Francisco, but a thousand miles shorter by the Grand Trunk Pacific. This new line will be five hundred miles—a full day's sail—shorter than the shortest route now open between the above-named cities.

The Grand Trunk Pacific will thread every Canadian province, string them like a strand of beads, bind together the two semi-detached ends of the Dominion, and strengthen the chain that holds the scattered colonies of the British Empire. It will carry the tourist into a new northern Wonderland, by the banks of clear cold rivers whose names we have scarcely taken the trouble to remember, skirting the shelving shores of lakes that lie up near the clouds, through the land of the unspoiled Indians, and finally set him down at Prince Rupert, which, we are told, is all to be platted, mapped, and marked out before building begins. And here we are to have a model city at the end of the steel trail where the Japanese current breaks on the rugged shore and cradles the warm chinook.

THE DARK OF THE MOON

By Florence Brooks

THE moon hath made me cruel, dearest one.
Like a small earth it were my sole delight
To follow thee, whether my moon be bright
Or dark, for thou art like a strange wise sun,
And I would drift where frozen orbits run,
Timed by the morning thou dost make and night,
Far, far, alas! and farther to the height,
Or fall to tropic depths in unison
With thy large law—No, let the image perish,
For in the dark of the moon, I am grown blind!
Oh, I am not the sphere thy raptures cherish,
Thou not the heat and cold that were unkind!
Regret fears nothing in my passive part
Save to forget the fire of thy great heart.

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THE BOND OF COMRADESHIP

By Maurice Francis Egan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN sat on the topmost white marble slab of his front steps, pulling hard at his clay pipe. All the air was balm on this soft June night in the city where, according to Longfellow, "the peach is the emblem of beauty." There were noises in the Italian quarter not far off, and music, too. A harp and a violin—the violin pulsating in accord with waves of heliotrope scent that came from the back yards of this trim and self-respected quarter of Philadelphia. From the front steps of a house near sounded the grinding of a graphophone, playing the inevitable song of the season, which happened to be the "pretty maiden" compound from "Florodora."

Inside, Catherine Sullivan was making pleasanter sounds—there was a tinkling of ice against glass; and Timothy Sullivan, with the wrinkles of thirty years smoothed out by contentment and the magic of the moonlight, was watching her. The wrinkles had not begun to come until he, a careless Irish boy of twenty, had plunged into the turmoil of the New World. The turmoil had tried him, but the reward was here at last. It was in his grasp. He rose, and went through the narrow hall, through the "back room," and into the prim and Quakery kitchen, box-like, but perfect in its appointments. Through the open door of the kitchen, he could see the moonlight falling on the verbenas, the group of pansies —"Johnny-jump-ups," he thought, smiling, "and sure Johnny *is* up at last"—and the crowded bed of heliotrope. "The boy was always a great one for flowers," he said to Catherine, who stood before a glass bowl into which she had carefully sifted the proper amount of sugar. A big sponge cake and a mound of strawberries were on the table near the bowl, that glittered in the unsheltered gas-jet in the wall above her head. The head was nearly gray, and the shoulders below it were somewhat bent—a defect which the dressmaker of the neighborhood, who had made Catherine's gown for this occasion, could not conceal. Catherine squeezed another lemon, and her blue eyes, surrounded by a fine network of wrinkles, glowed as she looked at the clock. Her hands were rough, and the blue veins stood out upon them. Timothy, standing there, felt a throb in his heart as he looked at them. What work had they not done through all the years? A Celt, he had all the sensitiveness and all the reticence of certain types of the Irish Celt. He did not speak, but he touched one of those worn hands lightly with his, large and rough. She understood, and looked at the clock over the mantel-piece again.

"It's a happy night, Tim," she said in a low, soft voice, with just a touch of the Tipperary brogue in it.

"It is!" he said.

"Do you mind when he was a little boy? It was a night like this that you carried him ten squares to the doctor—and he with the fever!"

"He was our only one—the rest——"

"The rest are in heaven—thanks be to God!" said Catherine hastily. "The four of them. And he—how hard it was to save him!"

Timothy Sullivan's eyes twinkled, but he said nothing. The ironies of motherhood gave him, as usual, the pleasure of a man who loves them. The others were safe in heaven, but how valiantly Catherine had struggled to keep them on earth!

The clock struck eight.

"He will come soon. I'd have gone to meet him at the train, but he said he wasn't sure of the time or the station."

"And some of his young friends will be with him. But I hope the Brosnahan boy won't be one of them; I'm afraid he drinks, like his father."

"Oh, Mike Brosnahan has made money, and his boy takes advantage of it; but I'll say this—that John—our John—has had as much to do with as any boy at the college —he's never had to make a poor mouth,

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whether 'twas a football suit or a full set of geometries, or whatever else they call them. A rich man like Mike Brosnahan, who had money left him, can take a drop now and then without hurt; but if it hadn't been for you and the grace o' God, it's not a house like this and money in the bank and a son ready to go into the seminary I'd be having the night."

The fixed, ruddy color in Catherine's cheeks paled a little.

"God be between us and harm!" she whispered. "I feel faint when I think of it!"

Catherine, though nearly fifty years of age, was comparatively slim still, and as her husband looked at her in the flickering light, the folds of crisp black and white linen lawn—her gala summer dress—seemed to take the graceful curves of twenty-five years ago.

"It was the night after the last—little Dermot—died—and I had to do it!" he said; "and Brosnahan, in the kindness of his heart—an old friend from Thurles——"

Catherine's eyes filled with tears.

"Don't! I can't think of it! your face so changed, and you reelin' in, and Brosnahan, shame-faced, but with a grin on his lips—like a devil!"

"No, no," said Sullivan gently. "Not like a devil—Brosnahan meant no harm. The devil was in me. I've made up for it, haven't I?"

"And you've had your temptations," answered Catherine, with a sigh. "Women are so different; it's grief with women that draws them nearer to God; but men—*Oh*, I pray, night and day, that the curse of drink may be kept from John!"

Sullivan laughed. "You ought to pray that he may not meet a girl as pretty as you were when I saw you coming down Carpenter Street from your aunt's. A pair of rosy cheeks like them would spoil any Sullivan's vocation——"

Catherine, who had just covered the lumps of ice in the bowl with a large napkin, looked up, with terror in her eyes.

"O Tim, don't be joking on such subjects!"

"There's the little dago girl around the corner. He was mighty fond of her when he was a kid. 'Twas she that gave him the big bunch of roses when he was leaving for college."

"The bold piece!" said Catherine, looking relieved; "but she's an I-talian, and there's no fear of the likes of her."

Tim thought so, too.

"The president of Saint Clara's College writes that he is fit to enter the seminary already; that the examination won't trouble a hair of his head. And then he'll be with us all vacation."

"To see my son . . . saying his first mass—oh, God grant it!"

"Thanks be to God! And it's almost a year since I saw him!"

"He'll not be wantin' spending money and good clothes till he goes to the seminary—I'll guarantee that!" Sullivan spoke emphatically.

"O Tim!" Catherine dropped into the rocking-chair and covered her face with her hands. "Let us pray that he'll be kept from the drink. It's in the blood!"

"Not any more in his blood than in the son of anny man that knows how to take or to leave it," said Sullivan stiffly.

"To have his blessing as a priest! To see my son—the joy of my heart, *alannah*, in the sacred vestments, saying his first mass—oh, God grant it!"

There was rapture in her voice that

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pierced above the sound of the throbbing violin and the sensuous waves of heliotrope, as if in triumphant conflict with them; but as it fell into silence the serenade of Schubert filled the room and the heliotrope flooded it triumphantly.

"I think I'll put on my coat—and meet him. He'll have to drop off the car at the corner. Faith," Sullivan added, as he thrust his arms into the sleeves of his light sack coat, "Brosnahan's got the money—but all the money in the world won't make a priest of that boy of *his!*"

With his clay pipe still in his mouth, Sullivan was about to go out.

"Tim, darlin'," his wife called, "you've forgotten your necktie, and hadn't you better put on your Sunday coat? And take a cigar. Sure, some of his young companions may be with him, and it's not you that would have him ashamed of you!"

"He's not the kind to be ashamed of his dad!" laughed Sullivan. "It's too hot for my best coat, but I believe I will take a cigar. It's strange he did not tell us the train time; these boys are thoughtless."

"He's just wild to get home to us. Sure, hasn't he counted the hours and the minutes! I wonder if he's changed. He has hair like you, Tim—the brown, close-curled kind—and he was taller. I don't say he's handsomer than his father——"

"Yes, he is," laughed Sullivan, his reticence melting under the influence of the time; "for his eyes are blue like yours—real Tipperary eyes that look as if they'd been put in by a dirty finger. But sure," Sullivan broke off in disgust, "we're talkin' about the boy as if he was a girl!"

"He's as good as any girl!" Catherine called out.

A few steps brought Sullivan to the corner, where Giovanni Risoli sat on a box of macaroni of his own manufacture. Giovanni's rise had been slow and arduous; he was richer than Sullivan, but he and his wife, Pia, still lived, with their two daughters, Rosa and Laura, in the rooms behind the shop, which was splendid with the gaudy labels of Italian wines, redolent with the odors of strange cheeses, and echoing with the noises made by strings of drying macaroni when the door suddenly opened, and admitted the meddlesome wind.

Sullivan nodded to Giovanni. The wives of the men were on good terms, for Catherine prided herself on her neighborliness—especially to the "dagoes,"—poor creatures! And, although Risoli and Sullivan voted on different sides each November—Sullivan having cast his vote regularly since he came to this country for the Democratic party—they were decently polite. And little Rosa had a way of speaking slyly to him—of singling him out for particular attention—that amused him and pleased him. He recalled now the memory of the little pie he had found one day, when he was working at League Island on the boilers of the *Atlantic*, which Rosa had slipped into his dinner-pail. He recalled it because he saw her, in a white frock, with a great bunch of heliotrope and honeysuckle in her hands, slip out the side-door of her father's house and move hastily on before him. The rich scent of the heliotrope seemed to sweep against his face, so calm and so soft was the June night. He put back his cigar into his mouth. Rosa! He smiled as he recalled how impatient the patient Catherine always became when he had talked at times of John as "Rosa's little beau."

The reward of the long hot days in the navy-yard, of long cold days on the wharves, of many hours in the boiler-room of Baldwin's foundry, with the clangor of hammers in his ears and the glow of red-hot rivets in his eyes until he felt that he must go deaf and blind, had come. He had his cosey house, and—thanks to the Building Association!—a half-dozen other houses. John might go on for the priesthood, without even a care for the old people. Every Irishman, somebody has said, is a monk at heart—and Sullivan smiled again as he thought how absurd his joke had been about his son John and the pretty little Rosa.

"He'll marry her to one of the dagoes yet," he thought, as her white frock whisked into Federal Street. "It's a great thing—the glory of it—to have a boy a priest. It's not masses that will be wantin' for our souls—Catherine's and mine—when we're gone! And as to the name, there are enough Sullivans in the world, and my brother Bernard keepin' it up, on the old farm at home, with his six boys."

Sullivan puffed away at his brown cigar, and stood at the corner waiting for the car that was to bring the treasure of all his hopes. For ten minutes he stood, puffing away at the refractory weed in quiet content. Then

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Rosa.

it occurred to him that he would go westward and watch the brilliantly lit cars as they came; a walk would freshen him up.

Through the soft darkness he went until he had gone the length of two blocks. One car passed, nearly empty. As he almost reached the next corner he ceased to pull at the cigar, and he was aware of the scent of flowers near him. Ahead, under the light of the street-lamp, was a girl in a white frock holding a great bunch of honeysuckle and heliotrope. He could see the profile of the girl and the little gold medal hanging to the white-band around her neck. She was laughing happily, and he recognized Rosa Risoli. She was certainly very pretty, even under the crude light which could not spoil the roundness of her cheeks or the length of her black lashes. To whom was she talking? To some young "fellow," doubtless, he thought tolerantly. The chaperon was unknown in this district, and the young "fellow" was doubtless a neighbor.

He saw a straw hat, a flash of white teeth,

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a leather bag on the pavement, and he heard his son's voice say:

"O Rose, so you've come—you got my note! I knew that you wouldn't get a chance to come to the station, so I walked down Broad Street."

"And I——"

Sullivan crushed the unfinished cigar in his hand and went back into the shadow of an awning over a doorstep at the sound of the rich, full voice of the girl.

"O Rose, so you've come—you got my note!"

"And I waited till the last moment to take the flowers to old Aunt Bianca. I must go to Eighth Street to see how she is every night; but I ran this way to-night. Of course, I got your letter. I wanted to see you first."

"Well, you are seeing me first!" Sullivan heard a note in the lad's voice that made him curse to himself. He remembered the note; it recalled a June night—and *she*, too, was going to her aunt's. The boy was his no longer; he was no longer God's. This girl had him, and who could take off the spell? He felt as if he could strangle the boy with his own hands.

"I didn't tell mother about the time, because I wanted to see you first," he added. "I've been thinking of you ever since I left. Rose, you look to-night just as you did the day I first began—began to think of you—that day of the first communion at St. Maria Magdalina's."

"So long ago! John, I am so happy!"

Sullivan listened, with a great lump in his throat. Fury had given way to despair as he thought of Catherine.

"I'm just as happy. Brosnahan wanted me to have supper with some of the boys before we separated—but no, Rose—I said no!"

Rose laughed happily again.

"You're going to be a priest," Rose said; "your father and mother say so."

"I shall be twenty-one next week, and then I'll tell them," said John, with a change in his voice. "It will be hard—but for your sake——"

"They will say that I am taking you from the good God."

"Yes," John said, with a sigh. "Oh, I know how splendid it is to be a priest—it's glorious, but I can't! I can't!"

"The woman's spell is on him, and he's lost!" muttered Sullivan. "I *say* he's lost! I can hear it in his own voice. But, God of heaven, he *shall* be a priest, even if he looks back at her from the very foot of the altar!"

He hastily passed the pair, not

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It was a sight for sore eyes to see Tim Sullivan.

trusting himself to look at the lad—his son—whom at the moment he hated madly. A little farther westward a warm, big hand grasped his shoulder.

"Sullivan—by the holy poker!"

"Brosnahan!"

"It's me! My son just telephoned that he is having a bite with some of the young boys that are bound for Pittsburg. And we're both in the same boat, Sullivan—Mike's made up his mind to be a priest. It'll cost money, I guess, but I've got it—and, for old friendship's sake, Tim, if you're at all tight in cash, call on me——"

Sullivan shivered. There was, for an instant, murder in his heart.

"For old friendship's sake," he said, hoarsely, "let's go and take a drink."

Brosnahan clapped him on the shoulder again.

"It's been a long time between drinks," he laughed. "Come!"

The bartender officiating in front of the big mirror draped with green and pink gauze said that that it was a sight for sore eyes to see Tim Sullivan throwing down four fingers of whiskey over and over again without a whimper.

The mother and son waited until midnight; and later, Catherine came into her boy's room in the darkness and told John that his father had come home sick.

She went down into the back room, and held the candle over the swollen eyelids of her husband. They did not move. He sprawled upon the cherished chenille-covered lounge, inert, helpless, filling the air with the odor of alcohol.

"Nothing *you* can do can ever hurt me

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now," she said, feeling as if this man were far away from her. "I have *him* now; he is all mine and God's!"

She recalled only the sufferings of her married life, as she stood there, half contemptuous, half pitying.

"*He* can never be like *this*—his face can never look like *this!* The grace of the priesthood is already about him."

Sullivan stole off to early mass in the morning; and then he waited at a distance until he saw Catherine, in her best lawn gown and purple and black hat, pass with John to high mass. John had grown, he could see that. The boy's loose blue coat set well on a pair of shoulders as broad as his; and with pride Sullivan noticed that his son was at least an inch or two taller than his father.

"Priest or no priest," he thought, "Brosnahan's boy will never equal him in looks. Priest! It's not in the Brosnahan blood to be a priest; a Connaught braggart—that's what Brosnahan is! It's a heavy heart Catherine carries the day, in spite of her proud walk, but it will be heavier when she finds out—but she'll never find it out. I'll make a priest of him, in spite of all hell!"

Catherine *was* heavy-hearted; but as she glanced at the lad beside her, stalwart, noble-looking, with all the attributes of strength and youth, her thoughts warmed toward his father. At least, he had given her this beautiful being!

The morning light filled the church; the candles on the high altar glowed among the banks of the white and blue iris. Magnolias from the Jersey swamps cast clouds of perfume from the altar of the Sacred Heart at the side, where a red lamp burned. The priest, in his golden chasuble, appeared, preceded by a flock of acolytes in red cassocks and white surplices. Catherine felt that she loved every one of these little lads, from the bullet-headed two with chubby cheeks, no higher than the altar rail, to the haughty persons—the Dillon twins—destined to kneel upon the steps of the altar and to serve the mass. The Sullivan pew was well in front, to the left of the middle aisle, and Catherine did not see Rose Risoli, in a white chiffon hat, with glowing crimson roses, in a pew near the door.

"Lord have mercy on us! Christ have mercy on us!" sang the voices grouped about the organ, high up at the back—"*Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!*"—those Greek words that prelude the sacrifice Catherine applied to her husband, beseeching the Lord passionately for him, steeped this morning in mortal sin; but when the "Gloria" came, and at the "Sanctus" she was mystically exalted; and when the celebrant raised the golden chalice and the music was hushed and the glowing figure of the priest was veiled in incense, she felt for an instant that she could understand the humble joy of the blessed among women; she, too, had a son who would go to his Father pure, undefiled! And as she glanced at the boy by her side tears fell upon the words in her prayer-book, "Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord! *Hosanna in excelsis!*"

John saw the tears; the poem of the mass uplifted him; the cry, "Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sins of the world, Give us peace!" touched him to the core. What, after all, was the mysterious bond that drew him, like a flower-chain, to Rose? Here was something more mystic, stronger, the wonderful priest touching heaven itself! His own eyes became moist and a strange hunger filled his heart. Let the world pass; he was called and chosen! A great burst of thrilling music sounded, and the mass was over.

As the mother and son went down the aisle Catherine caught sight of Rose, palpitating with youth and color; the girl's eyes dropped over her white rosary.

"Sure, what is the like of her doing here?" Catherine whispered. "Why doesn't she go to the I-talian church?"

"Mother!" remonstrated her son, offering the holy water.

"Oh," said Catherine, with a laugh, as the church steps were reached, "you take a priest's point of view; it's only the laity that make a difference—dagoes or not dagoes, they're all Christians to *you!*"

Sullivan was lying on the lounge in the "back room"; he shook hands with his son, but did not kiss him—the Sullivans were, as a rule, not effusive. The father and son were together while the mother looked after the roasting beef in the kitchen. The father averted his eyes and listened to accounts of college life with an interest that he tried hard to conceal.

"You'll be getting ready for the seminary examination, I guess?" the father said at

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Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

"Sure, what is the like of her doing here?" Catherine whispered.—Page 94.

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last, with a note of irony in his voice. After all, the boy was his son, priest or no priest. And he was more like him than Catherine. Catherine was good—too good, or she wouldn't have looked at him, as she came in, as if he were an habitual drunkard. Perhaps, if John hadn't been so much like him, the boy would never have looked at that dago girl. But, if that fool, Brosnahan's son, could be a priest, *his* son, after all the money spent on him, *must* be a priest! "You and young Brosnahan will be after going up for the examination at the same time?"

John laughed somewhat uneasily.

"Mike Brosnahan will never be a priest, father—never! It's a joke he played on his father over the telephone. He told me about it. Why, he's going to marry Maggie Fay!"

"The widow Fay's daughter?"

"The pretty one."

"It's not much of a match," thought Sullivan. "Giovanni Risoli's daughter, countin' in her aunt's Atlantic City Hotel and the rows of houses downtown, is a better match." So Brosnahan's son wasn't going to be a priest!

"John," he said, suddenly, "I could have killed you last night, before—before—never mind what!" he kept his face to the wall. "I've made up my mind that man's weak. If a strong man like me, with a wife like your mother, can't stand against drink, after years and years, I've no call to blame you for fallin' in love with a nice slip of a girl, though she's an I-talian."

John looked at his father in amazement, his color rising. There was a pause, then he stammered.

"Father Becker doesn't think I have a vocation——" he began.

"Tell your mother *that!* The Holy Ghost Himself couldn't convince her that she hasn't brought into the world a wonder—when you're only a man—a lad of a man—like your father!"

"Poor mother!" murmured John. "Oh, poor mother!"

"Oh, she'll love you, all the same," Sullivan said, with a gleam of humor in his eyes, "but she'll never forgive—the other woman! We're weak—weak as wather—and I'm not sure," he added, with some bitterness and a reminiscent headache, "that I'd like to have a son as good as Catherine, though she'd be all right as a daughter. The sooner you tell her—though I don't envy you, my boy—the sooner she'll forget—no mather what!"

"You're the best man that the Lord ever made!" —Page 97.

John's face was crimson. At that moment he could not understand; later, when he was ten years older, he understood.

"And you're not angry, father. I don't suppose Rose can ever be quite as good as mother, but you know you've often told me how you met mother coming from her aunt's and how happy——"

"Don't be after comparin' your mother with the daughter of a dago," whispered his father sternly. "But I know what the spell of a woman is when it's cast over one of us, boy or man! You'd better be a good father nor a bad priest!"

"Father Becker says," spoke John, as his father turned toward him, "that the Church was made for man and not man for the Church, and that a—a——" he hesitated and blushed, "a husband and father—like you, you know—does his duty as fully as any bishop."

Sullivan laughed softly, and took the slim brown hand of his son into his red, strong clasp.

"Priests may say that; but the women,

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in their hearts, don't believe it; they never will, Johneen. You'll be gettin' down to work as soon as you can, and I'll do what *I* can for you—but don't be forgettin' all the Latin I have paid for. And, my boy, don't *tell* her when I'm around, for the love of heaven!"

The table was spread in the kitchen, and John, as a future ecclesiastic, asked to say grace. This had hitherto been his father's prerogative, but Sullivan endured his declension philosophically.

After the lemon meringue pie—Catherine's Sunday *chef d'œuvre*—had been consumed in silence, except for John's occasional discourse, which his mother listened to with delight, Sullivan went out ostentatiously. The silence of the warm Sunday afternoon settled on the house. Mother and son went into the parlor, gay with green and red plush and elaborate lace curtains. They had still much to say. Sullivan was far away from her to-day—of the past—almost a necessary evil. The mother and son each sat at a lace-draped window looking on the street. John wanted to talk of Rose, but it became more and more difficult, and more and more he felt as if he were a liar.

Two girlish figures passed by just as the Vesper bells began to ring. They were in white, with red parasols, and one wore a hat with crimson flowers.

"Rose!" he said, forgetting.

"Rose?" said his mother wonderingly.

"Ah, yes, mother."

There was something in his voice that enlightened her.

"Go to your—Rose!" she said bitterly. "Go! Turn your back on God, as your father has done!"

He did not move; her voice cut his heart; it seemed as if she were no longer his mother. She left him.

"Tim, O Tim—O Tim!" she wailed, when Sullivan came home in the twilight. "He's gone to see *her!* I've only you—only *you* in the world—you're the best man that the Lord ever made!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, my *colleen*," returned Sullivan cheerfully. "Not the *best*. So he's told you that he wants to marry Miss Rosey? It's all right. Mike Brosnahan, to make amends for no matter what, is going to set Johneen up in business with his son—and, in time, *acushla*, you'll have a grandson."

Catherine became cold at once.

"Don't talk that way! What will be the good of a grandson that'll be the child of another woman?"

And she wept until she could weep no more.

GLASGOW

By Frederic C. Howe

THE glory of Glasgow's government is not an American myth. It is a concrete reality, even to the ha'penny man on the tram. "We have the best city in the kingdom, probably in the world, sir," a casual neighbor on top of one of Glasgow's tram-cars said to me. That sounded like Pittsburg, like Chicago, or like the boastfulness of the American Far West. But it wasn't the same thing. "You seem to be proud of your city," I suggested invitingly. "Of course I am," my friend responded. "Glasgow sells me gas at two shillings a thousand, it gives me telephone service at little more than half what it used to cost from a private company; it sells me water and electricity, and does a lot of other things. As for the Glasgow trams, they beat the world." "And the tax rate?" I inquired. "Is very low," was the reply.

We passed a bowling-green, smooth as a billiard-table. "The city has just opened those greens," said my informant, and pointing to a group of workingmen, he added: "Any one of those men could tell you the things I am telling you; they know all about our tram system; they have a fair idea of what the system earns, and what it costs to carry them. They'll tell you whether the profits should be used to reduce fares or to

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pay off the tramway debt. They regard the trams, the gas, the water, the electricity, as their business. A councilman has got to attend to the business of those men. If he doesn't, they 'heckle' the life out of him."

That's what the man on the street says about his Glasgow. That's what the poor unfortunate, living in a two-room tenement says. That's what the merchant, the manufacturer, the big business man says. They talk Glasgow all the time. Edinburgh says this is vulgar. Edinburgh says it is undignified. At all events, it's the Glaswegian way.

Even at the club I found it. I was introduced to a knot of sandy-haired business men. They were deep in talk. I heard the phrases business men conjure with in America. I heard of tramways, of gas, of electricity, and of telephones. And especially of some big corporation in which they all seemed to be interested. One of the men was a ship-owner, another was a large merchant, another an editor—all were men of eminence.

The talk turned to parks, to housing schemes, to symphony concerts, to a Whistler portrait in a local art gallery. The corporation so absorbing to them all turned out to be the corporation of Glasgow, the biggest corporation in Scotland. The tramways, the gas, the electricity, the symphony concerts, the Whistler purchase—all were parts of this Glasgow. These men were discussing economies not parties; policies, not politics—and they did it as if it were their own business.

I went out to the sewage disposal works at Dalmuir. An old employee took me in tow. He explained how the sewage was collected; how it was separated by chemical treatment, how the water was purified before being poured into the River Clyde. It was so pure, he said, that it was fit to drink. He offered me a glassful, but I told him I wasn't feeling thirsty just at that moment. So he drank it himself. He told me how much the city received from the sale of the sludge as fertilizer. He explained the process as a gardener might describe the cultivation of some rare flower he had given his life to producing. The man had been in the city employ a long time. There was little dignity, and less pay, about his position. But he was a citizen of no mean city, and he was proud of his job. He was loath to let me leave him and his cesspool. It was all so important to him, he felt it must be equally important to the rest of the world.

Enthusiasm and interest, devotion and pride—these are the characteristics of Glasgow citizenship. I have talked with the heads of the city departments, with a score of town councillors, with police and fire officials, with clerks, bath-house custodians, and conductors on the tram-cars—with all sorts of men, Tories and Liberals, Radicals and Socialists, from the Lord Provost down to the cab-driver. And this is the only citizenship I have been able to find.

Graft? Yes, I found some talk of graft. The Glaswegian doesn't call it that. He doesn't know the word. But here and there a man would shake his head and say: "The council isn't what it used to be." "It rather amazes me," said a newspaper editor, "to read what you Americans are always saying about us. Of course though, I am a pessimist, but I cannot help feeling that the outlook here isn't very good. The make-up of the council is changing. No, I have no personal knowledge of corruption, but there are men who have. I'll give you a note to a former councilman," mentioning a prominent business man; "he knows all about the way things are going down in the council chamber."

It was true, then, this that I had so often heard in America—that no city could go in for such extensive business as Glasgow had undertaken without corruption; that public ownership was bound to demoralize a city. And here it was. Had even Glasgow nothing to teach America? For that was what I was looking for, lessons in city administration.

I called on one of Glasgow's most distinguished citizens. He had been in the council fifteen years, and had but recently retired. He, too, was inclined to send me away with the indefinite remark that the council was not what it once was; that there were two or three aldermen who had no visible means of support; mere adventurers, he called them, who were making use of their positions in questionable ways.

"Let me see," I inquired, remembering Chicago, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. "You have no street-railway, gas, or electricity franchises to give away; no contracts to light the streets, for you do all these things yourselves. You have abolished the contractor, and do all of your own work. You

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have no franchises, grants, or privileges, have you?"

"Oh, nothing of that kind, if that's what you mean by graft," he promptly replied.

This was mystifying. Here was corruption, but corruption without cause, for there was no one to tempt the official. And men do not bribe themselves. When pressed to be more definite, he said: "Well, there's Bailee so and so," mentioning a member of the council. "He was sitting in license court some years ago, and one evening he found on his desk an envelope containing fifty pounds. It was from a public-house keeper (saloon-keeper) who wanted a license." "That was bad," I suggested. "Was the magistrate prosecuted?" "Of course not," came the indignant protest. "He didn't keep the money. He made the matter known at once, and the applicant was arrested. And, of course, he didn't get his license."

I professed the proper amount of horror, and asked, "Any other instances of graft?" "Well, that was a number of years ago. There was another case of the same kind, but it wasn't so bad as that, and we couldn't prove anything. But," he continued, "the trade is very active in politics. The liquor interests are said to have backed one or two men for the council, men who have no business or profession, and who simply live by their wits."

Undoubtedly "the trade" is active in politics. The council names fourteen of its members as magistrates in the police court. They determine what licenses shall be granted, and what refused. There is evidence that the trade has organized for protection. It is certain that it aided in defeating Sir Samuel Chisholm, one of the most distinguished councilman the city ever had. He had made himself obnoxious by a crusade against the traffic. Sir Samuel is a prominent wholesale merchant. After having been in the town council for half a generation, he became Lord Provost, the highest distinction in the community. As Lord Provost, he urged the clearing of some disreputable slums and the erection of model dwelling-houses for the poor. This would have involved an increase in the tax-rate. The more parsimonious among the taxpayers combined with the trade and put up a clever young man (an evangelistic street speaker) and returned him to the council against Sir Samuel. They now speak of their representative as an "adventurer," a socialist. Yet they concede that he never neglects his duties, and is a dangerous antagonist. And all admit his cleverness and power

That's as far as graft goes in Glasgow. The city is not menaced by any special privileges. It is a government of the taxpayers, for the taxpayers, by the taxpayers. For only taxpayers vote. I never knew a city that hated taxes as much as does Glasgow, and talked so everlastingly about the rates. Any measure involving taxation, even for the relief of the poor, and the poor of Glasgow are terribly poor, indeed, has to pass a jealous scrutiny. Away back in the sixties, the ratepayers defeated Lord-Provost Blackie, who had promoted the splendid clearance schemes for the destruction of the city's worst slums. Glasgow is a taxpayers' administration. I fancy it was these same taxpayers who took over the various undertakings of which the city is so proud. With Scotch thrift, they hated to see the profits go into private pockets.

But I was not through with graft. I had read in the London *Times* that the increasing army of municipal employees was a menace to British institutions. I knew something of the spoils system in America; knew that most people who feared municipal ownership, feared it because of this fact. And here in Glasgow there are 15,000 men in the city's employ. One-tenth of all the voters are on the pay-rolls. Here was the only possible source of corruption. For nobody even suggested that the city had been sold out to the trade or that the so-called "adventurers" in the council had ever sacrificed the city for their own advantage. I had been told by a prominent citizen that the employees in the gas department had once organized and threatened to put the city in darkness if their wages were not raised. Here was something real, something I could verify. This was something ominous, for all of our cities are adding to their activities and taking on new burdens which involve an increasing number of employees. I went to Mr. James Dalrymple, the manager of the tramways, which the Glasgow people say are the best in the world. The department employs 4,400 men. I asked Mr. Dalrymple if his men were in politics; if their unions had ever endeavored to in-

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fluence the council, or had tried to coerce the city. "Never within my knowledge," he said. "The city is the best union they can have, for the city pays good wages, better than the private company did. The city gives the men a nine-hour day; it provides them with free uniforms; they have five days' holiday a year on pay, and get sick benefits when off duty. They do not need any union, although the city would not mind it if they did organize. There were one or two instances of protest over piece-work, but we told the men they could work as they pleased. There has never been a strike, and never since the department was opened in 1894, have they attempted to influence the election of a councilman."

But the trouble had been in the gas department. So I went to the gas manager. I asked him about the strike, asked him what had happened when the men threatened to close the works and blackmail the city into submission. The strike turned out to have been the reverse of serious. Some years before an effort had been made to organize the workers into a union. A handful of men left work without giving notice, as they are required to do by law. They were promptly discharged, and later prosecuted for leaving the works. There had been no danger that the plant would close down. This was the extent of this incident. It was as far as any of the 15,000 employees have ever gone in controlling the council. From time to time I heard references to this danger from others, but of councilmanic influence or attempted coercion I never heard of a single serious instance in all England. Nor has the spoils system a place here. They do not know what the spoils system means, although England has no civil service laws. Each man runs his department as he would a business. He picks out the best man he can find; the city pays good wages and the employee remains as long as his service is satisfactory.

This ended my pursuit of graft. I did ask the Lord Provost, who has been in the council for twenty years, about it. "There is none," he said. "Any man who gave color to the suspicion that he was dishonest, that he was interested in a city contract, that he even sought to make a place for a relative or a friend, would be treated as a pariah. He would be ostracised both in the council and out of it."

THE LORD PROVOST

The Lord Provost is the head of the city. He is as like our mayor as anything they have, and as near a boss as anything I found —only he is neither. He has no offices to fill; no veto messages to write; no party to lead; no boss to serve; no salary to enjoy; no honors or emoluments to bestow. He is a titular dignitary, the first among equals. That is all. He is elected as a councilman by his ward, and then chosen mayor by the council over whose meetings he presides. He is an *ex-officio* member of all committees and his influence on legislation and the life of the city depends upon his character, not upon his legal powers. He represents the city on official occasions, receives the King and distinguished guests. No man can accept the position unless he can afford to neglect his business for three years' time and spend a considerable sum of money in maintaining the dignity of the office. The office is one of expense, not of income. Despite his lack of legal authority, the Lord Provost exerts great influence on administration. He is the busiest man in the city. His daily programme is as full as that of a débutante at her first ball. At the Town Hall by ten, the morning is filled with correspondence and the sessions of committees. Then an official luncheon. Later, perhaps, a meeting of the council, over which he presides, with frequent interruptions to attend some public gathering. In the evening a dinner, some notable gathering, a congress or fair to be opened with a speech. Later another address, possibly before some working men's organization. To these demands are added various duties which fall upon him *ex-officio*, not to speak of the arbitrament of labor disputes, the representation of the city's interests before parliament, and a host of other claims all equally insistant.

What are the returns for all this sacrifice? When the Lord Provost retires from office the city has his portrait painted and hangs it in the Municipal Art Galley. It also places an official coach and pair at his disposal. His other returns? Well, they are certainly not of a financial sort. One of them is the order of knighthood, which is usually bestowed by the King. I asked the present Lord Provost about these things. I had seen the portraits of his predecessors in the art gallery—all fine-looking men, clad in pur-

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ple robes and ermine with massive gold emblems about their necks. So I did not recognize as the Lord Provost the alert, breezy, business man who dashed into his office like a railway magnate eager for the day's mail. While waiting in the anteroom, I had learned something about the present incumbent, Sir John Ure Primrose. He is a wealthy miller and has been in the council for twenty years. During that time he has never had a contest for his seat. For these people keep a man in office as long as he is satisfactory. They do not care whether he is a Conservative or a Liberal. He may be a Labor candidate or a Socialist. All his constituents ask is that he be a good councilman. He must be that. There is no party nomination, no party ticket, no platform—only the man himself. There are ward committees—of a purely voluntary sort—which look after local interests. Two voters with six seconders can place any man in nomination. The candidate has no assessments to pay, no expenses to incur, no party to subscribe to, no boss to bow to, no machine to placate. In America the politicians tell us we must have parties in order to have responsible government. The American official is made responsible to his party, which is his boss. With us the party is a fetich. The Glasgow alderman is responsible to the most exacting of masters, the people. There is the difference. But if he serves them well, he may remain as long as he likes. Of the seventy-five elected members now in the council, more than one-third have been there for at least ten years, eighteen have been in office for at least fourteen years, while four have served their wards for over twenty years. Like a member of Parliament, the alderman need not live in the ward he represents. In fact, not more than one-third of them do. And about one-half never have any contests for their seats.

The election is as simple as the nomination. The ticket before the voter contains only the names of the councilmanic nominees. The issue is clear. It is not confused by national questions. It is not obscured by a big blanket ballot containing possibly a hundred names. There are no party emblems. Only the simple question of whether one man or another shall be the people's director in the people's corporation.

Here is pure democracy, the simplest that could be devised. Nominations and elections by the people directly and so simply arranged that the issue cannot be evaded, cannot be confused. There is no boss, no machine, no party, nothing between the people and their servant. When a ward is contested, however, the campaign is as hot as if a seat in Parliament were at stake, and the candidate has to submit to a harassing "heckling" from the voters as to his position on local questions. In this art the Scotch are masters. It is a body so chosen that every three years elects from out its number its most distinguished member, the Lord Provost.

The present Lord Provost is a product of this local democracy. He happens to be a Conservative. His predecessor, Sir Samuel Chisholm, was a distinguished Liberal. Both were chosen without any change in the political color of the council. I asked the Lord Provost why he gave up his time and business the way he did for the city.*

"It's in the blood," he said. "I had an uncle who was Lord Provost before me. I was influenced by his example. As far back as I can remember I was hoping to be Lord Provost. Even as a lad I conceived the ambition to follow in the footsteps of my uncle, John Ure. Even as a school-boy I made a study of extempore speaking, keeping before me this ideal of public life. I was the oldest of a family of twelve, and necessarily went into business as a young man. At the age of thirty, I entered public life, being elected to the council of the Borough of Goven. Later I was elected to the council of Glasgow, where I have served the city ever since."

"What was this boyish ambition?" I asked.

"It was an ambition to make the city a little better before I die."

"Wouldn't you rather be an M. P.?"

"Decidedly not. A member of Parliament is but part of a machine. The work in the town council is creative. A man sees his work grow before his eyes."

"Is there any connection between the public spirit of men like you and the public undertakings, such as the trams, gas, water, electricity, and telephones, which the city carries on for its people?" I asked.

*Sir John Ure Primrose retired in November last on the expiration of his term. He was succeeded by a Liberal William Bilsland, who, in addition, is a leading advocate of the Taxation of Land Values, as the Single-Taxer is called in Scotland.

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"Decidedly. A new ardor of citizenship came in about 1894, the time when the city went in for the tramway undertaking and a lot of other things. When the city thus proved its interest in the people, the people responded by showing an increased interest in the city. It's the ambition of every citizen to serve in the council. Every interest is represented there—business, professional, and even the laboring man. We have some men of wealth who would not run for the council. They are afraid to rub shoulders with the laboring man. In a general way, Glasgow has the civic spirit of the mediæval Italian cities, though in a less perfervid and cultured form."

"Have you any socialists in the council?"

"Yes; but socialists aren't so bad. Even their dreams are honest dreams. But they are not political socialists there, for we have no politics in the council. The Conservative, the Liberal, the Radical, and the Socialist all work together for the city's good."

"You people have taken over the water, gas, electricity, tramways, and telephone. Is there any opposition to these undertakings in the city?"

"The gas and water were before my time. We took over the trams only after a long fight. The old private company that had a franchise gave us wretched service, were very arrogant, while the condition of their employees was not very good. In 1894 their franchise expired, and the council decided to take the business over. We reduced the fares, increased the length of the rides, nearly trebled the mileage, and now it yields a splendid revenue. There is nobody in the city who would think of going back to private ownership. We took over the electricity in 1902, and the telephones about the same time."

"Where is this policy going to stop?" I inquired.

"I hold that everything that is in its essence a monopoly, and is essential to the well-being of every citizen of every degree, should be owned by the community. These things are the universal necessities; they are the things people cannot live without. Then, too, they are monopolies. Every man uses water and gas; everyone rides on a tramway. These things lie at the heart and well-being of every citizen of the community. I don't believe in going too fast, however. I don't believe in three volcanoes at once. I believe in evolution—which means that each undertaking should be perfected before the next one is begun. We must keep the confidence of the citizens. The corporation must never make a mistake. The telephone is not a universal necessity. That is the reason I opposed the city going in for it. We can live without it. Besides, its destiny is national, not local."

THE TOWN COUNCIL

That was all very well, I thought, but we have some good mayors in America. We have men of proved honesty, men of capacity, men of disinterested service. And in recent years we have had mayors with big ideals, men like Tom Johnson in Cleveland, like Hazen S. Pingree in Detroit, like Edward F. Dunne in Chicago, like Seth Low in New York, like Sam Jones and Brand Whitlock in Toledo. So there was nothing either startling or new about a good mayor. But our councils are bad, almost all of them. And here the council chooses the Lord provost. I had to know the council, so I went to the council chamber.

It was a massive room like the Senate Chamber at Washington; it was a chamber fitted to a city that thought well of itself. The council had dignity, but a dignity with all the ardor of the House of Representatives. The Lord Provost sat in a throne-like chair. About him were those who had elected him and those who will elect his successor when he retires from office.

I was not alone as a visitor. The Postmaster-General of Canada, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Mayor of Frankfort, Germany, a delegation from Belgium, visitors from South Africa, and three or four others from America were there observing this little republic at work. For the fame of Glasgow seems as wide as the world. And the representatives of the world's cities met there in cordial fraternity to learn of one another's experiments. This was the tenor of the addresses. Not war and jealousy, but friendship and hospitality.

They said it was a quiet day. The council was passing on the accounts of the tramway, gas, police, and cleansing committees. It was their annual report to the directors and stockholders of this big corporation. The council committees and their managers were justifying their stewardship. It would

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have been a bad day for a delinquent, had there been any. It was a hard-headed, blunt crowd that listened to the reports. They dispatched the business of the day with a thoroughness and a knowledge of details that suggested the Supreme Court of the United States sitting in judgment. They indulged in little rhetoric and less praise. Their candor seemed almost brutal. There were ship-builders and ship-owners, big merchants and professional men. There were a dozen labor representatives. Some of them were socialists. Here I fancied I saw the beginnings of a party. It was not organized as such, but its programme was evident in all the discussions. It was Scotch thrift and humanity, the big ratepayer and the wage-earner, that lined up in a parliamentary struggle over the division of the surplus of the tramways undertaking. Should the profits go to the sinking fund, depreciation, and a big reserve, or should the rates of fare be reduced and the haul for a ha'penny lengthened? The former policy always won—for Glasgow is before all else a city of thrift, of caution, of prudence. It delights in a big profit account. No board of directors ever protected their investments more surely from disaster. To be rid of the tramway debt seemed the consuming ambition. I have never heard more intelligent discussion of the principles that should underlie public or private business than I heard from these men, the majority of whom had struggled up from humble beginnings. Many of them were small tradesmen, bakers, butchers, hatters; but they knew finance. Hugh Alexander, the chairman of the tramways committee, led the debate. He once said in the council that he had been educated on three books: "Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Boston's "Fourfold State," and Harvey's "Meditations Among the Tombs." And he discussed the obligations of the council to its enterprises with the same seriousness that he might have talked of predestination or free will. Bailee Anderson, who hates the publican, also took a hand. He had once taken one of his employees and given him a thorough beating in his shop because of his habit of getting drunk. And he handled the city business with the same dour severity.

Of such stuff are the directors of the corporation of Glasgow. These are her captains of municipal industry. It is such men who have sent the glory of her efficiency to the ends of the earth. Fourteen of the seventy-seven are bailees chosen by the council. In addition to their other duties, they sit as police-court magistrates, and dispense justice from two to four hours a day. Some are on as many as nine committees. All of them serve on five or six. Many of them are engaged on public business all day long. • Here was a town council without corruption—at least we would smile at such irregularities as disturb the Glaswegian; a council which knows no party politics and elected a Conservative to succeed a Liberal as Lord Provost without a change in its political complexion. Here, too, was a city which knows no boss but itself; which takes the merit system as a matter of course, and without any law enforcing it; a city which keeps its officials in office as long as they will stay or as long as they serve the convictions of their constituents; a city which makes its enterprises pay, and pay big, and watches its finances as prudently as the most conservative banking-house; a city in which it is the ambition of every citizen to serve without pay and without return save in the approval of his fellows.

Here, too, is a city which knows no favor, no friendship, no politics, in the choice of its servants. "Wanted, a Town Clerk. The Corporation of Glasgow," so the newspaper advertisement runs, "invites applications for the office of Town Clerk, which is about to become vacant. The salary will be $10,000 a year." Here was the most important salaried office within the gift of the council, an office which combines the duties of the city solicitor as well as all the clerical duties of the city, hunting for the man, much as a German city looks for a lord mayor, or an American college or church searches for a president or a minister. The corporation was offering its most influential post to the candidate from all Great Britain best qualified to fill it.

Here, too, is a city in which all citizens are united demanding efficient service and securing it; a city in which the privileged few who own the franchise corporations in America and the unprivileged many who are seeking a job are united with the city rather than against it. For Glasgow offers no franchises whose values run into the millions as a tempting treasure to gamble for. There are no privileges to corrupt the

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council; no big financial interests to unite the rich and influential, the press and the bar, the club and the church on one side, and leave democracy untaught and unled blindly to carry on the burdens of self-government. This absence of privilege frees the best talent of the city; it unites its purse with its patriotism. It is this absence of class interest that binds and fuses the whole people into one ambition—an honest city, an economical city, a serviceable city. And they get it, too. The city's properties are worth $95,000,000, and the annual revenues from reproductive undertakings alone, exceed $15,000,000. All these enterprises are handled with the most scrupulous honesty. None of their earnings sticks in the hands of contractors, aldermen, or clerks on its way to the city treasury. Such a thing as official corrruption is almost unknown.

A city with such a citizenship would have gotten good government under any charter. So it was not the form of government that explained it all, although the method of choosing the council makes it very easy to secure good men. Nor is it home rule. For the British city is more dependent upon Parliament than the American city is upon the State legislature. Parliament is most exacting in its control and supervision of the city. Special permission has to be got at Westminster to enter any industry, to build tram lines, to lay water or gas mains, to borrow for any improvement. Parliament determines the amount which must be laid aside in a sinking fund for all undertakings. Its finances and its activities are only determined by the people after Parliament has given its consent, and it took five years of unremmitting effort to secure permission to run the telephones. The absence of the spoils system offers some explanation. Only it is a result, not a cause, for there is no act of Parliament making the merit system compulsory.

THE PEOPLE

The explanation of Glasgow is deeper down than the form of the charter, deeper than the merit system, deeper than the method of electing councilmen by popular nominations—important as these things are. It is deeper than the Scotch character, thrifty, prudent, and careful though it is. I fancied it *was* the Scotch character, despite conditions in Pittsburg, the most thoroughly Scotch, as it is among the worst of American cities. So I went to Edinburgh, the most beautiful of all British cities, as it is the centre of the culture, literature, and traditions of Scotland. Here one should find the Scotchman at his best. I went to the Town Hall. The Lord Provost and the town clerk were away. I wanted to see the council. It would not meet for several weeks. It seldom met oftener than once every three weeks. I looked into its enterprises. "We don't go in for such things as Glasgow does," said an official. "We lease our tramways to a private company. The gas and water are in the hands of a parliamentary commission. The members of our council are too busy with their own affairs to devote much time to the city." Glasgow, I found, was in disfavor. Its thrift and enterprise were undignified—almost vulgar in the minds of the Scotchman of the capital city.

So I returned to Glasgow, to the man on the trams, to the business man in the club, to the tradesman in his shop. For I had come to believe that it is the people that explain the official, that it is they who control the administration. We have seen that fact in Cleveland, where the people have achieved efficient government; we have seen it in Chicago, where, if the people have not good government, they at least have aspiring administration; we have seen it in Philadelphia—which is a people in eruption.

So I went to the people and listened to their talk of Glasgow. But it was not Glasgow so much as it was the trams, the gas, the telephones, the parks, the bowling-greens, the baths, the concerts, the splendid sewage works, and the everlasting rates. It was the Alderman So-and-so, and his speech at the last council. It was Scott Gibson and his condemnation of his fellow-members for voting a few pounds out of the treasury for some dinner or other. It was a longer ride on the trams for a cent. For the man on the street knows about these things. It is this that keeps him alert. He is a good citizen because it is his city; it gives him more for his money than anyone else, and it gives him many things.

THE CITY'S ENTERPRISES

So I came to believe that the Glaswegian loves his Glasgow, as his forbears loved their Highlands, because Glasgow loves its people.

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"We don't compare our tramways with Manchester or Liverpool," one of them said to me. "We have the best system in the United Kingdom." I think that is true. I have ridden on most of them, and the Glasgow system seems to me the best of them all The service is as frequent as could be asked, and you get a seat for a fare. You get it on top of the cars if you want a smoke, and the cars go everywhere. They are cleaned and disinfected every night; they are bright as fresh paint can keep them; they have no advertisements on them; they are easy riding and are laid on concrete foundations with grooved rails, which offer no obstruction to other traffic. The conductors are courteous—they have to be. They have 1,000,000 critics; all watching them.

I went again to see Mr. James Dalrymple, the general manager of the street-railway system. He had been recently promoted to the position from that of head bookkeeper. The chief, Mr. James Young, had resigned, and his first and second assistants had been called to other towns. The managers of the British tramways are not often engineers. They are business men whose duties are those of administration. They are not electrical experts. Mr. Dalrymple had just returned from America, where he had gone in response to a request from Mayor Dunne of Chicago. He did not tell me his impressions of America, or express an opinion of our ability to manage municipal enterprises. He did say that he had made a study of the street-railway systems in America, and had been entertained by the managers in all of the leading cities. And their opinion of municipal ownership and American politics we all know. But Mr. Dalrymple is a Scotchman. He could not be that and not be convinced that no other people in the world can do what Glasgow has done. That's Scotch nature. They feel that way even toward England. It's human nature, too, for haven't we been sending men to Glasgow for years to learn how that city does things?

For Glasgow has made good on her tramways. A private company ran the system from 1871 to 1894.

But the service was bad, and the treatment of the employees intolerable. The people protested. They tried to regulate the abuses. The company was arrogant; for what could the city do about it? Then Glasgow awoke. A campaign for municipal ownership was started. Two elections were fought over this issue. In 1892 the city decided to take over the operation. This was done two years later.

The private company predicted failure, said the city would go bankrupt. So they refused to sell the council their cars, because they expected the system to come back to them in a short time.

The first thing the city did was to reduce the hours and increase the wages of the employees. Then free uniforms were added, along with five days' holiday each year on pay. This increased consideration for the employees now costs the department something like $500,000 a year. The council did not stop here. Hauls were lengthened and fares cut down 33 per cent. To-day one may ride a half-mile for a cent; two and one-third miles for two cents; and three and a half miles for three cents. For fares are arranged on the zone system. You pay for what you get. The main thing is, what does the average rider pay? In 1905 it was 1.89 cents, while the average fare charged per mile was nine-tenths of a cent. Of the 195,000,000 passengers carried, 30 per cent. paid but one cent, 60 per cent. but two cents, and only 10 per cent. of the total number carried paid more than the latter sum. All fares in excess of two cents might be abolished and the earnings would hardly show it.

And the cost to the city for carrying the average passenger (not including interest charges) was just under one cent in 1905. An examination of the earnings and expenses shows that the Glasgow tramways could pay all operating expenses, could maintain the system, could pay local taxes the same as a private company, and still carry passengers at a universal fare of one cent. It could do this, and make money. On the basis of last year's earnings it would make about $75,000, even if there was no increase in traffic. For the operating expenses and maintenance charge in 1905 were $1,884,150. If the 195,767,519 passengers carried had paid one cent each, the earnings would have been $1,957,675.

But there would be an increase in traffic. Glasgow proved that in 1894 when it reduced its fares by 33 per cent. In three years' time the number of passengers carried doubled; by 1905 the number had more

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than thribbled. This was accompanied by a great increase in the mileage of the system, as well as the electro equipment of the lines. But all over England they say it's cheap fares and good service that make municipal dividends on the tramways. The chief complaint in Glasgow is that the tramways make too much money. The man who rides protests mildly that his fare should be still further reduced, or the length of his ride extended.

During the first eleven months after opening the system in 1894 it earned as a horse line, over and above operating expenses, the sum of $208,525. Since that time the growth has been tremendous. The system was opened with 63 miles of track. It now has 147. The gross earnings were $1,066,187 in 1895. In 1905 they were $3,721,854. During the same period the number of passengers carried increased from 57,104,647 to 195,767,519. The council is almost embarrassed to find proper means to dispose of the profits. In 1905 the system paid working expenses, put $334,036 into maintenance and repairs, and paid $188,731 in local taxes. There still remained $1,837,704 as net profits. This was equivalent to a dividend of 12.3 per cent. on the total capital investment in the plant, and 20 per cent. on the present outstanding indebtedness.

That is why the man on the tram complains. He says the council is not only making him pay for his ride, but also pay for the plant, by charging twice as much as it costs to carry him. He thinks it unfair to compel this generation to make a present of the enterprise free from debt to the next one. He points to the fact that the system is worth $14,965,305. In eleven years' time the debt has been reduced to $8,835,939, while $762,873 additional has been paid into the "common good" as well as a like sum in taxes. At this rate, the plant will be free from indebtedness in less than ten years' time.

The council replies by saying: "Look at your fares. They have been cut down one-third. Those who travel are better off by $1,000,000 a year than they would have been under private management. In eleven years' time the savings alone to the passengers exceed the total bonded debt now against the system. The enterprise has already paid for itself out of earnings and savings. It looks as though it had not only paid for itself, but earned about a million dollars besides. It has also repaid the cost of the old horse lines, as well as a splendid manufacturing plant where all the cars and equipment are built by the city by direct labor."

Such, at least, are the figures which "The Glasgow Corporation Tramways" publish to the word. I asked Mr. Dalrymple about the effect of municipal ownership on the people. He said:

"The opening of the trams in 1894 was coincident with, many people would say it was the cause of, the renaissance of civic enthusiasm that has characterized the last ten years of the life of the city. Undoubtedly the more things the city does for the people, the more the people are interested in the city. Municipal ownership fosters interest in municipal affairs."

The man on the trams is evidently right. He owns the trams; therefore he is interested in them. He owns the gas, the water, the electricity supply, and the telephones. Therefore he watches them. He loves Glasgow just as does the Lord Provost, the hard-headed alderman, the man in the club, the care-taker of the city's sewage works. The city is his parent. It cares for him. And it is worth working for. It is so big in its ideals, so big in its achievements, so big in its kindness and goodness.

The Glaswegian still grumbles a little in his pride. Probably he will always grumble. That is one of the things government means to him. He got his trams, his telephones, his parks, his concerts, by grumbling. But his present trouble is a bigger one. He says: "We extended our tram lines far out into the suburbs; we had so many poor, such terrible slums, so much sickness, vice, and misery. We wanted to give our people a chance, wanted to get them out of the tenements and into the country where land was cheap. We reduced our fares. In consequence, earnings fell off. Instead of making land cheap for the poor, we made it valuable for the landlords. We cut down commuters' fares a pound a year, and rentals went up exactly one pound a year. We sought to secure cheap homes for our people, but the land speculator appropriated the whole thing."

Then he did what he always does—this Glaswegian. He worried the council, and the council in turn went to Parliament.

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The council said: "We have created immense fortunes for the land-owners about the city. But not content with what he has already got, the landlord wants more, and sits idly by until the people must have his land at any price." The council introduced a bill in Parliament to tax these land values and retake to itself a portion of the millions which its enterprise had created, and which it is now fined for using. It did more. It laid aside $5,000 to promote the bill. Tons of literature were distributed and the city's officials were turned into agents for propaganda work. When Glasgow wants a thing, it wants it hard. Then the council called a conference of cities on "The Taxation of Land Values." More than one hundred local authorities responded. Then they all moved on Parliament and proceeded to worry the members. Of course, Parliament wouldn't listen. For the members of Parliament own Great Britain. They are getting rich out of the growth of the towns. And they have paid no taxes on their land as land for several centuries at least. This is a fact—English land has not been reappraised for taxation since the seventeenth century.

In its attitude toward Parliament, Glasgow reminds one of a terrier barking at the heels of a mastiff. I fancy Parliament must hate this heckling, thrifty municipality that is forever making war on the abuses and privileges which everywhere exist in England and which are so profitable. For the members of Parliament not only own the land, they own the big city franchises, just as the United States Senate owns or represents the big railroads. And it must be annoying, this nagging against monopoly.* But that's the way he got his municipal telephone system. For five long years the city spent money and energy trying to induce Parliament to permit it to open an exchange in competition with the private company which was giving bad service and charging high rates. It finally got permission in 1901. The system has now twelve thousand subcribers and covers 143 square miles. An unlimited telephone service cost $25.55 a year, and a limited one only $17.03. The population served is about a million. Then the private company reduced charges. But despite the cheapening of rates, the exchange makes money, even in the face of the competition of the old established company.

*They say in England if the Glasgow man doesn't go to heaven when he dies he will make it very uncomfortable for the devil.

The telephone was the last big enterprise taken over. The city has had the water supply since 1855. It bought out two private companies. Then it went to Loch Katrine, 34 miles away, in the heart of the Highlands, to get a supply. Glasgow spent millions for pure water, and now has one of the finest supplies in the world. It makes money, too, though the rates for domestic use are but ten cents in the pound of rental. This means that for every $100 of house rental paid an additional charge of $2 is made for water service.

The gas supply is also owned by the city. It was bought from private parties in 1869. It is run for the benefit of the people and not for the sake of dividends. Gas is sold at 51 cents a thousand cubic feet for domestic use; for power purposes the price is but 43 cents. The very poor are encouraged to use gas by penny-in-the-slot devices by which one can get enough gas with which to cook a meal for two cents. It also encourages industry by low prices. This diminishes the smoke nuisance. Despite the reduction in price, the net profits in 1905 amounted to $271,930.

The price of gas has been reduced from year to year. It was 78 cents in 1885, 60 cents in 1895. To-day it ranges from 43 to 51 cents. The financial showing is almost as remarkable as the tramways. While the capital expenditure is $18,319,170, the present actual indebtedness is but $9,340,200. The surplus of expenditure, over and above the debt against the undertaking, is $8,978,970. This is what the city has made through owning the plant, in addition to the millions saved by cheaper gas.

The electricity supply has been owned since 1892. The city bought out a private monopoly for $75,000. Then it proceeded to make the plant useful. For that is the policy of Glasgow, to make itself useful to its people. It proceeded to enlarge the system, to extend the conduits all over the city. It has since spent about $6,000,000 on the undertaking. Now it can serve everybody, and serving everybody, can reduce charges. It also sells power to the tramway department and to manufacturing plants. For Glasgow tries to encourage industry just as it aims to promote comfort and convenience. For very small consum-

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ers, the rates for lighting are 12 cents per kilowat hour and 2 cents for all current in excess of a small minimum. For power and heating purposes, the charge is from 1½ cents to 3 cents according to the quantity used. The average price received from all consumers is 5.09 cents.

Glasgow says it would be just as absurd for the owner of a sky-scraper to permit a private elevator company to collect fares from his tenants, or for an outside plumber to own the fixtures and collect for light and heat, as it is for a city to turn over its streets to private tramways, gas and electric lighting companies. Glasgow prefers to do its own plumbing and run its own elevators.

These are the big things Glasgow does. They are the spectacular exhibits. But it does other things. A mere enumeration of its enterprises makes a long catalogue. It runs several farms upon which it uses the street refuse as fertilizer. It has brought them to a high state of fertility, and produces provisions for its departments. Even from this source it has a net income of $3,000 a year. It has a wonderful system of sewage disposal which is nearing completion. The River Clyde has always been a foul-smelling stream, but the city is expending millions to purify it through the destruction of its sewage and the use of the sludge as fertilizer. The city fire department has a big workshop at the central station where it builds all of its own apparatus, just as the tramway department erects its own cars. Glasgow seems bent on being rid of the private contractor. The alderman smiles when charged with socialism, and says it is good business for the city to erect its own cars, to make its own fire apparatus, and employ its own men. And now the council is after the big contractors who build and sewer the streets. It recently asked for tenders for the construction of a sewer. The lowest bid received was $600,000. The city suspected a combine, and proceeded to build the sewer itself at a cost of only $375,000. Now it receives estimates from its own engineer on all jobs, and is rapidly becoming its own contractor. It pockets the profits which formerly went to the middleman, just as it pockets the dividends which formerly went to the tramway company.

Thus Glasgow looks after her people. She is as frugal as a Scotch parent. I fancy the parable of the talents rather than that of the prodigal son finds most favor in the Scotch soul. There is no waste here. In her thriftiness, Glasgow takes profit from her people. Possibly they love her the better for her thrift. But it looks like usury to the outsider, her enterprises earn so much. In 1905 the gross profits of her five big undertakings were as follows: Tramways, $1,852,855; gas, $718,154; electricity, $543,952; water, $763,904; telephones, $100,961. The total profits were $3,979,826. Of this, however, $1,398,880 was paid for interest on the investment. But a snug little sum of $2,580,946 still remained in excess of what it cost the city to pay all charges against these enterprises.

But the council does not use these earnings to relieve the taxpayer, as is frequently asserted. Not a penny of it goes to such a purpose. It is all returned to the undertaking—used to pay bonds, improve the system, and reduce the cost to the consumer.

The same thrift characterizes little things. For Glasgow neglects nothing. Her motto is "Let Glasgow flourish." Interpreted by the aldermen this means municipal dividends. The city makes money on its slum-clearance schemes, upon which model dwellings have been erected, and which are now paying their way in rentals at a rate which in time will leave them free from debt. Glasgow undertook this project back in 1866. It cost a lot of money, but it checked disease and brought down the death-rate. The undertaking showed a deficit for a number of years, but is now justifying itself financially as well as otherwise.

But Glasgow has few deficits. A council committee hates a shortage in an undertaking just as a proud banker suffers from a bad loan. Some years ago the city conceived the idea of Saturday afternoon concerts in the public halls. At first they were of a rather frivolous sort. They now offer the best of entertainments, and during the winter months fine oratorios and splendid choral work is presented to weekly audiences of 30,000 people. The admission fee is but two cents, but even this pays. Not much, it is true, for profit is not the object, but the joy of it all is heightened by the fact that it pays its way. Even the sewage collected at the sewage disposal works realizes a handsome sum, when sold as a fertilizer, as does the cleansing department, which has the care of the streets.

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The city scorns not the pennies of the laboring man who halts in the evening for a game of bowls on the municipal greens. It gathers in the coppers from the millions who frequent the twelve public bath-houses which have been erected in various parts of the city, as well as the pennies of the poor who make use of the public laundries which are connected with them. We are going in for such things all over America, but I doubt if any of our cities even attempt to make them pay.

But it is not unlovely—this thrift. It is probably the height of wisdom. A people values that which costs them effort. They value the lodging-houses provided for men and women alike, where a bed can be had for a few cents. They value the widower's home, where the working man with children can leave his infants under proper care. And they value all the more, the baths, the concerts, the game of bowls on the green, because they have paid their full worth, and paid it to themselves. And during the long winter months the council invites the people to lectures in its own halls, of which there are thirteen, where it tells them all about these things. The lectures are free to all and the chairmen of the committees and the managers of the undertakings go all over the city discussing such subjects as "The Health of the Community," "The Corporation Tramways," "The Glasgow Police Force," and "The Public Parks." No wonder the man on the trams was wise—wiser even than the average American alderman. He had been taken into the confidence of his city. It is this reciprocal relationship that accounts for Glasgow's fine citizenship. The city cares for the people, and the people in turn are jealous for the city. There is a fine fraternal sense even though the debit account is so scrupulously watched.

But Glasgow has its benevolences. It provides generously for public concerts in the parks; it has acquired some fine halls for public use; it has a splendid municipal art collection housed in a fine gallery. Its parks and playgrounds are extensive. They are beautifully maintained, and are open to the widest use. Its public library is comparable to those of many cities in America.

The city has its little extravagances, too. They are part of the show. For the British city delights in the spectacular. That is one of the things the lord mayor is for—to be the city's host, and foot its entertainment bills. It seems like an anticlimax to a long and distinguished aldermanic career to be offered the privilege of expending from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year for the maintenance of the city's dignity and the entertainment of its guests. Yet this is a privilege to which the best of Britain's business men aspire. And Glasgow has many little flings at the expense of the treasury. The aldermen go on trips to England and the Continent in the study of other cities. Every fortnight or so one of the departments has an inspection which is its annual show. This is followed by a luncheon at the Town Hall. A hundred or more of the city's officials, with their guests, sit down to a dinner in the Council Chamber and hear about the committee's achievements.

I attended one of these inspections. We drove over the city and returned to the Town Hall to luncheon. There was all the orderliness of a state dinner; the rank and station of each man was assigned. There were speeches, vastly more interesting than those of an ordinary dinner, for they all talked Glasgow. Not as an American city might talk to a river and harbor committee from Congress from whom it hoped for a generous appropriation; it was not business, tonnage, bank clearances. These men were too big with Glasgow to talk about private business. It was rather the sort of thing that college men do at a fraternity banquet.

The motive of it all? "Men like to be in the midst of big things. They like to serve the community that serves them," said Dr. Robert Crawford, one of the city's most distinguished citizens, a man who had served with distinction on the council, and had promoted its big health and clearance schemes.

"It's a sense of *noblesse oblige*," said Lord-Provost Primrose, "an ambition to make the city a cleaner, healthier, happier, more comfortable place in which to live."

"It's my city," says the man on the tram.

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"LITTLE MILLIONS"

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. B. MASTERS

"NO, Mr. General-Manager Dickie Brice, I'm not your man. You'll have to shake the hat one more time and draw another number."

Mr. Gebhart Upham, late assistant engineer in charge of rockmen on the Elk Pass Tunnel, was pacing back and forth behind the new general manager's desk, clothed and in his right mind—for the first time in something over a twelvemonth, as he had just been telling Brice.

"It doesn't appeal to you?" said the general manager.

"Not a bit," denied the honorably discharged borer of tunnels, fishing in the pocket of his English-cut coat for his cigar-case, which he presently extended across the desk top. "Try one of these 'Superbas'; it will do your heart good, after smoking sage-brush and wire-grass."

But Brice shook his head. "No; I can't afford to acquire a taste for your imported extravagances. Cost you twenty-five dollars a hundred, don't they?"

"Worse than that," laughed Upham. "But what's the odds, as long as you're happy?"

"You're money-spoiled, Gebby."

"That's it; that's just what I've been trying to tell you. Good Lord, Dick, I don't have to work for wages! A year ago you sniped me when I was planning nothing more strenuous than a month's shooting in the Escalante Hills, and bullied me into helping you dig that infernal tunnel of yours. I stuck it out, because I wouldn't turn you down after you had turned me up. But now——"

"Well, go on," said Brice, lighting one of his own cigars.

"Now you've got your road built; got it erected, by some Wall Street juggle that I don't understand and don't want to understand, into an independent sovereignty; got yourself elected general manager, with this hole-in-the-desert for your headquarters—and you want me to settle down and become a member of your official family. No, thank you; not if I know it. I'm going back to God's country to help the senior Upham spend some of his accrued interest. It's 'oppressin' 'im, crool,' as M'Grath would say."

Brice had pushed his chair back from the desk and was smoking luxuriously.

"Same old dust-thrower, aren't you, Gebby? Takes me back to the tech. school days, when the chancellor was always wanting to know 'why.' As a matter of fact, you're afraid of the job."

Upham was standing in the bay-window, looking down upon the driving activities of the Castle Cliff yard a-building. He spun on his heel at the challenge like a duellist at the signal to fire.

"Think so?" he snapped. "What gave you that notion?"

"The dust-throwing, and other things. But it isn't a notion; it's a settled conviction. You got along well enough up at the tunnel, with only a lot of dagoes to hustle, and with M'Grath to do the hustling. But to be the superintendent of a considerable railroad—well, you'd have to meet and handle men, American men, who will measure you up for what is inside of your skin, and altogether without regard to your father's millions—indeed, the millions will be against you. And you are afraid you won't measure."

Upham was a small man with abnormally broad shoulders, and he brought his fist down upon the desk top with a bang that made the little Zuñi-pottery god spill the matches from his hollow head.

"By heavens, Dick, if I could think for a moment that you really mean that——"

"You may think it," said Brice imperturably. "It's a tolerably broad truth, but you know you can't deny it, Gebby."

"Suffering sea-cooks! Have I got to spend another year in this God-forsaken wilderness to nail that lie up by the ears?"

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"It looks that way," rejoined the new general manager coolly. "Your office is at the other end of the corridor. You may have little Cranston for chief clerk and Dickson for a telegraph operator. If you need any coaching——"

Upham dropped into a chair and laughed.

"What I need most is a hired assassin to put you out of the game, Dick. What have you got against me?"

"A longish list of grievances—on the part of my fellow-countrymen. You are a product of the time abhorred of the working world—a rich man's son, with neither the necessity nor the desire to carry your share of the workaday burdens. You've got to make good, here and now."

Upham leaned forward in his chair.

"Tell me one thing, and I'll forgive you the rest: are you digging this stuff out of your own mentality? Or did Kate Hazleton prime you?"

It was Brice's turn to laugh.

"I know Miss Hazleton only as Miss Vanderpoel's cousin. Does she agree with me?"

"As if you had put it up between you. She is daffy on the 'utility' business. That is one thing that made me stick at the tunnel-digging. I never had such letters from her as those I've been getting on top of the range."

"Good—most excellent good! There is also a post-office in Castle Cliff. When can you take hold?"

Upham was walking the floor again.

"I can do it, Richard—for all you seem to be so cocksure I sha'n't measure up to it. But you've got a tough lot of bullies in the train service here; I've ridden the line enough to know that. Do you back me unconditionally?"

"Of course; that says itself."

"All right; get out your circular, and I'll take hold," was the reluctant rejoinder; and when Rader came at the touch of the general manager's call-bell, the new superintendent went to take possession of his offices at the far end of the corridor.

There was a good-natured horse-laugh to go cachinnating over the entire length of the Dolomite and Utah Pacific Short Line when the circular appointing Mr. Gebhart Upham superintendent came out of the train mail.

Upham was known to be Brice's man; and Brice was respected by all who had been with him during the fierce construction battle. But now the rank and file asserted that Brice had blundered. All the world, even to the desert edges of it, knew the fame of the Upham copper millions; and that a son of these millions should make an acceptable master of men was food for mirth.

"Yez moind what I'm sayin' now," was Section-Foreman Danny Hoolihay's dictum. "'Tis Misther Brice'll be the big boss an' the little wan, too; an' Little Millions, wid the goold eye-glasses an' the curled *mus*tache 'll be smokin' his good seegyars wid his purty little feet in th' office windy."

Whether Hoolihay originated the nickname or whether in the eternal fitness of things it sprang spontaneously into being on all lips may never be known. But it came, it fitted, and it remained. Moreover, Hoolihay voiced, in no uncertain sense, the opinion of the rank and file. It had happened before that some favored son of fortune had been carried as a figure-head on the pay-rolls of a long-suffering railroad, and it was merely happening again. So long as "Little Millions" was content to remain a figure-head——

But very early in the game the new superintendent began to show most unwelcome signs of animation. On his first trip over the mountain division he found the rear flagman of a stalled freight lounging a short hundred yards in the wake of his train, instead of the prescribed three hundred. The following morning the flagman and his conductor got a ten-day vacation without pay.

A little later, Bart Bloodgood, pulling the "Flyer" from the West, being five minutes late, scorched over the branch switches at the mile limit in the Castle Cliff yard, and saved his train from a collision with a yard engine by a scant ten feet. He was haled up to the superintendent's office before he could get out of his overclothes and took his place "on the carpet" before a mild-mannered, square-shouldered little man who was peacefully manicuring his finger-nails.

"Made a yard stop coming in just now, didn't you, Mr. Bloodgood?" said Upham quietly and without looking up.

Bloodgood did not deny it, but he was willing to shift the responsibility.

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"The '15 was in the way," he growled, surlily. "I reckon you didn't want me to split her in two."

"Oh, no," said Upham, pleasantly. And then: "How much room was there between your engine and the 1015 when you stopped?"

Bloodgood wanted to lie, but he did not dare to. "I dunno; maybe ten feet 'r so."

"All right; you may take a day for a foot—ten days. Time-card Rule Seven says, 'Not to exceed fifteen miles an hour over junction switches.' You were bettering that speed by at least another fifteen. Good-morning."

Bloodgood went out, bursting with bottled wrath. It was not the penalty; it was the manner of its applying. If "Little Millions" had cursed him out—had sworn at him and given him a chance to swear back—but he had not; and the mild manner and the air of serene superiority had been as needles to prick the bubble of Western independence. Bloodgood went forth to talk, and his speech, or the virus of it, presently became epidemic.

Thereupon began one of the unsung wars which, from time immemorial, have raged hotly in the peaceful field of the great industries; the bloodless but no less effective war of the rank and file upon its unfellowshipped commanding officer.

There was no planned conspiracy to break Upham; no organized insubordination on the part of the various trade brotherhoods; no disrespect offered when the official car went over the road and it was known that its occupant was looking for flaws in the service mechanism. None the less, Upham was made to know in a thousand ways that he had been tried and found wanting; that his department was gradually disintegrating under his hand; that *esprit du corps*, which is the fine thread in the otherwise purely utilitarian fabric of the railway service, was fraying to the vanishing-point, and the great loom, with its swift-shuttling trains, was weaving as it could without it.

That was but fecklessly, and with many broken threads. After the first few suspensions and a sharp weeding out of the openly mutinous there were fewer infractions of the Book of Rules. But things happened, and continued to happen, apparently without human aid or connivance, and Upham was in despair.

Once it was the breaking in two of a train of ore "empties" trailing up the steep grade of the Dolomite branch, an accident resulting in a six-hour block of the main line at the junction switch where the runaway section hurled itself out of the canyon. Again it was the snapping of a rail under the engine of the night express; a mischance which would have figured as a terrible disaster if the 1260 had been steaming well enough to make her schedule time at the moment—as she was not. Yet again it was a box-car wind-blown from the blind siding to the main track at Arreta, and the narrowest possible escape for the east-bound "Flyer," which picked up the derelict just as it was gaining momentum for the race down the Arreta grade.

These were accidents unpreventable—on the face of them, at least—and they happened only at intervals. But for the daily bread of disorder there were engines which would not steam, schedules which could not, or would not, be made, trains late, freight delayed, and a steady stream of complaints from the two branches of the traffic department protesting vigorously against the growing unreliability of the train service.

"We are simply out of the fight, Mr. Upham," declared Reddick, the general passenger agent, in one of the interviews which had come to be a part of his regular duty. "We can't hope to secure business against the through lines of the Transcontinental unless we can make our connections at terminals. Number Four missed everything at Denver again last night, and Number One was an hour late at Rachab Junction. Can't we get a move?"

Upham was desperate that morning, and he said, "We can try one more expedient, Mr. Reddick, and we'll try it now." And he rose and closed his desk with a slam, meaning to go to Brice with his official head in his hand.

But when he laid hold of the door-knob it was turned nervously from the other side, and Arthur, the general freight agent, came in.

"One moment, Mr. Upham," he protested, marking the outgoing purpose in Upham's eye. "We are in trouble again at the Malachite. The mine manager writes me he has been trying ineffectually for a week to get enough ore-empties to keep his force busy; and now the Transcontinental is offering to build a spur track over to the

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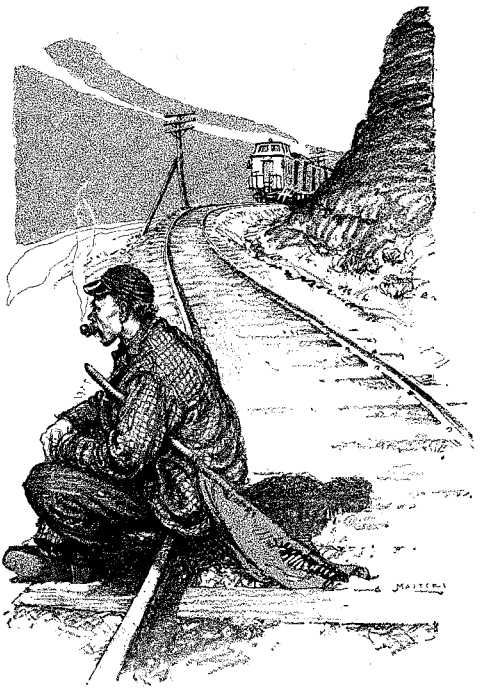
mine. Must we go out of business at purely local points for the lack of a little enterprise on the part of our operating employees?"

"No," said Upham shortly; and he changed his mind about going to see the general manager.

Instead, he took to riding the line, day and night; not in his private car, the movements of which must be heralded by wire orders, but on passenger trains, in cabooses, on the engines.

Some few windows, closed hitherto, were opened by these silent tours of observation. It was not an organized revolt, as he had begun to fear. It was merely a vote of a lack of confidence in the executive, less vindictive, perhaps, but not less fatal to the company's interests, than open rebellion. *Laissez faire* had become the watchword of the service; and the self-beheading operation contemplated by Upham on the morning of resolves seemed to be the only remedy.



The rear flagman of a stalled freight.—Page 111.

This was his summing up of the matter in a heart-to-heart talk with Brice at the close of the tour of tours.

"If there were anything at stake more than your loyalty to a friend—even my own bread and butter—I might be tempted to stay on and worry it out, Dick," was his conclusion of the vexed question. "But there isn't; and there is every reason why you should not imperil your own reputation as a business man and manager for a fool notion that it is your mission to make a working man of me."

"But there is something else at stake, Gebby. You are acknowledging defeat."

"Well, what of it? Sha'n't I have to found libraries or hospitals, or something of the sort, to get rid of the copper millions in the end? But no; I won't say that. It *is* a facer: to think that I'm not big enough to win the approval of a lot of stubborn, stiff-necked asses who take that way of showing their contempt for my father's money!"

Brice's smile was rather grim.

"Have you been calling them asses?" he inquired mildly.

"Lord help me—no! I don't dare to say anything less than 'Mister' all the way down the line to the section bosses!"

"Ah," said Brice. And then: "Did it never occur to you that that is only another way of calling them asses?"

"Nonsense!" quoth Upham, squaring himself aggressively in his chair.

"It's of consequence only as indicating an attitude," Brice went on. "If I were a section boss, and you didn't swear kindly and companionably at me once in a while ——"

"Oh," snorted the defeated one, "if you mean that I should get down and hobnob with 'em."

"No, not that, exactly. But there is a golden mean. You say, by the very swing of your shoulders, Gebby, that you are Sevres and they are this"—tapping the little Zuñi-pottery god match-safe.

"Oh, damn," said Upham, quite without heat. And he thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Of course, if you don't care," Brice began again.

"But I do care, now; I didn't at first. It grinds me to the bone to confess that this thing is too big for me."

"It isn't. But the men are thinking, not without cause, perhaps, that you consider yourself too big for it."

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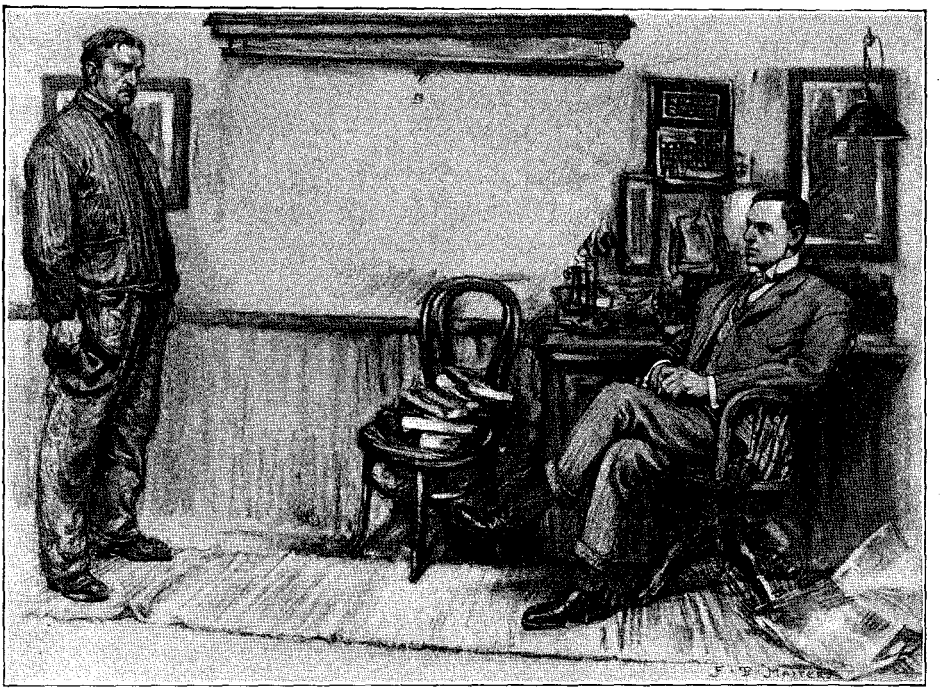

Took his place "on the carpet."—Page 111

"Well, it's too late to turn over a new leaf now," said Upham definitively.

"Is it? Have you written Miss Hazleton that you are about to sit down in the lap of luxury again?"

The failure got up and strolled to the window.

"There it is again," he said over his shoulder. "Kate's coming out here next month—with the President Calliday party on the inspection trip. I'll cut a lovely figure, won't I? Permanent way running down, service all gone to smash, and the devil to pay generally. Mr. Calliday will fire me out of hand; and you'll be lucky if he doesn't fire you."

"Well?"

"It isn't well; it's——"

As we have seen, the bay-window looked out upon the busy yard. At the break Upham struggled desperately with the sash, shot it up, and yelled fiercely down into the clamor of shrilling wheels. The shifting-engine was shoving up a string of boxes, with no one to pilot the blind end. A refrigerator car stood on the adjacent siding, half its length below the "clear post." At the yelling instant came the crash of a cornerwise collision which crushed the ice tanks of the refrigerator and tore out the end of the leading box.

Upham did not wait to find the stairway. Catlike he climbed through the open window to spring from the roof of the platform porch to the top of the smashed box-car; and there were no courtesy titles in the torrent of expletives which he poured out upon the up-running yard crew.

Brice went to the window, looked down, and closed the sash with a smile. "That's a little more like it," he mused. "There's hope for him, yet."

And the yardmaster's comment, worded in the shelter of the switch shanty at the noon pause, was even more encouraging.

"Dommed if 'Little Millions' can't crow like a man whin he's put to 't, b'ys. 'Tis a grea-at thing to have a collige edyoucashun an' be able to swear like Father Flaherty makin' the binediction. 'Tis a gift, me son; and wan that the little boss has been sore neglectin', I'm thinkin'."

That night there was a beautiful freight wreck in the canyon of the upper Boiling Water; and Upham, who had left orders with an astonished Cranston directing that

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he be called hereafter in all cases of emergency, made one in the crowded caboose of the wrecking train.

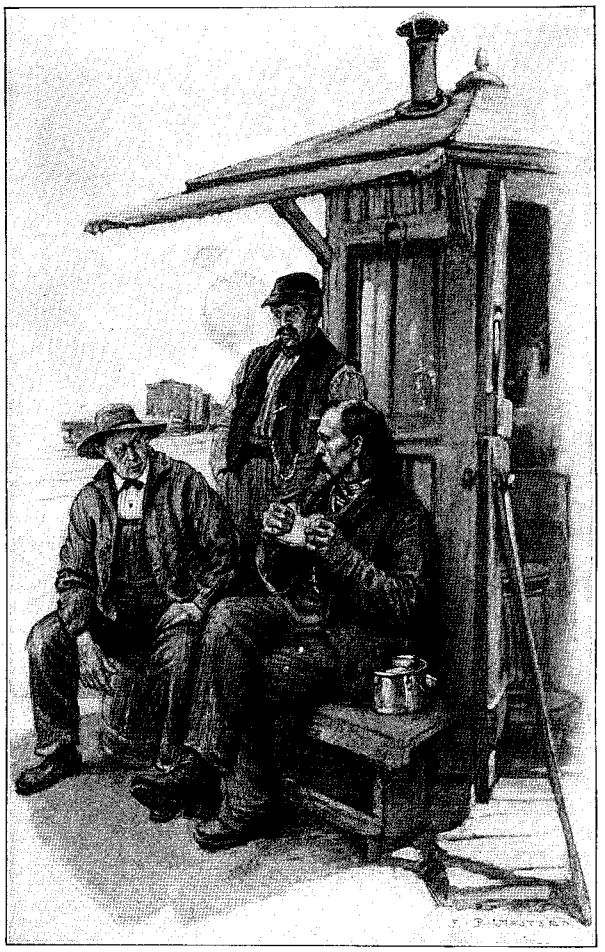
At first the men were inclined to let him ride in solitary state, so far as the narrow limits of the car would permit; indeed, a goodly number of them crowded into the tool-car and sat or sprawled on the tool-boxes and coils of hawsers. But for once in a way the superintendent refused to be ignored. Out of Halsey, the conductor, he got the wire story of the wreck, and in the hearing begged a filling of cut plug for his pipe from Simmons, the derrick-man. After that the crew tolerated him, suspiciously, since human nature, in the rough or otherwise, is wary of sudden conversions.

Nevertheless, before the dawn breaking of the toilful night Upham had gained something. Hitherto he had figured in wrecking *mêlées* merely as a silent and presumably contemptuous onlooker. But this night he displaced Grimmer, the master mechanic, and gave the crew an exhibition lesson in scientific track-clearing. Never in the short history of the D. & U. P.—short in months, but long in disasters—had the wrecking gang known what it meant to have a skilled engineer in command.

Smashed boxes rose out of the ditch at the end of the derrick-fall, righted themselves in mid-air, and were swung deftly into the long line of "cripples" on the temporary siding. Loose wreckage, which would have been fished up by Grimmer a piece at a time, was gathered in ton masses by the grab-hooks and landed successfully on the waiting flats of the work train. And when it came to the overturned engine, it was "Little Millions" himself who waded into the stream where she weltered and made the critical hitches with his own hands—though by this time there were volunteers who would have gone into worse places at his nod.

This was the beginning, to be taken for what it was worth. Round-house, freight-yard, back-shop comment gave it a hearing, and waited for more. Bloodgood, who was posing as a boss-hater from principle, scoffed openly; but Jurgins, the round-house hostler, counselled charity. "*He* ain't to blame for thinkin' his daddy's money makes a little tin gawd out o' him," was the form the charitable plea took. "Mebbe there's a man inside o' them store-clothes o' his'n, yet—there's a mighty fine wreck artist, anyhow; and don't you forgit it!"

It was Bostwick, engineer of the 1016, ore-puller, who brought the next word of



"Dommed if 'Little Millions' can't crow like a man whin he's put to 't, b'ys."—Page 114.

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hope. Bostwick was a careful man, and a hot-tempered, and hitherto he had kept out of the way of *laissez faire* and the untoward happenings. But one night on the run down from Dolomite he had allowed himself to wink once when he should have winked twice, and an open switch had caught him.

"Of course, 'Little Millions' sent for me before I could get off'm the relief engine," was his report of it to the round-house contingent, "and I went up, lookin' for the same kind o' cold hell he's been givin' the other boys—'Um-hm, *Mister* Bostwick; been getting into the ditch, have you? Thirty days. *Good* morning.' But say, that little eejit was just jumpin', *hollerin'* mad when I went in! Blamed if I didn't think he was goin' to hit me! Minded me of old times on the C. & G. R., when you could find your way 'round in the dark by the light of old man Targreaves's cussin'."

Smashed boxes rose out of the ditch at the end of the derrick-fall.—Page 115.

The grin went abroad, and Hollingsworth, who was one of the listeners, said, "Reckon you needed it, Mac, didn't ye?"

"Sure! It was on me right enough. When he ran out o' breath I was gapin' like a chicken with the pip, an' he let out again, 'Why don't you talk back, you——.' Say, boys, it's worth a month's pay to hear that little cuss string out the pet names when he's right good and hot—it is, for a fact! I got action after a while, too, and when we both got tuned up you could 'a' heard the fireworks plum across to the Cliffs Hotel. Then we come down to business.

"'This thing won't do, Mac'—called me Mac, by grabs!—'this thing has got to stop right here and now,' says he. 'What I want to know is if you're going to do your part toward stopping it.' Natchelly, I said I would, after I'd wore out my lay-off. 'Humph!' says he, savage as a bear with a sore head, 'don't you be reminding me that I ought to lay you off. You go home and sleep the clock 'round once or twice, and see if you can't get over taking cat-naps on your engine.'"

"My God!" said Jurgins. "Didn't hang you up?"

"No; he didn't hang me up."

Again the wind-straw was taken for what it might indicate, and the expiring *esprit du corps* of the Dolomite Short Line began to show signs of returning animation. One black night Jerry Lafferty, on whose section the beautiful freight wreck had occurred, was moved to turn out of his comfortable bunk shanty, after working hours, to have a look at a dangerous bit of bank in a rock cutting: result, the finding of a sizable land-slip on the track, and the saving of Number Four from a probable wreck.

A few nights later, Dolan, running a heavy ore train down from Dolomite, felt the surge and jerk betokening a broken coupling. He might have jumped. In similar straits other men had been saving themselves and letting things take their course. But Dolan yelled at his fireman and stuck to his engine; played touch-and-go with the runaway tail-end until he had brought all safely to a stand, and—but the sequel was in the superintendent's office.

"Want to see you, Mike? Of course I did. You're a man after my own heart; put it there"—namely, into the outstretched

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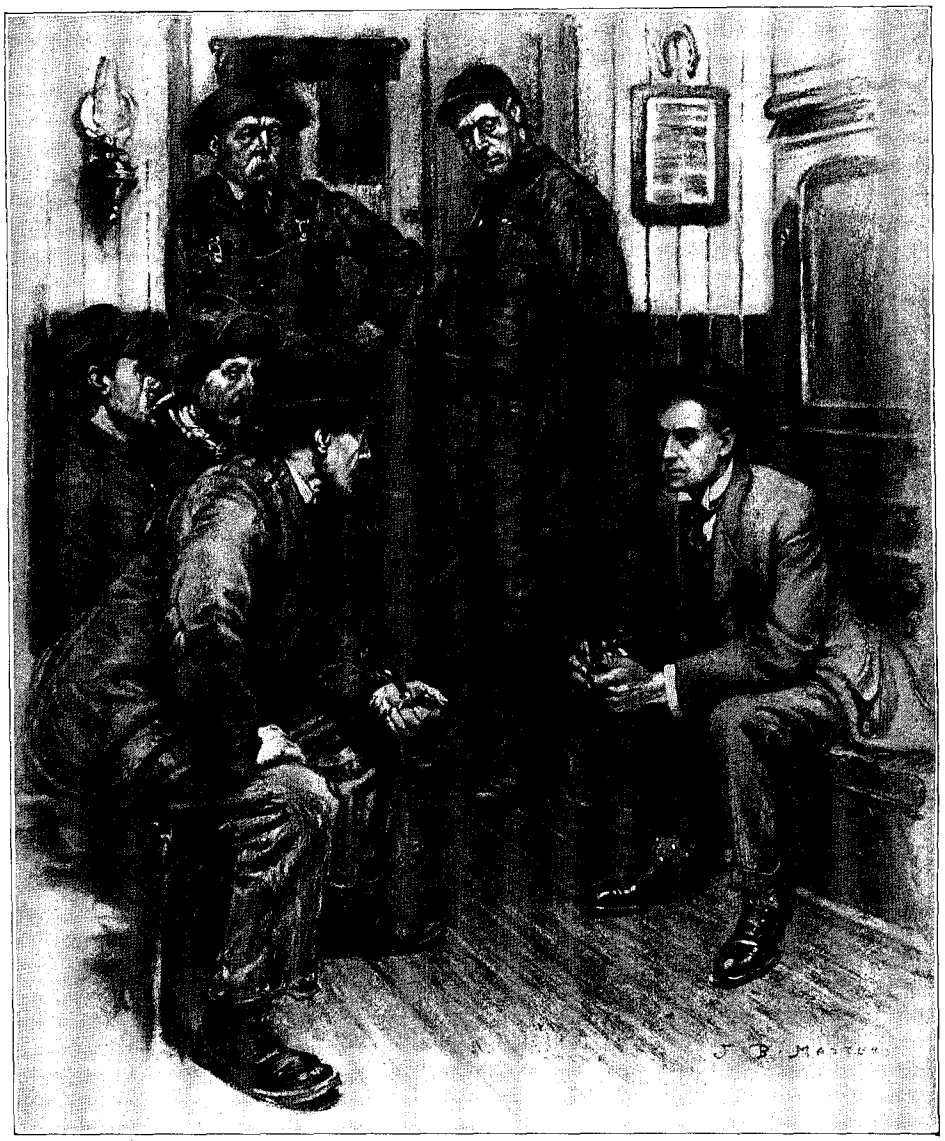

Out of Halsey, the conductor, he got the wire story of the wreck.—Page 115.

palm of the boss. "The first vacancy in the passenger runs is yours. Not a word—I know what you'd say if you could get your wild-Irish tongue loose, and I'm too busy to listen to you this morning. Go home and rest up."

"Holy Mother!" muttered Dolan to himself in the outer office—to himself, but in the hearing of little Cranston; "'tis a man, afther all—a man, mind you, wid two legs an' a fisht an' a hear-rt in 'im!"

Thus and thus came the embers of a common humanity to a glow. All along the line of the hazardous, man-killing mountain railroad the happenings grew less frequent, as little by little the loose threads of the rank and file became knitted into the firm strand of loyalty. Yet it was a little deed of Upham's—of the man, Gebhart Upham, minus his title and official position—that finally fanned the embers into the blaze of brotherhood.

It chanced on the run of the president's inspection special from Shunt Pass to Cas-

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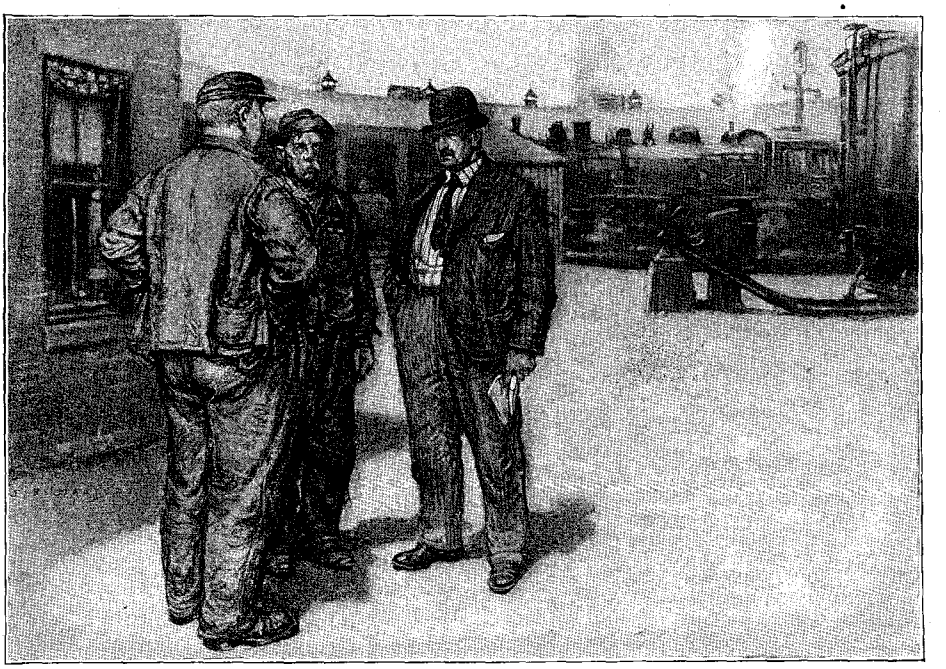
tle Cliff, on a certain radiant October afternoon when disaster seemed afar off, and for Upham the world held nothing more alluring than the slim, lithe figure of a sweet-faced young woman who had been sitting out the glorious afternoon with him on the rear platform of the private car. But the fates were busy, just the same.

The private car, drawn by the hundred-ton eight-wheeler, 1026, Bloodgood, engineer, was running as second section of the day express, with fifteen minutes between.



"*He* ain't to blame for thinkin' his daddy's money makes a little tin gawd out o' him."—Page 115.

In a park-like opening of the canyon, on Pat Shannon's section, an east-bound freight lay on the blind siding which was its meeting-point with Number One. The orders were all straight. Johnson, conductor of the freight, read them a second time to Hollingsworth, his engineer. The first section of Train One had passed, carrying a flag for the second section, and Shannon and his men were replacing a worn rail in the main line just opposite the waiting freight-train's engine.

"I wouldn't take chances on that, Pat, between trains, if I were you," called Johnson, from his post at the freight engine's step, thereby showing how far expiring *esprit du corps* had come on the road to recovery.

"'Tis all safe; the slow-flag's out," said the trackman, with a fling of his hand toward the bit of green bunting fluttering between the rails a hundred yards up the line. Then he added: "There's plinty av time. It's the prisidint's privit', an' I'll be givin' her the new shteel for her christenin' av ut. Move, now! move now!"—to his men. "Out wid it, lively, boys!"

The rail replacement went on swiftly. Hollingsworth, squatting in the gangway of his engine, glanced at his watch.

"Pat *is* taking chances," he remarked to Johnson. "Bloodgood 'll be due here in two minutes, making Number One's time—which ain't a rod less than forty miles an hour. If he don't happen to see that green rag——"

The sentence was never finished. Out of the canyon portal stormed the 1026, *working steam!* Hollingsworth tumbled from his perch with a yell that dominated the roar of the oncoming train.

"*Patsy, your flag's down!*"

Simultaneously there was a frantic dash of three men up the track, with Hollings-

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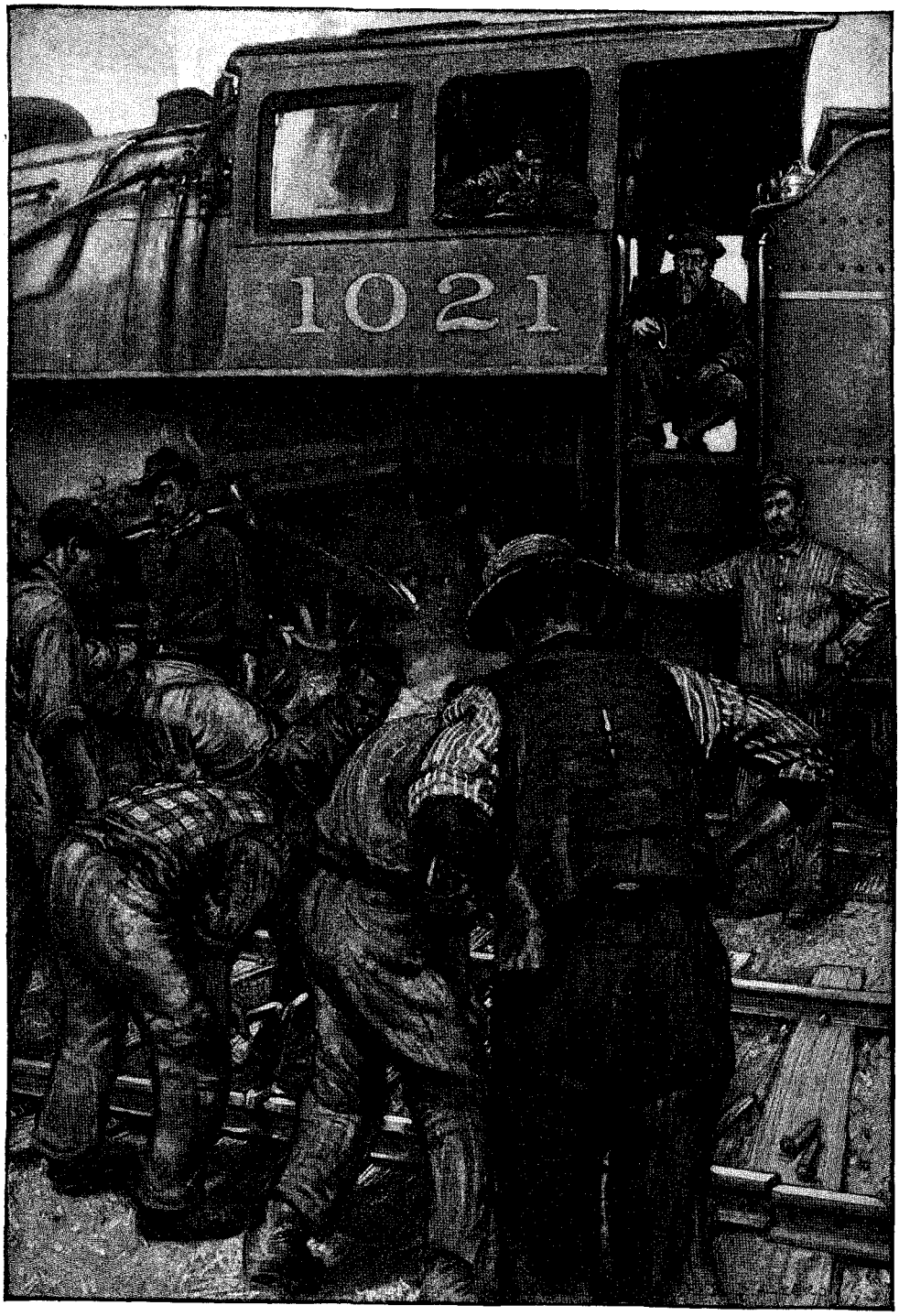

Drawn by F. B. Masters.

"I wouldn't take chances on that, Pat, between trains, if I were you."—Page 118.

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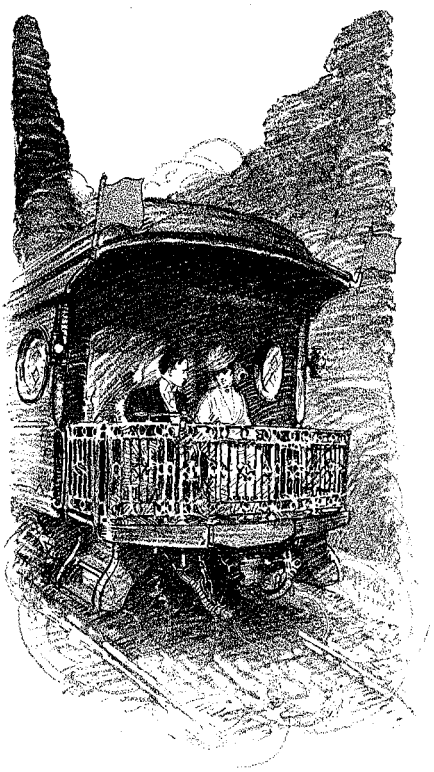
worth in the lead wildly swinging his stripped coat. At the same instant the fireman on the freight engine set the canyon echoes clamoring with a shrill call for brakes.

"What's that?" demanded Upham, starting up out of his love reverie at Miss Hazleton's side.

The answer came up out of the dust whirl under the rear trucks of the flying car in the shape of a green flag, tattered and with a broken staff. Upham jumped for the platform brake-cord, and the whistle of the air was exactly coincident with a plunging shock from the big engine. Then he swung far out over the hand-rail for a look ahead. What he saw, as the car slowed to safety under its own air-brake, was the great engine, free and apparently beyond control, thundering down upon a gap in the rails.

"Good God!" he gasped, as the car stopped jerkily, and the big engine, having reached the gap, reeled and toppled over into the river. And then: "Don't look, Kate—it's too horrible! Stay where you are till I come back!" Whereupon he cleared the hand-rail at a bound and ran to join the little group of train- and section-men at the point of disaster.



Disaster seemed afar off.—Page 118.

"Where are the enginemen? Did they jump?" he cried.

It was Hollingsworth who answered, shouting to make himself heard above the hissing, spluttering din of the half-submerged engine.

"Johnny Shovel got off; but Bart went down with her. He's in the cab."

Upham had drawn off his shoes and was struggling out of his coat. Pat Shannon, crying like a child, laid hold of him.

"'Tis no use at all, at all, Misther Upham!" he wailed. "'Twould cook the meat off your bones!"

Upham shook him off roughly and turned to Brice, who had just come up with the entire private-car party at his heels.

"Take charge here, Dick," he snapped. "I'm going to dive for him. Get the men in line to help us out."

"You will be scalded to death!" said the president, trying, as Shannon had, to dissuade him.

"It's a man's life," said Upham coolly, and with that he picked his place and plunged.

It was a terrible interval before he reappeared, some distance below the boiling caldron, but he was gripping a bruised and disfigured, but still struggling Bloodgood, when the human life-line formed quickly and drew him out. What happened afterward was told graphically by Hollingsworth to an eager audience in the round-house tool-room that same night.

"It's just as I'm telling you, boys; he was about as near dead as Bloodgood when we snaked 'em out of the river, but he was hangin' on to Bart's collar so't we had to prize his fingers apart to get 'em loose. Then that little gal came flutterin' down the bank and—oh, my! it made me wisht I was young and pretty again—pitched her arms around 'Little Millions' and cried over him right there and then, before the whole kit and b'ilin' of us; and there wa'n't anybody snickerin' now, you bet!

"Soon as he could stand up and get his breath he laughed like it was a piece in play. 'See here,' says he, 'you're all daffy over the wrong man. Bloodgood is your hero. Don't you see he broke loose from

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that car because he knew he couldn't hold it and his hundred tons of locomotive, too? Get him up into the car, men, and we'll take that freight engine and hunt a doctor. He's pretty badly hurt.'"

There was little said by the listeners. There be some deeds too large for comment. But that night into every telegraph office on the line there trickled, between the business clickings of the sounders, the story of "Little Millions's" plunge into the boiling pot; and plain-faced men in overclothes, hearing the wire talk, banged their fists on the operators' tables and swore fealty to the man they had derided. And Jerry Lafferty was not the only man who walked his section after working hours.

And Upham? Two men sat late that night in the smoking-room of the Cliffs Inn at Castle Cliff; sat long after the president and Arthur and Reddick and the deputation of welcoming citizens had departed.

"I suppose it's you to quit us and go home, Gebby—now that you know Miss Hazleton's sentiments at large," said Brice when the bedtime pipes were gurgling in the bowl.

Upham rose and put his back to the fire in the great stone arch.

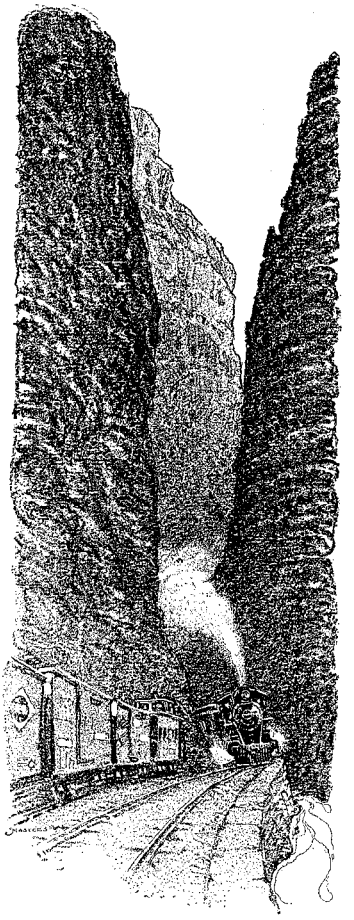
"Do I?" he queried. "You think I'd better quit while my record is good? Not for a farm in paradise, Dick. I've had it out with Kate, you know, and here I stay until I've made good with the rank and file. I'll get the hang of it, after a while."

"Ah," said Brice, "I think you've got it now, Gebby. Do you know what they call you?"

Upham made a wry face. "'Little Millions,' isn't it?"

"Yes; and from this day it will be '*our* Little Millions' and you'd be foolish to swap it for a title. Your troubles are over."

And they were.



Out of the canyon portal stormed the 1026.—Page 118.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IN one aspect, at least, that of the reporter's method of treatment, the journalistic form of novel is sufficiently familiar. Many a modern story of "local color" has been written in the manner of the correspondent "on a foreign assignment." The out-of-the-way place is visited, and a study made with painstaking accuracy for the setting of the tale. Or perhaps some provincial author sets himself down to describe the home from which he has seldom strayed and its people as he has always known them, minutely depicting peculiarities, and producing often an admirable bit of *genre* work. Or once more, the story-teller may belong to the school of realism, which seeks to apply the scientific method to "noveling," as Howells calls it. In such a case, as Professor Cross says in his little treatise on "The Development of the English Novel," "the story or groundwork of the novel must never be invented out of one's head; it must be taken from direct observation, the newspaper, or some well-authenticated report." For example, "it may be supposed that Zola reads of a young woman who, when about to leap into the Seine, is rescued by the police. He has an interview with her, finds out all he can about her, the surroundings under which she has grown up, and the character and occupation of her parents. He studies similar cases, let us say ten or twelve; then he makes his generalizations." The process is identical, only carried infinitely further, with that of the reporter "assigned" to describe such an incident for his paper.

The Newspaper and Fiction

But quite beyond any surface likeness there is a subtle interplay of relation between journalism and fiction of which little account is currently taken. The story quality of much that passes for news modifies the reading habits of a constituency including almost all the reading public. This is a quality peculiarly American. The American newspaper, as an acute French observer has said, "is a huge collection short stories." The aptness of the description finds justification in the accepted slang term of "story," applied, in newspaper parlance, without discrimination to whatever may be printed at length, be it serious, sensational, or humorous, an affair of state, a catastrophe, or a street incident. Reciprocally, such is the automatic working of habit, even the reader who takes his newspaper seriously may often find himself passing over a matter of moment for the "story" of some triviality amusingly sketched. This encroachment of the newspaper on the province of ordinary story-telling, vitiating the popular taste and to some extent that of the more thoughtful, has also had its part in delimiting the sphere of fiction as art. It has led to emphasis on the difference between the clever photography of journalism and that suggestiveness of impressionism which distinguishes the picture from the photograph; all the more if the subject be an episode, as in some short stories of the great masters. The natural trend toward this latter has been undoubtedly strengthened by the revolt from the Philistinism of a newspaper age; and appears in various breaks from the old conventions; for example, in the matter of the traditional "happy ending," and the endeavor to reproduce, sometimes dramatically, sometimes incidentally, the incompleteness of life. Then, too, the newspaper usually depicts life as it is embodied in a constantly shifting series of individuals, selected haphazard; a fact which has something to do with sending the contemporary novelist to seek for study of life in the large, as it is embodied in groups or classes—if possible, some group or class, the individual habits of whose members have not been made too familiar through the all-gathering gossip of the press. This was unconsciously illustrated the other day by a chance remark of Mr. Howells that some novel of the future should tell the story of the loneliest class in New York—the rich people who drift from early provincial homes into New York. There they go through the motions of doing what the rich and fashionable do around them, keep establishments, dine at expensive restaurants, and attend the opera, but live in reality detached lives so far as

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social relationships are concerned. *Even the reporter* does not unbidden invade their lonely privacy.

There is still another and more serious side on which journalism touches current fiction and shares its spirit. That spirit has been called by Prof. Charlton M. Lewis "the vaudeville spirit," the spirit in which disillusionment "takes refuge in the easy carelessness of sceptical humor," thus "losing, or half unconsciously letting go, the habit of seriousness." The significance of this is brought home in the saying of Mr. Corey in "Silas Lapham": "All civilization comes through literature now, especially in our country. A Greek got his civilization by talking and looking, and in some measure a Parisian may still do it. But we, who live remote from history and monuments, we must read, or we must barbarize."

WE have been told all our lives that the "grand manner" is fast disappearing from the face of the earth, and have tried to console ourselves by reflecting that this ill news must have been heard quite as often by our great-grandparents. But what of consolation this act of retrospection affords is more for not living in the consulship of Plancus than for anything else; for the disappearance of the "grand manner" itself it can hardly console us. Yet, supposing the bad news to be true, which it really seems to be, may there not be compensations? It is worth thinking of.

I suppose the supreme exemplar of the "grand manner" known to history was Louis XIV; at least, he is the most intimately associated with it in the minds of most of us. The stories that have come down to us of his bow are overwhelming to our self-conceit when we mentally compare that magnificent act of courtliness with anything of the sort of which we ourselves are capable. And that bow may safely be taken as a culminating point, not only of his regal bearing in particular, but of the "grand manner" in general. By it the Grand Monarque could indicate to a nicety both the exact rank and the exact standing in court favor of every recipient of his greeting; and this, too, with perfect apparent naturalness, without the least show of effort. Truly an accomplishment unique in the annals of bowing! Still, while admitting its unapproached perfection, we may not unprofitably consider what this jewel of deportment cost.

The Grand Manner

Louis XIV's bow has not inaptly been called the blossom of feudalism. Verily it took centuries of feudalism, with all its slowly waning good and rapidly waxing evil, to produce it. Without the previous history of France and of Europe, from Charlemagne down to Louis himself, exactly as it was, that bow would have been impossible. *Tout se tient* in this world, and nothing can come of nothing. Moreover, the bow would have been equally impossible in any other state of society than that in France in Louis's day. So great an actor implies an intelligently appreciative audience; he was not the man to waste his sweetness on the desert air and cast pearls before swine. What would all those subtile indications of rank and court standing have profited him with a court unable to apprehend them? The feudalism that produced the actor had to produce the audience, too; the one is inconceivable without the other. And when we consider that it had taken centuries of feudalism to produce all this; that when it had once been produced in all its imposing perfection it was actually all of virtue that was left in feudalism itself and in the French monarchy; that all the social and political forces that had contributed to produce it had exhausted themselves in the effort, and, as in the century-plant, the blossom had killed the tree, we may be pardoned for asking: Was it, after all, worth the price?

We may even ask, by the way, price apart, what was the intrinsic worth of the thing itself? Let us consider for a moment to what use this "supreme blossom of feudalism" was primarily put. In plain English, to letting everybody know his or her place. And looked at in this light, was Louis le Grand's bow the act of what we should nowadays call a gentleman? Hardly; in the last analysis it was the act of a bully and a snob, it embodied sheer domineering insolence—gracefully cured of its deformity, no doubt, as far as lay within human power to cure it, but sheer domineering insolence, for all that. "*L'État, c'est moi!*" had twice the bluster, but not half the ingrained depravity of that impeccably discriminating bow. A jewel of deportment, perhaps, but rather a poor bauble to be paid for with centuries of tyranny, oppression, cheating, and misery. And intrinsically valuable or not to Louis, it was

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surely of no value whatever to those who paid for it. A pure case of *sic vos non vobis!*

I think, too, that to leave this supreme example, it will be found that wherever and whenever the "grand manner" has become generally noticeable in the great of this earth —for the rank and file of humanity have seldom had much of it—the social structure has been considerably rotten at its base. The necessary conditions for the development of the "grand manner" are such that the one can hardly go without the other. I have said that without the French court and the whole structure of French society as they were in Louis's day he himself would have been nothing. I maintain that wherever you find the "grand manner" to be the rule, not the exception, in what are called the upper strata of society, you will find a corresponding rottenness in the lower.

Here is another significant example. Probably some of the finest and most striking exemplars of the "grand manner" to-day are to be found among the Arabs. Egypt and Arabia itself I do not know; but I think anyone who has looked through Tunisia and Algeria with an observing eye will agree with me. I certainly have never seen human beings more completely sublime in look, carriage, and general bearing than Arabs of the better class in the last-named two countries. No doubt, their wondrous flowing drapery contributes to the impression they produce; but it does not take very keen observation to see that their majesty is really singularly independent of outside accessories. It can hold its own amid what would be to others exceedingly damaging conditions. When you see a superb six-footer, in by no means particularly fine raiment, seated carelessly crosswise on the hind quarters of a very small and scrubby ambling donkey, and looking positively like Solomon in all his glory, you begin to feel how much this impressive majesty is inherent in the man himself. Simplicity is doubtless an important factor; the Arab is perfectly simple, and exhibits no trace of self-consciousness. It is only in the Bedouin of the desert, who is more than half savage, that you find any show of contemptuous haughtiness, of feeling his oats as one of the faithful. The town-bred Arab is not only majestic, but exquisitely and unforcedly courteous to boot. His gracious, beautifully simple civility to us foreigners seems to me the finest practical application of the *noblesse oblige* principle I know of; for, considering his real utter contempt for us uncircumcised giaours, one would expect him to be about as courteous to us as an antebellum Southern planter to a "nigger." Yet his civility betrays no effort, neither is there a visible trace of condescension in it. In short, the Tunisian and Algerian Arab is the finest and most complete incarnation I know of to-day of the "grand manner" in its best estate—in a phase far higher than was ever dreamt of in Louis XIV's philosophy.

And of what is the Arab's "grand manner" the blossom? Unquestionably of El Islam. And in what coin is it paid for, where is the "corresponding rottenness"? It is paid for in the rather poor theoretical creed and the infinitely poorer and meaner actual life of the Mussulman; the rottenness is in the civilization that has resulted from both, a civilization so poor, so terribly limited in intellectual and ethical horizon, that to us Occidentals it seems more like barbarism. Truly the price the Arab pays for his "grand manner" is no light one; though it must be conceded to him that he pays the better part of it himself. In this he is surely superior to Louis XIV, who personally paid nothing.

When we think what this so bitterly regretted "grand manner" has cost the world from first to last—in tyranny, class inequality, oppression, stunted growth, infamy, wretchedness, and blood—we may well be consoled for its "fast disappearing from the face of the earth." Beautiful blossom, so fair, so stately, so gracious, but reared and brought to perfection by what awful gardening!

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THE FIELD OF ART

ARTISTS WITH THEORIES, CONVICTIONS, AND PRINCIPLES

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S extraordinary autobiography gives the first official, and from one point of view, trustworthy* account of the Pre-Raphaelite movement—that of 1847-48. The book is intended to give such an account; for its title is "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." There is no attempt made here to criticise that book in any way; but its strongly personal character will be clear to every person who reads this or any other series of thoughts drawn from its pages. The preface and the text of the volumes read as if the writer had addressed only a little group of persons who would understand him at a word, and would believe him without the necessity of proof or even demonstration; and who take his point of view in everything.

I

SOME words of the preface are worth quoting, because they immediately introduce the subject of this paper, and tell us in the briefest and most positive way what is to be noted in the first place in any record of Pre-Raphaelite theories and Pre-Raphaelite aims. There has been, in that preface, allusion to the great and long-continued labor required to make a thorough painter, and Burne-Jones has been quoted as having said that "at least three hundred years" are needed to attain maturity in art. Then follow these sentences:

"The Greeks, the Romans, and the Italians eked out their short span of personal observation and experience by handing on their acquired wisdom to their pupils, and so extended individual life, and thus more surely reached the goal of their ambition. I hope to convince my readers that every student of art in the past was loyal to his own nationality, and that in these days men of British blood, whether of insular birth or of the homes beyond the seas, should not subject themselves to the influence of masters alien to the sentiments and principles of the great English poets and thinkers.

"It was matter for caution even in the days when the sober high purposes of Continental masters insured the cultivation of correctness and respect for questions of common sense; but now that these qualities are ridiculed and put aside, there is greater reason for regarding foreign training as most pernicious and altogether to be shunned by students of the race to which Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and the great fathers of our own art belonged."

We have, then, to begin with, this point established: the ambition of at least this one Pre-Raphaelite (and he speaks for his associates as well) was to shut up England and English art within its own bounds; and he was still of that mind when he was putting this book into final shape. He believed in being as English as possible; and as in 1847 he disbelieved in the then contemporary art of the Continent, so when he wrote his preface (very recently, for his book is dated 1905) he was of the same mind, confirming and restating his views of sixty years before, and applying them to the art of the Continent as we have known it from 1870 to 1905. Now, when we think of what was in 1847 the contemporary art of the Continent, and that he was looking at it from the island kingdom without unusually strong perspective glasses of foresight and insight, we can see that he was partly in the right. Let us suppose that we are in England in 1847—"the Continent" must have seemed asleep; or that we are in 1848, and all is revolution, violence, political and social unrest; or that we are in 1849, the French Revolution of the previous year having resulted in a tentative republic, and the feeble revolts in other states all crushed. We have to look at, in our English cities, now and then a picture by Horace Vernet, or one by Rosa Bonheur, or perhaps by Paul Delaroche. Pictures by Ingres, by Couture, by Delacroix are hardly known. Ary Scheffer, indeed, exhibits in London; but his pictures would hardiy take captive the imagination, or bid Englishmen follow him. There is no daily practice of photography ready to furnish monochromatic reproductions of paintings, no annual volumes of *Le Salon*, full of photogravures; there are only rare and very brief runs to Paris for the poor young

* I do not ignore Mr. Harry Quilter's sketch in "Preferences," nor Mr. Bate's rather careful study in "The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters," nor the several papers of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

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artists who have grown up despising the Continental art. Let us try to imagine how it would be, even to-day, if we were to take as the successor of Horace Vernet either Édouard Detaille or Alphonse de Neuville; if we should take as the successor of Paul Delaroche, perhaps, J. P. Laurens; if we take, to stand for Scheffer, the famous Bouguereau. Those suggestions are not unfair, for though the military painters named are certainly far superior to Horace Vernet in artistic importance, they are not the more adequately the representatives of a contemporary art. As for Laurens—if he is not the equal of Delaroche in moral purpose, he is his superior in knowledge and in the variety of subjects drawn from the archives of the past. Whom to name as the equivalent of Rosa Bonheur it is not easy and not important to decide. The point is that the Continental painters shown to the English would be of the technically efficient but hardly spirit-stirring class, and that those uninspired painters would not commend themselves to young Englishmen of the purist school, of the nationalist school, of the exclusive spirit which would set severe limitations to art. Or, suppose that one of Gérôme's pictures of 1848 came to London in the following year; what would young Englishmen of very earnest purpose think of "Innocence," or of "Jeunes Grecs excitant des Coqs à combattre"? What a hateful picture, in subject and in technic, would it have been to them!

There was, indeed, the tremendous power and tragedy of Géricault, who had died twenty years before—but then Géricault dealt with painful subjects, which to this day the English critic holds up to the horror of the English reader. Couture's "Les Romains de la décadence" is passed upon by Hunt, who saw it in Paris in 1849-50, as the work of a man "without the breath of life in his nostrils." We have also Hunt's recollections of Ingres and Delacroix, as counting little with him, though his companion, Rossetti, was pleased with Delacroix. And behind these men—very new men in 1847—who was there? There was Baron Gros; there was David, with the dull classicality shown in his more grandiose pictures, and a horror equal to that of Géricault's choice in his more personal conceptions—the death of Marat, for instance.

Let us not once suppose that this English shrinking from Continental subjects of thought and Continental pictures is at all peculiar to half a century ago. It is not so very long since the *Spectator* quoted from a Paris journal, which had sent its correspondent to the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy; the correspondent had looked with amazement at the placid English pictures with their absence of historical verity when disagreeable, and their absence of modern allusion when either cynical or sad. And his comment was to the effect, that the English pictures represented only *La Reine—Le Lor Maire—Le Sunday-school—Monsieur, Madame et Bébé.* The *Spectator* quoted those words and then made its own remark upon them, that "somehow or other they seemed to us like praise." Well, to say that that comment sounded like praise was to accept—was it not?—the suggestion that these and others like them were the proper subjects for modern art. Tranquil English royalty living at Windsor and walking on "the slopes," perfunctory English officials embodied in the highly decorative and traditional lord mayor, innocent English people, described by the French phrase then newly launched by Gustav Droz; those were the fitting subjects of art, rather than what Hunt found in Paris and described in these terms (vol. i, p. 186): "Nothing to make intelligible the axiom that 'art is love.' The startling antithesis proclaimed that art is hatred, war, murder, lust, pride, and egoism." That very "axiom," "Art is love" seems to involve denial of the possible assertion that art is life; but it is closely related to the primal assumption that art is local patriotism.

II

THERE was another influence which told as strongly for the Pre-Raphaelite line of thought as did that shrinking of the untravelled middle-class Englishman from foreign ways and foreign views. It was the worship of fifteenth-century Italy as seen in its art and as inferred from its art. Fifteenth-century Italy was to these enthusiastic students of early, even of archaic methods of painting, a kind of half-made paradise. Ruskin had printed, or was about to print (it is indifferent) those phrases of his about the mediæval life of Pisa, in which the ladies and the knights are glorified, are treated as living an ideal human life, are held up with reproachful comparisons to the inhabitants of the ugly nineteenth-century cities. And there are

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words to this effect, that the pleasures of the Middle Ages were stained with blood, indeed, but that "ours" were gray with dust: a spirited comparison, not without a truth concealed in it. But this idealized Middle Age had led up to the fifteenth century, and the painters Lippi, Botticelli, Filippino, Paolo Uccello, Cosmo Rosselli, and Benozzi Gozzoli gave to the young English students such a foretaste of religious joys, angelic purity, and heavenly peace that the whole epoch in which those men had painted seemed half divine, and the men of the epoch prophets and apostles of a nobler society than the one they knew. In a way, then, the nineteenth-century Englishman of puritan habit of mind accepted the Florentine religious painter of the fifteenth century as his master in artistic thought, and in all such religious belief and religious aspiration as could be expressed in art. When Mr. Hunt in his preface goes on to say that he "regards the character of a nation's art as immeasurably more important than it is ordinarily thought to be, both for its own people and for the whole world," he is thinking—you can see that he is thinking—of an English art which should be based upon early Italian example. So much is clear also from almost every page of his two large volumes.

III

As a third influence in the building up of Pre-Raphaelitism we find the love of the Middle Ages; their architecture, their picturesque forms of decorative art, and the possible expression of their thought in modern painting and drawing. How far this strongly marked tendency came of the study of Gothic architecture, as a primary cause, and how far that architectural movement itself, the "Gothic revival" of those very years, was but a part of the same new-born desire to study the thirteenth century and the years which followed it, it would take too much space to consider. A sincere love of the English cathedrals and parish churches, and of the ruined abbeys of the north with their picturesque decay; the rejection of dull eighteenth-century street architecture, as seen in the stuccoed houses of London; a longing for vigorous colors and strongly outlined patterns; the growing idea that the unequalled logic and rationality of Gothic architecture were in some way virtuous—even religious; all these processes of thought taken together were needed to make up the strong mediævalism shown by the earlier compositions of Hunt, Rossetti, Millais, Collinson, Lawless, Hughes, Jones—pictures mentioned in another connection—by Rossetti's very early poems, "The Blessed Damozel" and "The Staff and Scrip," and by such poetry of William Morris as was published afterward, in 1858, in the volume called "The Defence of Guenevere."

IV

CLOSELY connected at once with mediævalism and with the worship of the Italian painters of the fifteenth century there is to be noted a constant reference to ecclesiology. Thus the incidents of the Bible and some scenes of legendary church history appealed to the minds of Rossetti, Holman Hunt and Millais, in their youth, with a living intensity, only to be expressed by giving to their designs the concentrated force which they could put into new versions of the familiar ecclesiastical treatment. "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," the Annunciation picture known as "Ecce Ancilla Domini," the powerful drawing of Mary Magdalen at the house of Simon, are pictures in which are reflected the sentiment as well as the emblems and attributes of the Roman Catholic Church, as seen in the Italian pictures on the one hand, and as seen in the English Church windows on the other hand. One would not deny to Rossetti his white lily springing from a vase in "The Girlhood of Mary" or embroidered on the silk which the handmaid of the Lord has hung over the screen at the bed's foot; that flower is emblematic of the mother of Christ, and the love of significant allusion, always prominent among English artists from Hogarth's time down, must be allowed its way in this and other such incidents. So in the celebrated "Christ in the House of His Parents," by Millais, and "The Shadow of the Cross," by Hunt, the canvas is crowded with allusion to the Scripture narrative, and also to the emblems accepted by the early Church. The ecclesiological look may not exist in the picture, it may not remind you of a mediæval window, it may be, as the two pictures last above named are, a real-seeming narrative painting, and yet the church feeling is seen throughout. If you look into the details, the objects which are put into the picture, and are placed and grouped as they are placed and grouped, you see that all is done

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with most deliberate purpose, to produce an emblematical design. The chief of these pictures is, I think, "The Light of the World," and in this is seen intense religious fervor, mediæval feeling, or the desire to have and to express such feeling, and the evident reference of the artistic conception to Italian work of the fifteenth century.

V

THERE was, moreover, the desire for realistic drawing of the figure, for natural pose, natural gesture—natural action, in short, in all figure subjects. This desire was modified by the early Italian influence already mentioned, and also by the influence of mediævalism, as explained above; but it remains evident in all Pre-Raphaelite work. Now it is curious to think that this desire for realistic verity in drawing would have been gratified by those French painters of the day whom the Pre-Raphaelites despised without knowing them. There is a difference between the realism of the Paris-taught Frenchman, with all his examples classical in their character, with all his traditions bound up with Raphael and the followers of Raphael, and the Pre-Raphaelite idea of it founded upon the more perfect of the Gothic sculptures in cathedral porches, together with some hints taken from paintings in manuscripts. And yet it would seem clear that the same artist who turned from Géricault, offended by the violence and misery seen in "Le Radeau de la Méduse" in the Louvre, would have found in that master and in Couture, and even in Delaroche—even in the contemned Vernet—as much reality of gesture and truth of pose as pictorial art will allow.

This search for natural-seeming attitudes and for the appearance of movement in a picture has a larger significance than at first appears. The scores of Pre-Raphaelite pictures given in photographic plates in P. H. Bate's book and Harry Quilter's book named in the footnote above, in W. M. Rossetti's "Ruskin and Rossetti" papers brought together in 1899, in McColl's "Nineteenth Century Art," and in Mr. Hunt's two volumes, all agree in pointing to a love and longing for intensity, for strenuous emphasis, even if it should lead to violence. In the Tennyson of 1859 (the most accessible collection of Pre-Raphaelite work, because, though the original is rare, there is a good reissue) Millais' illustrations to "The Miller's Daughter," the designs for "The Talking Oak," and, still better, his "Mariana" are even more clumsily managed than is necessary for truth. In the effort to avoid affectation grace of line has been rejected. What is good in the striving for verity is, then, the carefully imagined action. "Imagined" is the word, for the situation has been pictured in the artist's imagination before it was drawn on the block. And in this matter of verity got by imaginative treatment, Millais' designs in this book are to be compared to those, also in this book, by J. C. Horsley, and by those of Maclise, who was certainly, of all famous and admired painters, the most feeble in his way of telling a story, presenting an incident, displaying a scene. Now, Millais' directness of insight and readiness of expression, his frank way of telling what he has to tell, were not by themselves technically Pre-Raphaelite, as is shown by his retaining them while he left the peculiarities of the clique behind him. In the hands of Holman Hunt realism of movement, of action, is a different thing. To him comes that strong desire to mingle realism with mediævalism which we have many occasions to notice as we look through the designs of the Pre-Raphaelites. Thus in the Tennyson the two illustrations to "Oriana" are worked out with great care, the very strange scale-coat of armor, winged helmet, and short bow as of a horseman, and the action of the lover, and in the first the action of the lady, are taken from life as accurately and even as imaginatively as anything in the work of Millais; while yet the whole picture is, in each case, steeped in an atmosphere of quaintness, of remoteness, of an undated epoch, and of manners made up of the traditions of different races of men. Let all these works be compared with the Maclise illustration to the "Morte D'Arthur," with its feeble drawing and still more feeble conception: and the contrast will be made out very much as if the publishers had wished to favor the Pre-Raphaelites at the expense of their fellow-draughtsmen of the older school.

VI

THE question of fidelity to nature remains, and must be left for another occasion. There are many kinds of "truth in art," and it is interesting to test one kind by the others.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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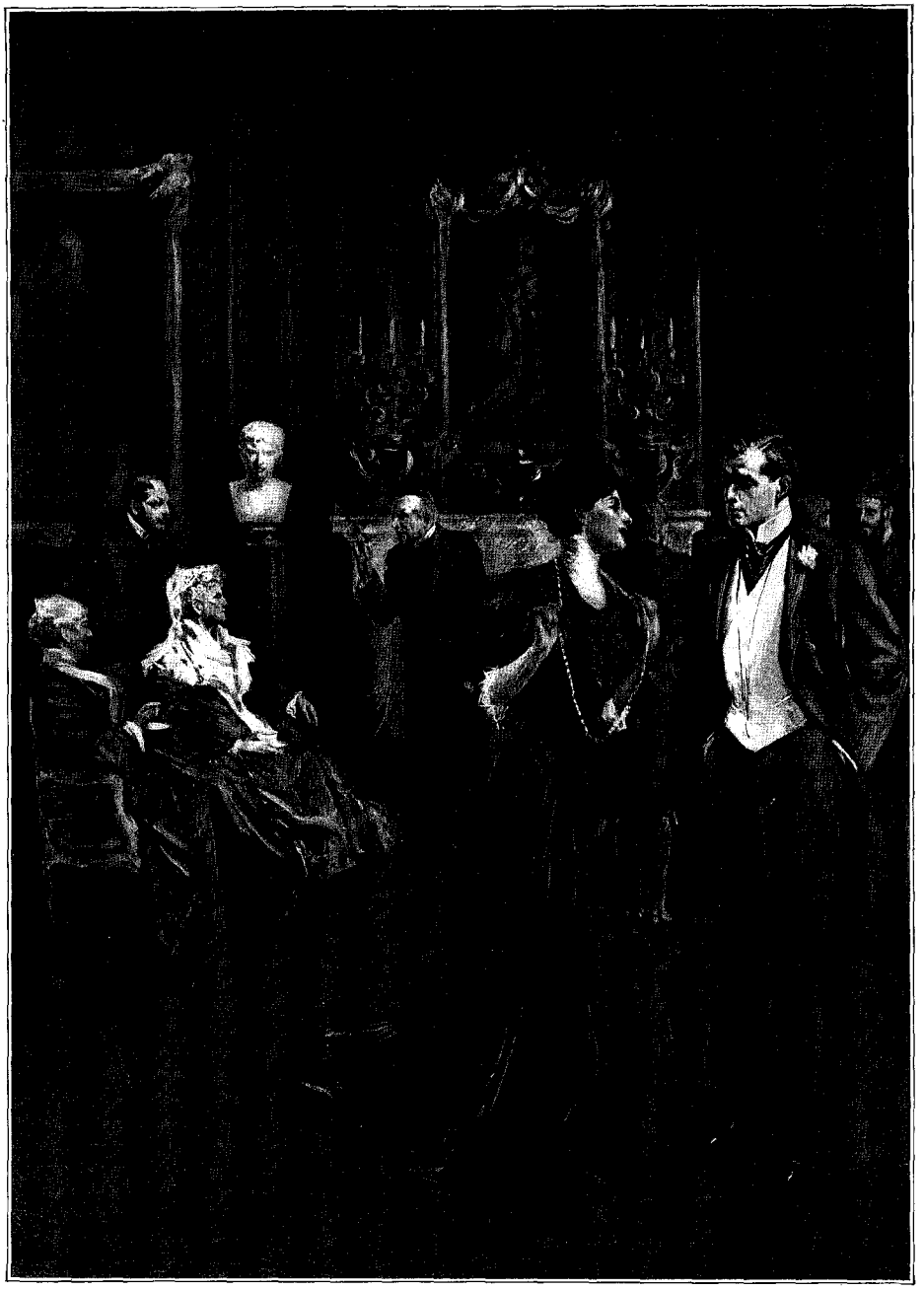

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

HE WAS CONSCIOUS OF HER POINTS OF DIFFERENCE FROM THE OTHERS.

—"Madame de Treymes," page 177.

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